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# Collier's

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January 13, 1951

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## Can They Catch the BRINK'S BANDITS?

## Anot... Inspector...

MARY A BECK
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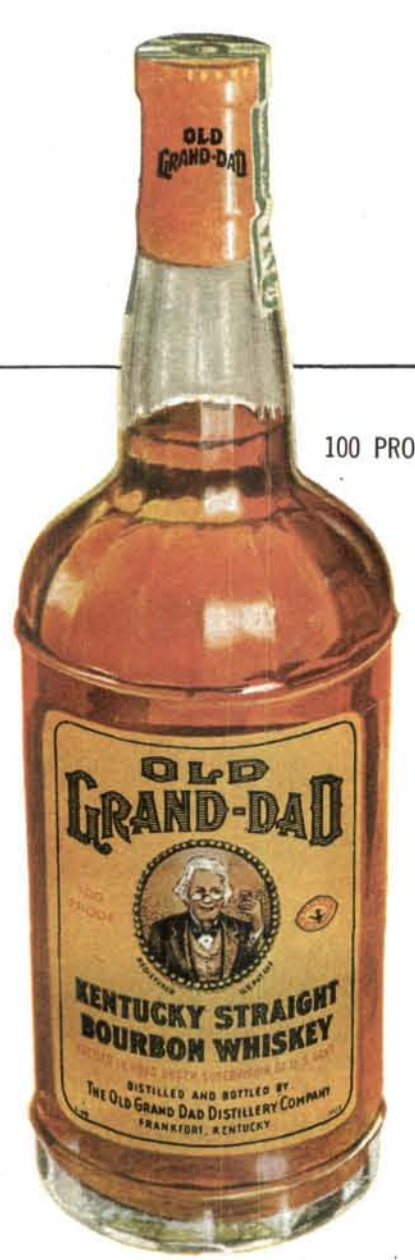
# Nothing else quite takes its place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DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

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**At 10:30 A.M.** on January 10, 1901—just fifty years ago—the mightiest oil well the world had ever seen roared into being. This well at Spindletop, near Beaumont, Texas, was the first of a series of fabulous oil discoveries that gave the people of America a new vision of what their supply of oil might be.

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**In peace or war,** America's privately-managed oil companies provide the finest oil products at the world's lowest prices.

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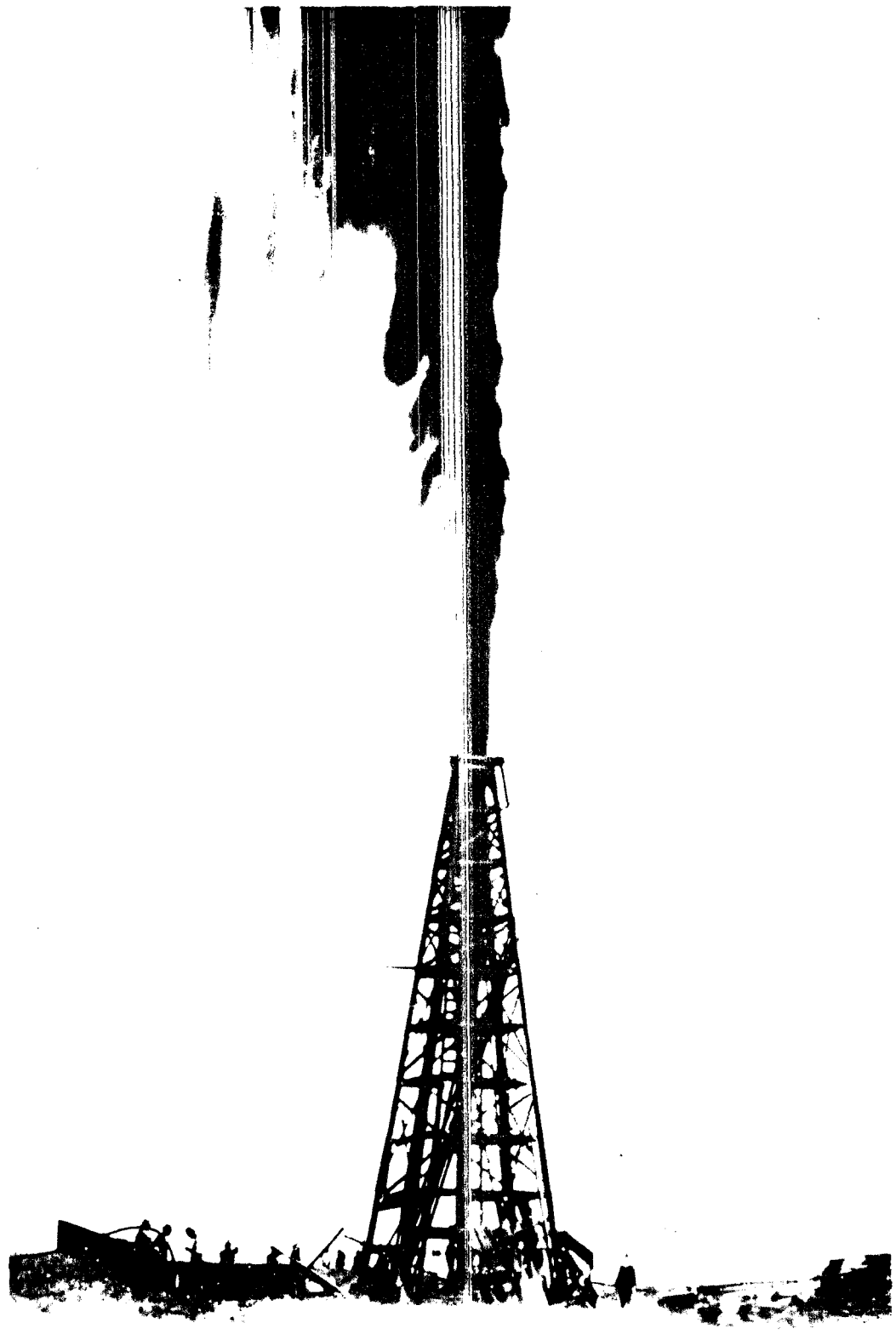
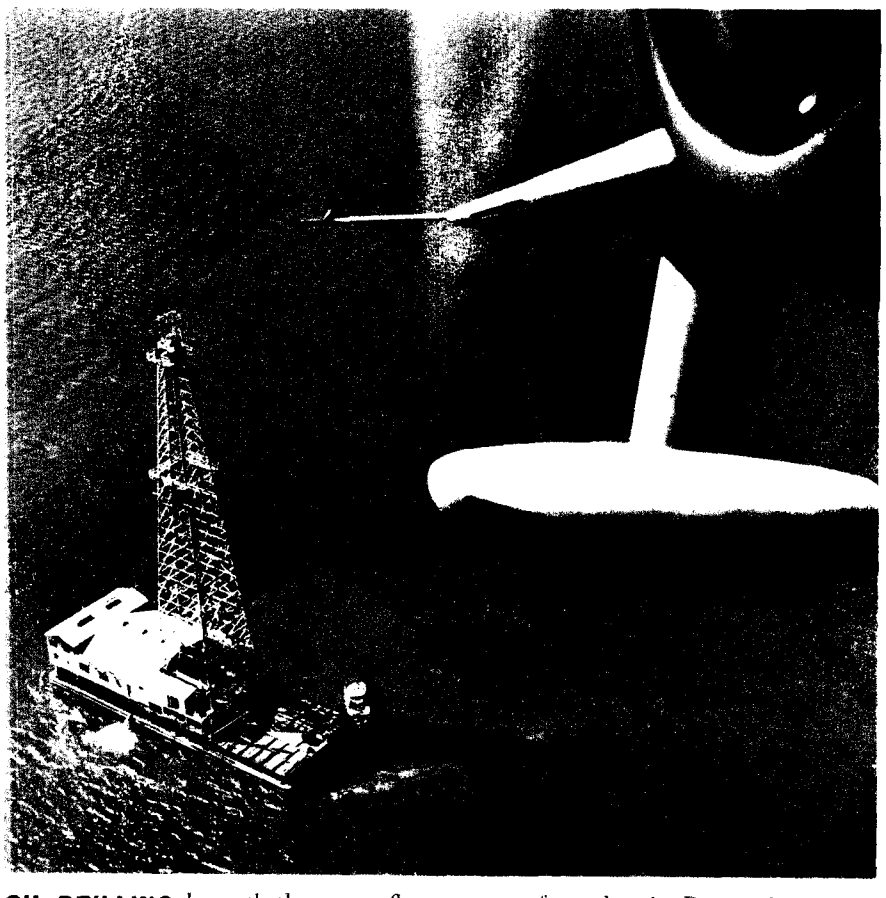


**CAPT. LUCAS' WELL** at Spindletop gushed up 20[illegible] feet before it could be controlled. Today's oilmen use an amazing system of gauges and valv[illegible] which guard against loss. Competition calls for efficiency and the results of this efficiency [illegible]re passed on to you in finer products for your car and home at the world's lowest prices.



**OIL DRILLING** beneath the ocean floor, as seen from the air. By tapping ocean, mountain and desert sources, America's oil reserves keep us strong. Due to the great competition in the search for oil, America's underground oil supplies today are highest in history, 8 times as large as in Spindletop's day.

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# Picture OF THE MONTH

*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents*

## BURT LANCASTER in "VENGEANCE VALLEY"

*co-starring*

## ROBERT WALKER • JOANNE DRU SALLY FORREST

*with* JOHN IRELAND • RAY COLLINS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by IRVING RAVETCH
Based on a Novel by LUKE SHORT
Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by NICHOLAS NAYFACK

As anyone who reads this column knows, M-G-M has won its spurs many times over as a maker of exciting westerns. But this year the excitement is running higher than ever. The studio announces that Clark Gable will star in "Across The Wide Missouri", a Technicolor drama of the American frontier. And before that, you'll be seeing dynamic Burt Lancaster in an outstanding outdoor role in "Vengeance Valley."

This unusual story was written by Luke Short, known to millions of readers as "the Zane Grey of today". Serialized in the Saturday Evening Post, "Vengeance Valley" now pours onto the screen in a compelling Technicolor tale of action, romance and a beautiful woman wronged.

From the moment a stranger hails into town and grimly announces, "I'm going to kill a man before I leave here," to the last scene when brother faces brother in a blazing gun duel, "Vengeance Valley" is strung tight with tension. Gaunt men riding the range finger their gun butts nervously and lifelong friends are feuding bitterly, all because a woman has been wronged. In the West, that can mean only vengeance.

Suspicion lights on Burt Lancaster, a man as level as the sights of his .45, whether he rides like a demon or fights like a fury, he's superb. Robert Walker is the sly, unregenerate son who hides behind his brother, *Burt Lancaster*, mistreats his lovely wife, *Joanne Dru*, and conspires with the sinister *John Ireland*. And *Sally Forrest* is the unfortunate girl whose beauty might well spark wildfire in the West or anywhere else. This young actress is going places.

Filmed on location in Colorado with an 8,000-head cattle roundup as a climax, "Vengeance Valley" is the sort of entertainment only the screen can deliver. And the brandmark "M-G-M" is on every blazing scene.

---

More good things coming up in Technicolor from M-G-M are "Mr. Imperium", starring Lana Turner and Ezio Pinza, and "Royal Wedding" in which Fred Astaire stars with Jane Powell. And, of course, "Quo Vadis", M-G-M's mighty milestone filmed in Rome and starring Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr with a cast of thousands.


THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

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# The Cover

Texas University sophomore Cherry Blair, nineteen, is the third Campus Queen to appear on Collier's cover. From Amarillo, Cherry is a Delta Gamma, and was Aqua Carnival Queen during her freshman year. She was selected Girl of the Month by the Texas Ranger, campus humor magazine, and Girl of the Week by the Daily Texan. One of her ambitions, which should be easy to realize, is to be an airplane hostess for a while following graduation.

# Week's Mail

### *The German Problem*

EDITOR: The Nazis March Again—This Time for Stalin, by William Attwood and Seymour Freidin (Nov. 25th), should be carefully studied by all Americans interested in preserving our freedom and democracy.

Friendship cannot be bought. Like appeasement, bought friendship breeds contempt. Czechoslovakia proved that; we created the country and she turned against us. China is proving it now; we fed and nurtured China and now her Communists are killing our men in North Korea with Russian-built planes, tanks and guns.

Will we ever learn? Only six years after the Germans were beaten into surrender for the second time they are arrogantly displaying the same hatred and contempt toward the victors that Hitler displayed. We should not permit Germany to be restored to full military power. Whether East Germans or West Germans, their main objective is to create a greater fatherland.

If Western Germany wants an army to defend itself against Communism, let us create a mixed army—two Allied soldiers to one German soldier. In that way we may prevent them from turning against us when a showdown comes.

ERNEST GARDOS, Miami Beach, Fla.

### *Corporal Smith Has His Say*

EDITOR: In regard to your They Always Get Their Man (Nov. 25th) I must say my say.

Granting that these terrific Tessies of the décolleté brigade have the necessary equipment for formulating opinions, I agree that they have a right to formulate. Furthermore, I think you should understand that the male doesn't really mind.

Over the centuries, he has learned that, in the interest of the perpetuation of the race, it is advisable to put up with the natural perversity of the female.

CORPORAL L. SMITH,
APO 864, c/o P.M., New York

### *Vital Medicine*

EDITOR: Albert Deutsch's article Sober Facts about Sex Crimes (Nov. 25th) ignores the most important remedy for this malady: the right kind of sex education given at the right time. There is no substitute for this medicine.

M. MARTINEZ, Miami, Fla.

### *Correction*

EDITOR: In a letter to Collier's (Nov. 25th) Mr. Edward St. George states that the Bay Bridge to Oakland is "older than fifteen years." The Bay Bridge was formally opened November 12, 1936, and was fourteen years old November 12, 1950.

F. C. BUTLER, Yountville, Cal.

### *Deserved Honor*

EDITOR: IN HONORING HARRY WARREN (UNSUNG SONG WRITER, DEC. 2D) YOU HONOR ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST DESERVING COMPOSERS. I ENJOYED THE ARTICLE VERY MUCH.
MRS. JEROME KERN, WEST HOLLYWOOD, CAL.


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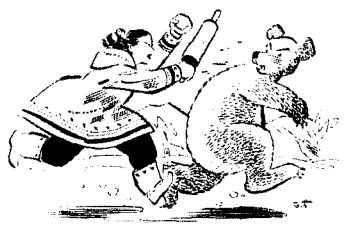
# 48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

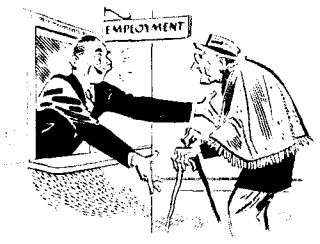
At long last we've heard from Alaska —to be specific, from Mr. E. F. Jessen of Fairbanks, editor of Jessen's Weekly. We had rather expected to get a blast of statehood propaganda. But no. There's an item about an Alaskan girl who killed



a bear with a rolling pin. It's Mr. Jessen's opinion that she simultaneously killed her chances of getting a husband. Not much else, except that he refused to raise an eyebrow when told by Collier's that in Korea husbands and wives seldom see each other before marriage. "Huh," says Mr. Jessen. "In Alaska some seldom see each other afterward." He doesn't say much about the political situation, except, "Ran into a couple of tiresome optimists the other day. They believe the new Congress will do better."

★ ★ ★

If you happen to have a nasty problem on your hands, you have only to think of Mr. Joseph Drewniak and know that, relatively, you're sitting pretty. Mr. Drewniak is superintendent of the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, County House of Correction. He is in dire need of male inmates to operate the creamery, tend the chickens and do the general




chores on the 652-acre farm. But what happens? No sooner does the court send a mild malefactor to Mr. Drewniak's sneezer for anywhere from five to 90 days than an employment agent for one of Milwaukee's many industries comes arunning, pays the prisoner's fine and hustles him off to work on the assembly line at high wages. Milwaukee is so busy these days that almost any guy can get a job if he can stand up at all. Or even if he's still warm.

★ ★ ★

For the moment, at least, our hero is the Honorable Dan Rees, who recently was elected commissioner of Laramie County, Wyoming. Mr. Rees, an honest man, bought space in a Cheyenne newspaper to announce, "All promises made in the heat of the campaign are hereby retracted. They are null and void and of no further value." Mr. Rees goes on to say he intends to do the job as well as the brains God gave him will permit and that anyone looking for miracles is too silly to bother about. Until further notice, we're all out for Dan Rees. He supersedes our erstwhile hero, the Hon. Pat V. James of Jones County, Mississippi, although so far as we know Mr. James was never elected to office. But he was an unquenchable candidate. He ran unsuccessfully for every known county office and had but one speech, which we're glad to give you *in toto:* "If elected to this office, I shall be as honest as the circumstances permit."

★ ★ ★

We have a brief but discouraged letter from Mr. Henry (Howling Hal) Frishberg, of Missoula, Montana. Mr. Frishberg isn't very optimistic. As we get it, an important citizen of his state accused another equally important citizen of telling "untruths and falsehoods." Whereupon the accused came back with the retort that the other fellow "played fast and loose with the truth." This exchange of eiderdown epithets is the cause of Mr. Frishberg's dolor. "At last," he complains, "the day has come when Montana men no longer call one another lying so-and-sos and are taken home on stretchers. This, my potbellied friend, is close to the end."

★ ★ ★

If you eager and burnished young gentlemen who hope to be successful salesmen will give us your undivided attention for a moment we shall tell you the story of the lad who was having trouble in Danbury, Connecticut. He was handsome, brimming with personality, eager as a setter pup, hatless, and what he had to sell was well known, well made and in gnawing demand. Yet he was turned down, office after office, finally retreating to the nearest bar to thaw out. There he met an old friend, an old Joe Classmate. Said Joe Classmate: "Listen, Campus old boy, where's your hat?" Said our hero: "Why, Joe, you old so-and-so, I haven't worn a hat for ten years." Said good old Joe: "Well it's going to be much longer than that before a hatless salesman gets anywhere in Danbury, the town of a large number of hat manufacturers." Our hero hung his head in shame and went out forthwith, bought a hat, started all over again with elegant results. Class dismissed.

JACK BETTS

We are off to St. Louis, where shoes are made in huge lots, and we plan to wear some. Last we heard of our hero, he was headed toward Rochester, a great men's clothing manufacturing city—and we hope he remembers Danbury.

★ ★ ★

Our favorite Kansas philosopher, Milton Tabor, has this to say: "Money doesn't buy everything but it does pay your fare while you ride around looking for it."



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**by**
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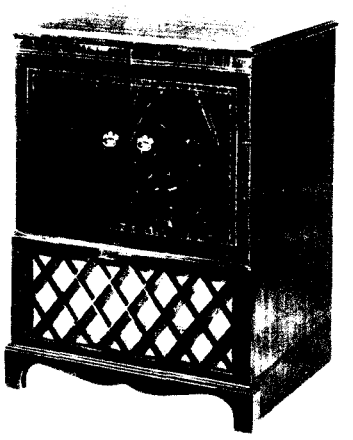

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# Fourth Squad, Third Platoon

## By BILL STAPLETON

**Officers watching him in action called Sgt. Arthur C. Dudley "the best damn' squad leader in Korea." And his men, American and Korean, had one thing in common: respect for their Negro sarge**

**Korea**

COMING down from the 19th Infantry Regiment's front-line positions on the bleak hill that rose behind the battalion command post, Sergeant First Class Arthur Charles Dudley led the seven men into the farmyard. They had been visible for about 10 minutes. All walked with the tired step of the veteran infantryman. All were hunched against the bitter, stinging cold of the North Korea winter.

Sergeant Dudley was apologetic about the absence of

Sgt. Dudley (foreground) and squad. The four just behind him are (l. to r.) Pfc. Carlton F. Sparks, Kim Sung Duk (Jesse), Un Kae Pyong (Jones), and Im Chong Myung (Chief). Rear: Cpls. Elmer Jennings, Cliff Smith, Pfc. Jim Miller

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Guido. He explained to the battalion commander: "We were diggin' in on the hill last night when the han' grenade that Guido had in his pocket went off. Guess it hit his shovel or something. Anyway, we got him evacuated and I think he's gonna be okay. It didn't kill him. It jest tore up his leg some."

The other members of the squad watched Dudley intently as he talked. Obviously, the sergeant had won high respect and admiration from men who admire top leadership in a very tough profession.

Guido. Corporal Guido Schoentrup, aged 25, assistant squad leader, home town, Indianapolis, had been Sergeant Dudley's strong right arm. They all missed him.

### A Garand with Many Notches

Guido had been there when the legends began to grow about the now famous "international squad," led by the deadliest of rifle marksmen—a Negro sergeant who could count at least 53 enemy dead on the butt of his Garand, and whom I heard referred to respectfully by war-weary senior officers as "the best damn' squad leader in Korea."

Word of Sergeant Dudley and his "international squad" had first reached me at the Chongchon River front, where I was photographing combat operations for Collier's. The stories of the unit's achievements in action impressed me, of course. But there was more to it than that. It seemed to me their importance was inescapable: The squad was a heart-warming and dramatic symbol of co-operation and mutual respect among freemen fighting for a common cause. I felt I had to find them, know them. That's how I came to be waiting at the command post.

Sergeant Dudley saluted his battalion officer, turned to his squad and said in a soft Southern voice that could also crackle with military authority when necessary, "Let it rest, children." He motioned them to a bonfire in the corner of the farmyard.

The squad—Jennings, Smith, Jesse, Sparks, Jones, Chief and Miller—rested.

For the record, the full names: Corporal Elmer D. Jennings, 18, of Hillsville, Virginia; Corporal Clifford H. Smith, 20, of Detroit, Michigan; Private Kim Sung (Jesse) Duk, 19, of Haman, Korea; Private First Class Carlton F. Sparks, 18, of Marion, North Carolina; Private Un Kae (Jones) Pyong, 22, of Taegu, Korea; Private Im Chong (Chief) Myung, 28, of Taegu, Korea, and Private First Class James H. Miller, 19, of Iron City, Georgia.

Heavy artillery—big stuff, outgoing—crumped into the nearby enemy country, but the front was quiet. A pig in the farmyard rooted noisily and one of the squad threw a rock at him.

Sergeant Dudley thumbed through a short personal record of his little outfit, the smallest unit of command in the Army.

His record of the lives of his men was written neatly enough on a page in the center fold of a parachutist's logbook. The book, picked up off the ground at Fort Benning, Georgia, last year, was small enough to fit in the corner of Dudley's wallet.

Some of the names were misspelled.

A name, Private First Class Frank Brandt, carried the notation—with ROKs. A name, Private First Class Herschel Wallingham—gone to platoon. A name, Private Tony Ramirez—bad feet, transferred.

The squad, in such quiet moments, didn't talk about the war, the United Nations or the Big Picture. They didn't care.

They remembered, instead, that Sergeant Dudley owed the squad a Coke a day for every day that the war lasted beyond September 19th. Dudley had predicted the war would be over by then and they'd all go back to Japan. The Coke bet was important. They needled him about it, in wry humor.

As they spoke of getting back to Japan, as some might speak of getting back to the United States, these cold, weary men pointed up their occasional terrible homesickness for security and peace. Japan was closer.

Dudley invited everyone to Florida after the war to bask in the warm sunshine near his home at Warrington, near Pensacola. Even the Korean boys understood what this talk meant and they smiled in appreciation.

Twenty-eight-year-old Arthur C. Dudley entered service at Camp Blanding, Florida, October 7, 1942. He was a draftee, leaving a job in a paper pulp mill at Marianna, Florida. He was assigned to Camp Hood, Texas, for training with the armored forces and sailed for Europe with the 827th Tank Destroyer Battalion. He served in France, Germany and Austria. After three re-enlistments, he was a career soldier, intending to become an ordnance expert.

**Soon after Bill Stapleton's arrival in Korea as Collier's combat photographer, fellow newsmen dubbed him "the One-Man Task Force." Equally adept with camera and typewriter, he ranged all over the front lines, often finding himself far ahead of the nearest UN soldiers, and braving both bullets and "some of the coldest weather I've ever known." On one such jaunt, he wrote, the temperature went so low "I awoke to find my helmet frozen to the ground"**

But in Korea, shivering in the bone-chilling winds that whistled out of Manchuria 60 miles away, he thought a lot of home, his wife Hattie and their two daughters, Yvonne and Sheila, aged four and five years.

Private First Class Miller, youngest of the squad and assistant BAR gunner, was very apparently proud of his leader.

"Tell 'em how you picked off that gook at that long range, Sergeant Dudley." He turned to the rest of the squad. Chief grinned in appreciation.

### Dudley's Version of the Shooting

The squad leader shifted his seat around the fire to include all of the group:

"Like I've told you people before, know your rifle. It wasn't too much. It was pretty long range. I fired once, noticed where the dust kicked up near this guy, then I raised my sights a hair and got him. I don't know where it hit him, but it killed him."

They measured it later. The range was 1,300 yards. (According to the Army, the rifle is accurate up to 1,200 yards.) Maybe it was easy for a sharpshooting hunter who used to strike matches with a .22 when he was eleven years old.

Corporal Jennings, the bazookaman, chimed in, saying, "The sergeant doesn't ever say much."

The rest of the men nodded slowly, their heads bobbing under steel helmets blackened by use in heating water and cooking.

"That's the truth," said Corporal Smith. "He never does say much."

The Department of the Army said it for Sergeant Dudley in General Orders, Number 110, dated 11 October 1950. They awarded him the Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism.

Headquarters Eighth Army gave him the medal, the nation's second highest military award, in recognition of his services during the action at Ch'angnyong. The action took place over a five-day period, August 2d to 7th. Dudley, a new replacement for Baker Company, first joined the unit on the 3d of August, reporting in during the heat of the battle.

During fighting at the Naktong River, Sergeant Dudley personally eliminated 50 enemy riflemen, after first exposing himself, to draw fire.

The Army, in military language, says, "Men were exhausted and were subject to harassing fire, particularly from enemy snipers and automatic weapons. The company was at half strength, having taken severe casualties over a period of weeks."

Dudley was also commended for his action on August 7th when he unjammed a machine gun for a worried gunner, again under heavy enemy fire. Later the same day, he was wounded and evacuated, under protests from Dudley that he be allowed to stay with his squad.

### The Sergeant Is Wounded

Sergeant Dudley was hit—mortar fragments in the right leg and arm—and was hospitalized for 12 days, after which he immediately rejoined his unit.

That was where most of the squad caught it. They all spoke of the battle positions there as "the Notch."

Smith got knocked flat and was later hospitalized for concussion from another mortar shell.

Miller watched in some amazement as the bipod legs of his automatic rifle were shot away during one frenzied charge by the enemy.

A boy by the name of Oldamaker or Oldemeyer from Indiana got knocked out by blast concussion and didn't rejoin the squad. No one remembered his first name.

And, the squad remembered, a Spanish kid from Texas got killed outright from a sniper's bullet.

"Hand grenades flew like baseballs," Jennings recalled.

Just then a jeep courier whizzed into the command post and two bundled-up riders hurried into the thatched farmhouse. A field telephone nearby rang and the soldier who answered it said, "Doughboy Red."

We couldn't hear the conversation.

Sergeant Dudley picked up again. "I came out here originally as a replacement soldier for the 25th Division, but we got kinda mixed up and the 24th needed the replacements quicker, I guess. So we came here."

The sergeant paused to listen to Jennings and Sparks argue over where they had been.

Miller said, "We could tell you better if we could remember some of these little old towns, but most of 'em end in Yong or Dong, and how can you remember anything from that?"

He stopped talking to accept a roasted corncob from Jesse, the Korean ammunition carrier, and began to munch it.

The South Koreans assigned to the squad never spoke of one another by their right, or native, names. Instead, they used the nicknames given them by the Americans, even when talking among themselves.

The conversation on the field telephone was terminated by the soldier, who said, "Okay, I'll tell him."

Sergeant Dudley said, "You know this figure of 53 dead gooks? Well, I have a quota of 75. Me and a boy named Gant in Charlie Company got a bet on. I'm way ahead of him now, but maybe I'll fill my quota before this war's over.

"These Chinese boys we're running up against are pretty good fighters. You can't see them. They take advantage of all the cover and they fight like real trained soldiers, not like the North Koreans."

Chief spat into the fire.

Jennings spoke up: "We've got a pretty wonder-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

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**The veteran sergeant and his devoted [illegible] squad head back toward the front lines after a brief rest at their battalion headquarters**

**Lt. Gen. Walton H. Walker congratulates Sgt. Dudley on winning Distinguished Service Cross, nation's second highest military award. Dudley killed 50 enemy soldiers in one engagement**

ful squad here and we couldn't have a much better leader than what we have. He always tells the new guys that we're like a chain and that we aren't any better than our weakest link. We always dig our foxholes that way. Like a chain, in a way."

Sparks said it should be put in the story that Sergeant Dudley didn't go to sleep some nights until he was sure the squad was okay.

The interview time was going fast.

### They Talk Mostly of Their Families

Sergeant Dudley stood up and so did his squad. "We ain't got much more to say. Usually we jest sit around and talk about our families. We don't know a lot about this war."

He picked up his rifle and walked out on the pathway to the hills. Private First Class Carlton Sparks, of Marion, North Carolina, helped Private Un Kae Pyong, of Taegu, Korea, put on his pack. The rest of the squad quietly, almost automatically, fell into a line.

Sparks said, "We don't worry about talking to the Korean guys. Chief has a list of words we use most and he's studying on it."

Everyone looked at Sergeant Dudley. "Les move out," he said softly and they swung down the path, away from the farmyard and toward the frowning hill. The artillery started up again.

Away from the command post, to the left, was a battered cornfield and the line stopped there to wave back. You could see Sergeant Dudley plainly, even though he was at the head of the small column. He was standing on something and his face was outlined against the whitening cornstalks. He stood out clearly.

THE END

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# TRICK and FANCY

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

**When a man tries to keep a girl from breaking her neck and it's her heart she wants him to worry about, he'd better be prepared for lots of trouble—all of it dangerous**

HE CAME pushing his way along the crowded midway, a lean young man in a plain gabardine suit. His hat was short-brimmed and flat, *vaquero* style, and his tanned face was impassive. He did not seem to hear the exhortations of *the barkers or the clickings of the wheels of fortune.*

When the guard at the entrance to the livestock barns said, "Howdy, Mr. Mills," the man nodded and walked by. His boot heels scraped over the worn brick walk, and then he turned into a tack room. Tossing his hat onto a wooden peg, he peeled out of his coat. He was sitting down, scowling at the mirror, when something rustled behind him.

"Shorty?" He turned on the naked bulb over the mirror.

"That's me, Kirb." A stocky, moonfaced man came out of the far corner, stooping under the hanging saddles and oiled harness.

"You better lay off that stuff," said Mills. Still frowning, he picked up a scarlet grease pencil and drew an enormous sad half-circle under his nose. "You louse up the show like you did in Pendleton and I'll bust your head open."

"Okay." Shorty patted his stomach contentedly. "Just et, and wanted to tamp her down. A newspaper feller out in front wants to see you."

"I'm late." Mills went on filling in the clownish mouth. "Take him a copy of that publicity release."

Shorty picked up a sheet of mimeographed paper with a glossy print clipped to it and read disinterestedly. "You musta led a very exciting life," he commented. "World's Champion Cowboy for two whole years. My!"

Mills turned swiftly and heaved a boot across the room and Shorty scuttled out the doorway. Turning back to the mirror, Mills traced high blue arches over his eyes and fitted on a coarse wig. He was lacing up a pair of floppy shoes when Shorty stuck his head in the doorway and said, "Grand entry."

"The jack ready?"

"By the gate." Shorty trailed the tall clown down the brick walkway. Ahead of them, the coliseum loomed in the lowering night sky. Horses were jostling by them as their riders grouped behind the flags, and the huge building began to quicken with shouts and applause.

As he went jogging out on the tiny burro, Kirby heard tentative laughter ripple over the packed and smoky arena.

High in the rafters, the loud-speaker blared, "Kirby Mills, internationally famous rodeo clown, and his trusty mount, Cartwheel!"

There was solid applause then. Mills let his long legs down and went striding along briskly. The donkey, untouched, jogged under him, and laughter washed the applause away. Kirby nudged the animal and they did a front somersault together, and the act was under way.

It was a good house and a good act, ending with "the drunk" business. As he staggered out, propelled by the donkey, to the slow strains of Show Me the Way to Go Home, laughter was pounding like surf.

He took his bow and was walking out between the chutes when someone tapped him on the shoulder. Looking up, he saw Helen Tye smiling at him. She was perched on the top rail, her dark hair tucked under a white Stetson. Kirby nodded and removed his battered hat.

"You gonna try it?" he asked.

"No," she laughed and touched the tip of his putty nose with her quirt, "I'm going to do it."

"You're a fool," Mills said harshly.

"Nuts!" she said, suddenly angry. "Just because you bust yourself up, you think nobody should try *the hard ones.*"

"All right," Mills shrugged, "only watch the straightaways here. Not long enough." Limping slightly, he went on back to the tack room and found the reporter waiting for him.

"Evenin'," he said, and began to unlace the floppy shoes.

"This stuff, Mr. Mills—" The reporter tapped the mimeographed release. "I'd like to do my story around how it feels—"

"It feels like a living," Mills interrupted. He jerked on trim cordovan boots and stood up, stamping into them.

"But you were champion," persisted the reporter. "Now the clown angle—"

"I make more money with the jackass than I did as a competitor," Mills said. "So don't go batting out any hogwash about the unhappy clown."

Stepping outside, he walked back to the arena. The red barrel was in place and Shorty was sliding down into it. Overhead, the speakers were booming out the bull-riding contest and an anticipatory buzzing came out of the crowd. A flank bell bonged as No. 2 chute swung open and a tremendous gray Brahman bull lunged out. The humped monster was whirling and bawling, fighting to dislodge the rider.

The bull jolted into the tanbark stiff-legged, and the rider's head popped from side to side. The big animal went cavorting down the east wall. The rider was loose behind the hump and his hat was gone. When the bull reversed again, the rider toppled off. The excited roar from the crowd deepened as the bull turned and charged.

Mills was standing in its path. He cuffed at the slimed muzzle with his hat and the bull swerved, lashed its tail sharply, and turned and came again. Mills went up on his toes and arched his back; the angry Brahman charged by him. Enraged, the animal smashed into Shorty's red barrel and knocked it twenty feet, end over end. In the crowd, women with their hands up by their eyes were screaming, a knife edge to the steady uproar.

As the end gates were swung open, the bull went stampeding out of the arena. The fallen rider scrambled to his feet, dusted off his jeans, and went to the fence. Shorty poked his head out of the barrel, cautiously, and a ripple of laughter went up. Kirby retrieved his hat; the matador was a shambling clown again. Now the oafs see what I get paid for, he thought irritably. When the horns announced the next rider's name, he eased forward, to see which direction the fury would take this time. . . .

When the bull riding was over, Kirby walked to the side gate and down the crowded hall to the entrance to the box section. Port Canady was alone in his front box, a chunky man in a business suit. When the clown sat down, Canady glanced at him.

"You're working 'em damned close," he growled.

"Day's work for a day's pay," Mills said.

"Yeah," Canady snorted. "Only next time it'll be your back instead of a leg."

Mills didn't answer. He didn't have to. Canady had known him ever since he was a kid. He owned the oldest cattle commission company on the Fort Worth yards, and he had been a friend of Kirby's dad. So they sat together in comfortable silence and watched the stallions showing.

Then Canady turned and said, "You ain't getting married very fast."

"Very expensive business, that marriage," Kirby said.

"Helen giving you a bad time?"

The clown shrugged. "She's old enough to vote," he said quietly. "I don't own her."

Canady nodded and looked back at the ring. The trick riders were taking a practice turn, circling the arena at full speed. There were three men and three girls, with Helen Tye riding last. She thundered around in a hippodrome stand, legs spread, arms aloft, and her young body leaning forward.

"She don't look much like her old man," Port Canady grunted. "How could a red-faced scoundrel like Hank have a daughter looks like that?"

Kirby did not answer. He watched in silence as Helen went through conventional double side vaults, her white boots spurning the tanbark and flipping her over the running horse. Her gelding worked well, its blinkered head bobbing as it circled the arena.

THE other contestants went through their specialties, but the applause was not heavy. There were only a limited number of maneuvers you could do on a moving horse, and the crowd had seen them before. Therefore, when the amplifiers rasped that Helen Tye would attempt the trick of passing over and under, the murmur from the crowd accelerated. Harley Griffin, champion in the event, looked up and spoke to the girl. She shook her head, laughing, and turned in the saddle to blow a kiss at Kirby Mills.

The trick was not used much in modern rodeos. It had killed several performers and injured a lot more. At the first turn, Helen was already scaling down the side. Her head poked under the gelding's belly, and a flank came forward and knocked the white Stetson loose. One of her legs was dangling free. Swerving into the second turn, her fingers were locked under the girth strap, and the crowd's voice bristled warning when one of her hands slipped loose. But she made another grab, and swarmed up the other side like a cat. Spontaneous applause broke out as she reined up, a pretty girl smiling in triumph.

Port Canady shook his head. "She ought to quit that," he said mildly.

Kirby didn't answer. His face itched where sweat was trying to break through the grease paint. As he got up, Port asked him to have dinner later, and the cowboy nodded and moved back to the aisle.

Mills was nearly back to the tack room when somebody called him. Turning, he saw Helen sprawled out on a bale of hay. A cowboy named Donnie Hale was squatting beside her. He was a rangy boy with a sullen handsome face and sun-bleached hair. As Mills approached, Hale tilted his hat back and said, "Evenin', Gramps."

"How are you?" Mills's voice was polite. At thirty-one, he had only a *(Continued on page 56)*

**"It's big money," Mills said, and hitched on his gloves. "For a lot of money, I take a lot of chances." "And that's all?" Helen Tye asked**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WALTER

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# Olivia's World is the Stage

**Determined to play Juliet on Broadway, Miss de H[illegible]land spurned $500,000 in Hollywood offers and paid $100,000 to break her contract. Now she'll brave the New York critics**

IN THE year 1951, at the age of thirty-four, Olivia de Havilland is as wildly stage-struck as any high-school youngster who has just been lauded for her performance in the senior-class play.

Her wide-eyed infatuation came to light a few weeks ago when she lugged a huge leather scrapbook into the living room of the apartment she is now occupying in New York City. Olivia propped the book open on a couch, knelt before it on the rug and read, in an awed and still unbelieving voice, a few lines written back in 1934 by the dramatic critic of the San Francisco Examiner:

"First I would name the Hermia of Olivia de Havilland. This girl is a wonder. I know nothing about her, her age or what not, but when she acts Hermia she is everything." Then, looking up from the floor, her large brown eyes full of excitement, she asked, "Can you believe it? Isn't it wonderful?"

Obviously, Olivia's most cherished memory is still of the night she made her professional debut, as an eighteen-year-old, playing Hermia in Max Reinhardt's Hollywood Bowl production of A Midsummer Night's Dream.

This memory may soon be surpassed. In March, Olivia is making her Broadway debut, as Juliet in Shakespeare's The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. She scored her first triumph before a living audience and, ever since, the live stage has been her Grail. Olivia feels that she is now embarking on the most important phase of her career. This is the big moment.

Miss de Havilland's past triumphs are of no small moment. She has been nominated for an Academy Award five times and is one of three actresses ever to have won two Oscars. Her last two pictures—The Snake Pit and The Heiress—won her 20 important national and international awards ranging from a best-actress citation by the International Film Festival at Venice, Italy, to a scroll reading, "For her outstanding contribution to adult entertainment in motion pictures," presented to her by President Truman on behalf of the Women's National Press Club.

The list reached a gratifying climax for her last October when the Independent Theater Owners' Association voted her a special award "As the Top Money-Making Actress of 1949-'50, and for elevating the prestige of the Motion Picture Industry." Her last three pictures grossed, altogether, around $15,000,000 and her nearest rival, the association said, lagged 30 per cent behind her.

At this peak moment, when she can command $200,000 a picture and have her choice of roles, Olivia has withdrawn from the motion-picture market for a period of at least two years. The stage-struck girl on the rug has just turned down a half-million dollars in immediate offers and spent over $100,000 of her own money to buy herself out of a picture contract. She has finally won the right to a salary that is exactly one fifth of her going Hollywood weekly pay check, and as a bonus she will be allowed to expose herself to the potential blasts of New York's remorseless dramatic critics.

The vigorous and costly lengths to which Olivia has gone to jeopardize her career hint that she is not a common- or garden-variety Hollywood star. All other available evidence on Miss de Havilland suggests that she is one of the most bewildering personalities the screen capital has ever resented for nonconformist behavior.

Here is a woman who seeks an audience, and yet is so shy that she is intimidated by the butcher and the baker . . . a woman who literally had to be forced, in the year 1950, to take her first escalator ride . . . who carries with her a picture of the immortal actress, Eleonora Duse, which she tore out of a newspaper when she was a schoolgirl. She reveals herself as a person who chuckles with glee when her husband is arrested for speeding in a luxury automobile because it proves "What a wonderful country this is, where the police aren't afraid to arrest the rich" . . . who keeps at her side a copy of the high-school yearbook she edited . . . and who has a truth-fetish so strong she goes to the trouble of correcting a routine publicity release which states she is five foot three and 110 because, "I'm honestly five three and a quarter and 112."

**Olivia's husband, novelist Marcus Goodrich, maintains protective watch over her career**

Further, the unlikely Miss de Havilland is still sending Christmas presents to people who befriended her as a child, gets flustered if she puts too much sugar in a guest's coffee, is pleased at the irreverence with which she is handled by a syndicated writer who pokes fun at the inadvertent exposure of her pink girdle at a tea. She obviously delights in her ability to entertain her baby with lifelike imitations of a barking dog and a croaking frog and she admits that she has been afraid to board a Hollywood streetcar because she didn't know what the fare was and was afraid she would appear foolish if she were to ask!

Contrarily enough, she isn't afraid to purchase the right to risk her professional reputation by playing an extremely hazardous role in a medium in which she has had only scant training. Olivia has appeared on the stage only seventy-eight times. Eleven of these appearances were amateur performances given in her high-school days. These figures do not include a stirring performance she once gave as Princess Autumn Moon in a Camp Fire Girls pageant.

She is, of course, taking a shrewdly calculated risk. Olivia knows that she lacks stage training. She also knows that she has a large and devoted following. And she is realistically aware of the fact that she is an actress of considerable ability—ability that has all but been laboratory-tested.

She dumfounded the psychiatrist who acted as technical adviser on The Snake Pit. Just before the first "take" of the shock-treatment scene, he wandered off the set. Suddenly he heard Olivia give an anguished moan that sounded, to his experienced ear, exactly like the actual cry of a patient thrown into convulsion by the usual 90 volts of electricity. He rushed back to the set, convinced that the technicians had forgotten to disconnect the electroshock machine—and found Olivia placidly waiting for the scene to be shot from another angle.

"Even today, making my rounds in the wards," the psychiatrist says, "I run into schizophrenics whose expressions, or eyes, or vocal inflections remind me immediately of Olivia's acting."

Olivia has, obviously, concluded that the role of Juliet falls within her capabilities as an actress. A fairly preposterous combination of factors seems to support this confidence. Amelia Harrison, an old school chum, says, "Livvie always had a sense of destiny." Mrs. Harrison recalls a spring day in 1929 when they were playing together under the large oak tree that shaded their school playground. Olivia, then eleven years old, suddenly turned to her and said with great solemnity, "You know, Amelia, I have a feeling that someday you're going to be somebody, too." Today, Mrs. Harrison says, "I've always remembered that. Not because of her faulty hunch about me, but because of the implications of that give-away word, *too*."

Mrs. Harrison also recalls that Olivia talked longingly of playing Juliet when she was in the Los Gatos, California, Union High School. And she further points out that Olivia was named after a character in Shakespeare's Twelfth Night; that she read Shakespeare throughout her youth, guided and coached by her mother, whom she occasionally assisted in giving Shakespearean readings; and that her greatest success as an amateur actress was in the Shakespearean role of Puck.

Olivia's sense of destiny and her life-long involvement with Shakespeare were probably fused into a single motif in 1938. In that year, Max Reinhardt, one of the greatest directors and producers of our time, made her promise him that she would

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S [illegible]OE GREENE

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By JAMES POLING

one day play Juliet. He also warned her, "And don't vait too long, my lettle discovering."

At the time, Olivia was shackled by an unsatisfactory long-term movie contract. As she sweated it out, she never forgot the promise or lost her impatience at what she was doing. Once she was free of the contract, marriage and motherhood intervened. When she learned she was pregnant she was told that there was serious danger of a miscarriage. So Olivia went to bed for seven months. And, as the interminable days straggled by, Reinhardt's warning was always in her mind.

A baby boy, Benjamin, was born September 27, 1949. Olivia then spent a year in tidying up her affairs and getting acquainted with her baby. In September, 1950, old friends discovered her in New York City, dirty and disheveled and surrounded by three Siamese cats, one Airedale dog, a baby and her husband, novelist Marcus Goodrich, and an incredible number of packing cases.

Olivia had sent on from the West Coast "a few little things—family pictures, a tea set—you know, things to make it homelike." Three and a half tons of homelike little knickknacks arrived at their small apartment, to her husband's disgust, and most of them ended up in storage.

She is now settled down and in rehearsal. The show will be under the aegis of veteran Broadway producer Dwight Deere Wiman. Douglas Watson, winner of a Clarence Derwent Award for his work in support of Helen Hayes last year in The Wisteria Tree, will play Romeo. In a few days the company will leave on a tryout tour, and then, the first week in March, Olivia will realize her greatest ambition. She will be on Broadway playing Juliet.

### Other Juliets—Past and Present

The role of Juliet is known as one of the most difficult in theatrical literature. In this century only 12 established American actresses have dared it. Contemporary playgoers will remember the names of only four: Ethel Barrymore, Jane Cowl, Eva Le Gallienne and Katharine Cornell. Jane Cowl holds the record with a run of 157 performances. Juliet was played on Broadway in 1940 by the English actress, Vivien Leigh, who would just as soon have the venture forgotten. Miss Barrymore feels much the same way about her performance. And all of these accomplished actresses hesitated to attempt the part until they had had years of stage experience.

Olivia has to her credit just a seven-week run in 1934 in Reinhardt's Dream and two weeks spent in summer stock in 1946, playing in Barrie's What Every Woman Knows. Even so, she is going to walk blithely on where more experienced actresses have feared to tread.

When it was suggested that her play might flop, she cried, "Oh, but it can't! You see, it has to be a success . . . because that's part of the dream." Then she paused, smiled wryly and added, "Of course it can flop, I know that. If it does—I'll just have to lick my wounds and try again."

Olivia's dream isn't necessarily pure fantasy, according to Josephine Brown, a Broadway character actress who, in her heyday, was co-starred with players like John Barrymore and William Gillette. She played with Olivia during her two-week appearance in summer stock and says, "We haven't had a truly great actress since Laurette Taylor died, and we need one now. It could very, very well be Olivia. She has the magic the great ones must have, and she has the necessary humility toward her art.

*(Continued on page 67)*

**Olivia studied fourteenth-century costumes before her Juliet dress was created. Every actor has one role he's got to play, she says, "and Juliet is mine"**

Collier's for January 13, 1951

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# Dorcie Calhoun Struck It

The big farmer kept insisting he'd find natural gas on his f[illegible] outside Renovo, Pa. Everybody laughed at him:

By BILL DAVIDSON

**For all his recent wealth, Dorcie Calhoun hasn't changed much. Some things are new: cars, 10-cent cigars, a gold watch and a gold pen. But he still dresses in Army-surplus clothes**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN WEINER AND E. M. HARBER

A LITTLE over one year ago, Renovo, Pennsylvania, was a one-industry town slowly being strangled by unemployment and strikes and business failures. Today, the remote Allegheny Mountain community is a thriving boom city; many of its citizens have bulging bank accounts and drive around in sleek new automobiles. The women are wearing furs and jewelry; new homes and restaurants are being built, and one gentleman even revived the ancient ritual of lighting a cigar with a ten-dollar bill.

The principal reason for all this is a giant, red-faced, forty-five-year-old farmer named Dorcie Calhoun; and the date of the town's Cinderellalike transformation was January 8, 1950—chronicled, under huge headlines in the Renovo Daily Record, as follows: "One of the most spectacular pieces of news to break in this section occurred yesterday afternoon at 3:25 o'clock when the drilling operations, which have been in progress since last May in the Kettle Creek area, were rewarded with a tremendous gusher of natural gas, which soared to a length of 100 feet at its peak."

The newspaper, with overtones of wonderment, went on to report that the gas well blew off with 4,300 pounds of rock pressure, highest recording ever reported east of the Mississippi River; and listed the above-mentioned Mr. Calhoun as deserving "full credit for the successful starting of the operation . . . a wonderful example of vision, enterprise and pure gamble."

This, however, was nothing compared with the wonderment expressed in other quarters.

For instance, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania's capital, geologists of the state's Department of Internal Affairs looked at one another in dismay. In an official survey published a few years before, they had emphatically stated it was unlikely that natural gas could be found in commercial quantities in the Renovo area. Chief geologist S. H. Cathcart issued one of the year's great understatements. "The new natural gas strike," he said, "has more than average significance."

In Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, District Supervisor Eugene Seifert, of the vast New York State Natural Gas Corporation, commented, "My company has sunk 190 wells in the East and only 42 are producing. We have the finest geologists and millions of dollars' worth of the most modern equipment—but we haven't had a real 'comer' since 1945. Yet this Dorcie Calhoun and his friends sink a single well by guesswork, using a decrepit old piece of equipment, in an area where every deep hole ever dug was dry—and they bring in one of the biggest new gas fields this side of Texas."

In Renovo itself, banker C. E. Harlan went into seclusion. He had turned down each of Dorcie Calhoun's requests for money, easing the farmer out of his office several times and labeling him a fanatic "trying to get good people to pour their hard-earned money down a hole in the ground." On that January 8, 1950, the banker was joined in his lamentations by several other wrong guessers, notably a barber named Carmen Rosamilia who had bought two $100 shares in Dorcie Calhoun's project and then had sold them when a customer proclaimed with convincing finality, "Dorcie's hole in the ground will never come in." The customer has not trusted himself to Carmen's razor since.

In Pittsburgh, an executive of a big natural gas company figuratively beat his head against the wall of his office. When he first had heard of Calhoun's venture early in 1949, he decided to combine business with pleasure by making a little hunting trip around Renovo and buying some shares of stock in the gas well. He took one look at Dorcie's patched-up old drilling rig, however, and burst out laughing. "Why, that *(Continued on page 69)*

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# RICH

Well No. 1 stockholders in front of the Daily Record office: Doc Werts, Jack Smyth, Dorcie

Investor Gerald Ransdorf and Eugene Seifert of the N.Y. State Natural Gas Corp. confer

Second well blew in with such force, drilling tool hit steel tower and spark set gas aflame



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# The Three-Week Lesson

She tied a white ruffled apron over her traveling dress, then set us all to work unpacking

[illegible] the sight of poor Father scrubbing and [illegible] us. I started to ask what the terrible [illegible] but [illegible] I knew Mother wouldn't tell me

## By BERENICE THORPE

E WENT down five dirty brick steps into an areaway under the big, sagging frame house. It was a square old structure, full of strangers who gave us no welcome, and wisped around with dead leaves, cobwebby gray sweepings, a discarded sock, a rusty tobacco can.

"Well," sighed Mother, "we shall see now." There were two doors in the areaway. She unlocked one and an odor of cobwebs and wet clothes flew out at us. Terrance, three, Camille, seven, and Eddie, ten, all crowded against me to see. I was twelve and very tired from the train ride, the three suitcases, and the children. I was also filled with fierce dismay at Mother's running away from Father.

"I'm a grown woman," she said, "and I won't be treated like a child!"

She walked into the basement flat, and up went the blind. "Oh, my!" she said. "It's not as I remember. Smaller, darker."

*Is this what we have come to?* I thought. Two rooms, two small windows high up. Young and adventuresome as I presumed myself to be, I felt lost. We were all lost. And all because of her "can't stand-it, can't stand-it." I thought: Well, we'll soon be gone; she surely can't stand this either.

"Look," said Eddie. "This kitchen door goes into the laundry too. If I had a tricycle I could ride a circle—outdoors and in again and through the kitchen into the laundry and outdoors again. What's that funny smell?"

"It's like a cavern far under the hill," cried Camille, not moving her plump body that clung to me. "Like under the sea."

The baby, Terrance, crept to Mother's skirts, feeling consternation everywhere above him. He drooped. "Vant to go vome."

I took a deep breath and laughed. I always set the pace. Like an explosion, the four of us ran all ways, shouting and exploring.

I found the smell by stepping out the kitchen door into the tenants' laundry. Here there was a vaster, dimmer twilight, a dripping darkness, smelling of disinfectant. Belligerent feet tramped overhead. Faucets dripped, scum dried on the floor, strange garments hung like ghosts in the dark. Off in the gloomy distance, squatty stairs lifted to a long, narrow, dark hall; at its end a small red light winked like an evil eye.

A voice somewhere near began to sing. It started full-throated and low, softly swelled and rose. I cocked my ears. I'm a fool about music and a nuisance to my family. "Ain't gonna study war no more." It was a song I'd heard my mother singing in her careful way. The place gradually filled with the song. A cotton-field singer, I told myself, shut away in a dungeon, longing to go back home.

My mother's voice was shrill. "Genie, come back in and shut the door. Lock it. Be sure it's locked."

Clemmie (Camille) shuddered and whispered, "Do we *have* to live here?"

Mother broke the crazy spell. She was firm, cheerfully angry. "It will do us. And I hope it will teach him."

We knew better than to answer. She laid aside veil and gloves, pulled a white ruffled apron from the biggest of the three suitcases, and tied it over her silk traveling dress. She looked like a little girl. Then she set us all to work dusting, unpacking, putting away. We made the three cots into beds with the stacked-up furnished bedding. I touched the blanket gingerly.

Mother watched me and said, "It's all in getting used to it. We'll put our stamp on it soon enough." But she did not like it either. Apartment-house bedding! Her smile was cemented on.

"We'll feel at home as soon as we eat," she said. We set the table with strange oddments of cracked dishes. We ate on oilcloth tacked on the table by someone else who had scrubbed away the flowers. The food was all fried or from cans. I could scarcely eat for thinking of our lovely home and the man who would look for us, first in play, then in earnest, and never, never find us.

As she fed the baby from her plate—fussy and so slow—Mother said, "We'll keep to ourselves and be sufficient unto ourselves." She had not finished speaking when her face fell. She dropped her fork with a clatter. We all turned and stared.

That was the first we knew of George, the janitor. He was big and black and filled our inner doorway with bulky, strong, overalled shoulders. His tall, narrow head touched the top of the frame. When he smiled his buckteeth glistened and when he spoke we saw the wide pink hole in his face.

"Genie," Mother said, looking at him, not me, "you didn't lock the door."

"Welcome to Barcally Arms, ma'am. Got ever'thing you need?"

Mother's stricken gaze rested on us. Everything you need? "All I need to make me happy," she used to say, "are some good little children and a big, strong, fine husband who loves me." She nodded, sitting straighter. Then she put her hand to her head, found her hat still there, removed it. Clemmie snorted, tickled. Mother stuck the two long hatpins neatly in their holes in the hat and reached behind her to drop it on the cot.

"Who are you?"

"George the janitor."

"Well then, George, you keep to your side of the house and we'll keep to ours." She looked at us severely. "Mind now, no bothering George. Not one of you. In any way."

"I love little chillun." He laughed, pulled his hand from behind his back, set down a blue plate piled high with warm, spicy cookies, turned and was gone. Mother stared at the door he closed quietly, then looked at us, as though to say, "Don't touch." But we had already tasted them.

THAT night, in the basement room off the narrow hallway, we took showers—something new to us. We stood on four slatted boards in the bowels of the basement, soaping, rinsing, drying. We streamed back to our flat single file, on folded newspapers Mother put on the cement for us to step on. Then we had a treat of warm milk and white store bread sprinkled with cinnamon.

Eddie whispered from his cot to Camille's and mine. "What is Mother afraid of about George?"

"Hush, you two!"

Then gradually, in the dark, two voices thrust themselves through the thin wall. Presently we understood in horror and disbelief that a husband and wife were quarreling, *(Continued on page 47)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MAURO SCALI

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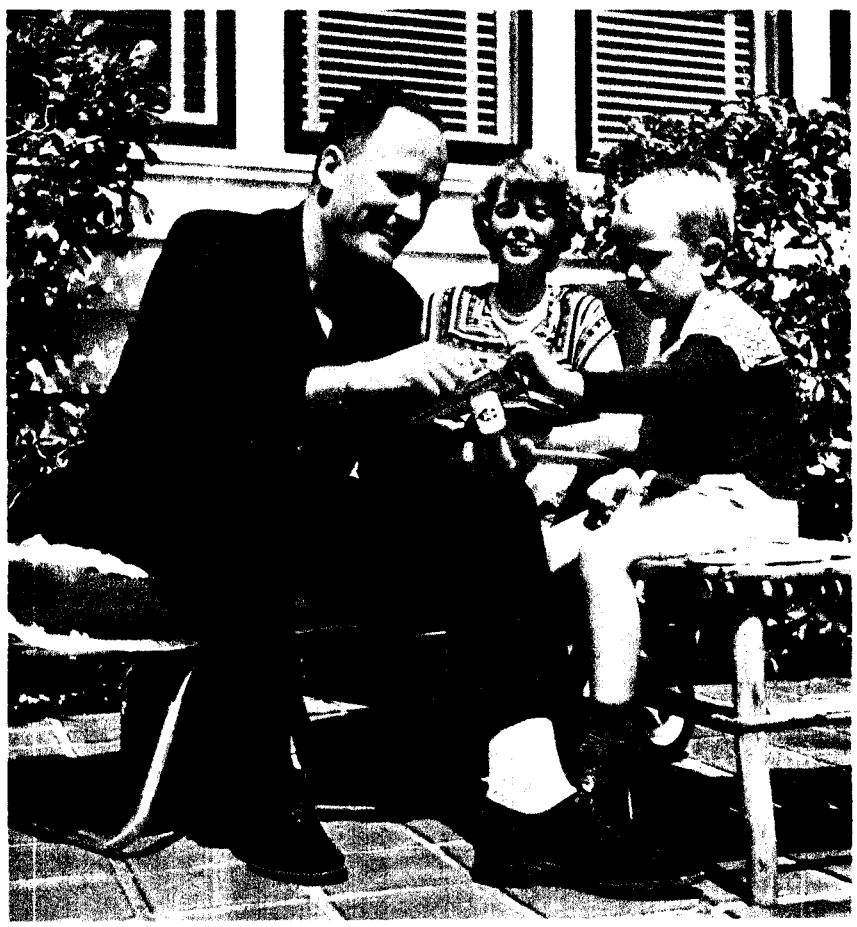
Section of the Rollins Campus, one of the most de luxe in the nation. Its 33 Spanish-style buildings are spread over 40 moss-hung acres

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SIDNEY LATHAM



Dr. Wagner, his wife, and son Paul. Rollins' president wants casual student-faculty relationship, says, "Formality mutes communication"

Pet proxy project is a student-filmed campus newsreel, produced twice a year. Undergrads shoot script in color, show it in school theater



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Left to right, Dean Emeritus Dr. A. D. Enyart, Dr. Wagner, president, H. A. Tollefson, president's assistant, and Dr. Wendell C. Stone, dean

# Education's New Boy Wonder

By HARTZELL SPENCE

**Paul A. Wagner, 33-year-old former newsreel cameraman and salesman, has made things hum at Rollins College since taking over as prexy. And the coeds think he's "dreamy"**

WHEN thirty-three-year-old Paul A. Wagner arose last February 18th to accept the presidency of Rollins College in Florida there were audible murmurs of surprise among the 5,000 guests gathered on the chapel lawn at the Winter Park campus. They had expected Wagner to appear youthful; but even in austere cap and gown, he looked less like an educator than a football captain up for a bachelor's degree.

One enchanted coed, noting Wagner's six-foot frame, he-man ruddiness, his curly brown hair and movie-star teeth, burst out: "Gosh, he's dreamy!" Then she promptly blushed, for the new president's wife, herself no slouch for looks, had overheard. Mrs. Wagner's retort was not in the pedagogical concept of extreme reserve. "That's right," she quipped, "but I dreamed first." So "dreamy" is Wagner, in fact, that his wife sees to it that he wears a wedding ring.

Half a hundred academic dignitaries, including President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago, participated in the ceremonies inducting Wagner. Many had been drawn by curiosity. Wagner holds no impressive array of degrees, and he totally lacks experience as a school administrator. Nevertheless, he had been tapped for the Rollins post over 200 other applicants, and the educators wanted to see what the fuss was all about. They also wished to hear him speak, for Wagner is currently the loudest U.S. champion of movies, phonographs, wire recorders and other mechanical aids for the teacher.

What the audience saw was the nearest thing to a boy wonder in higher education since Hutchins himself, who is Wagner's idol, became head of the University of Chicago 21 years ago at the age of thirty. What it heard was a reflection of the complete self-assurance of a prodigy who at twenty was the youngest instructor in the history of the University of Chicago's model high school, at twenty-five one of the Navy's leading educators in uniform, and at thirty-one an executive with the top management team of a major industrial concern.

Back again in the academic field with a manifest sense of destiny, Wagner announced to the dignitaries present that he intended to use Rollins—a small but high-standard college—as a guinea pig, to prove to teachers everywhere that students would learn more, in less time and to better purpose, if they did things his way.

Wagner's way is one not calculated to endear him to old-line educators of the ivy-draped vintage. Actually, he did not await his formal installation to begin making changes. Moving into the office of Rollins' retiring president, Hamilton Holt, on August 15, 1949, he discovered that the college had no visual-aid tools except one broken movie projector. He promptly tore up plans which had been under way for a new library in the usual tradition and replaced them with blueprints which included facilities for an FM radio station, a movie theater classroom, soundproof recording booths, a film laboratory and a graphic arts workshop. The Wagner-type library is now under construction—at a cost of over $500,000.

Next, he made a detailed cost-accounting study of the school, with a view to putting Rollins on a pay-as-you-go basis by the admission of more students. He further decided *(Continued on page 40)*



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# THE ONE BEHIND HIM

By CHARLES B. CHILD

**There was a poverty of clues. Inspector Chafik must find a pair of eyes—"large eyes, round like saucers, staring"—the eyes of death**

ELIA TALABANI reached his home in the Nassah quarter of Baghdad after a long battle with the storm.

Sand was everywhere, fine-grained and blinding, plucked from the desert by a wind that had risen to gale force since nightfall. Through this drifting, arid fog Talabani saw the street lights, suspended on overhead wires, as pale-blue moons that danced crazily.

The long walk from his place of business—there were no carriages on such a night—had made him sweat, and he stood in his doorway breathing heavily. He was a middle-aged man haunted by worry and he longed for his bed and the oblivion of sleep.

The section constable, whose name was Hassan, passed him and greeted him, but Talabani went in without replying.

The house was old and had been converted into walk-up apartments, eight in all, two on each floor. The man lived at the top, and the three flights were always agony. Tonight, he had to take repeated rests; there was a pain in his head and his vision was blurred.

When he reached his own stairs he saw somebody coming down. The light was dim, there was a haze of floating dust, and nearsightedness obliged him to peer closely, so it was several moments before Talabani became aware of the other one behind the stranger.

He saw only the face and it appeared to be suspended over the descending man's shoulder—a vague face, remote and colorless. He was about to look away when the eyes met his and held them.

Talabani heard himself scream. He covered his face with his hands, shouted, "No! Oh, God the Merciful, the Compassionate!" and fell to his knees. There was the sound of footsteps, rushing, and a scream that echoed his own. Talabani stood and went on up blindly. . . .

Constable Hassan was stopped at the corner of the street by the increased force of the storm. Wind whipped through his thin uniform and sand lashed him like a scourge as he turned back to shelter.

He had nearly reached Talabani's house when the door was thrown open and a man, who shouted incoherently, plunged out and was gone running into the night. Hassan went in pursuit, then realized it was useless and fought his way back. He entered the small lobby.

Somewhere in the building somebody was screaming. The screams lifted the hairs on his neck and he pushed off the safety catch of his carbine as he took the stairs. Halfway up the second flight he stopped. Talabani was reeling down, crying hysterically.

"What's happened? What's wrong with you?" demanded the constable.

"The eyes! The eyes! Death!" Talabani's own eyes were shut, as if he dared not look, but he turned and pointed.

The constable took him by the arm and led him back, unresisting, up the stairs to the top apartment. Then, having eased the man into a chair, he went to investigate.

In the bedroom he found Talabani's wife. She had been strangled. A window was open and a drift of sand shrouded the corpse, which was still warm.

THE Inspector in charge of the homicide detail was a small-boned man neatly dressed in a white linen jacket and knife-edged slacks. He favored a blue polka-dot tie, his nails were recently manicured, and he smelled faintly and pleasantly of orange water and strong Kurdish tobacco. His dark hair was slicked to his long head, he had full lips, and in profile his face resembled a face on an ancient coin.

Inspector Chafik J. Chafik had been preceded by his assistant, Abdullah, a large dour man.

Sergeant Abdullah said, "Sir, my preliminary investigation suggests a simple solution. The woman had a lover. She entertained him. There was a quarrel. He killed her, saw the husband coming, fled—"

"He who reasons with hammer blows should watch his thumb," Chafik said.

He went in and looked at the body. The wife of Talabani had been many years younger, and when Chafik noted the untidiness of the apartment, the dirt and the tawdry furnishings, he felt sorry for the man. He knew how the woman had played on Talabani's infatuation, then become bored with her aging husband and turned elsewhere.

"The waning moon and the new moon cannot share the same sky," announced the Inspector.

"Sir?" said Abdullah.

Chafik was surprised. He had not heard himself speak. It often happened that he unconsciously voiced his thoughts this way. When he realized it had happened again, he flushed with annoyance and gave his attention to the corpse.

Bruises on the throat showed that great strength had been used; the woman's neck was twisted as though from hanging, and she had died swiftly.

The Inspector examined the French windows which Constable Hassan had found open. The catch was broken, torn from the rotten woodwork, but there was no way to tell whether this had been done by somebody forcing entry, or by the wind. The windows gave access to a balcony and this was covered by a layer of sand, but any footprints had been erased by the storm.

"Perhaps the man Hassan saw leave the house

has left a trail," Chafik said. "How is he described, Abdullah?"

"Tall. Of powerful build. Cloaked against the storm."

"An unpromising description," Chafik complained. "Has he been seen before?"

"A man of such build was a regular visitor, sir. We still make inquiries throughout the neighborhood, but there is much dissension. One witness described the stranger's face as round, another says long. He is bearded, yet not bearded. His nose—" Abdullah stopped, shrugged, then said with disgust, "What can one expect from witnesses? They have no powers of observation."

Chafik interrupted: "Describe the stairway in this house."

"The stairway?" repeated the sergeant. "Well, it is narrow, sir. The steps are stone, uncarpeted. The walls—blue?—yes, I think blue—" He flushed, then said, "Not blue. I forget."

"What observation!" Chafik chided him. "The walls are dark green. The first flight is carpeted—

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

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**Abdullah and Chafik** w[illegible] of the c[illegible] The storm s[illegible] its final throes, and [illegible] made the buildings rock

you forgot because the others are not. [illegible] a mirror on the wall at each turn. And the lighting is dim—a thrifty landlord uses only one lamp to each double-bracket fixture."

He smiled at his discomforted assistant. "But you prove the point. If your powers fail, what can we expect from the inexperienced?"

"Nevertheless—" the sergeant began.

"Why no eyes?" Chafik went on. "Why does nobody describe the stranger's eyes?"

"Permit me to remind you of Mr. Talabani's statement, sir."

"But he refers to another, one who was behind the first man."

Abdullah recovered his confidence. "The constable is certain only one man left the building. I suggest Mr. Talabani saw first the bulk of the man on the stairs, then his eyes. Confusion created the plurality of strangers."

"Possibly," Chafik said. "But do not forget the open window."

He went to the other room, where the husband of the woman was collapsed in a chair. The police surgeon had given him a sedative and he was much calmer.

Chafik touched the man's hands; they were soft and flabby, the wrists weak.

Talabani was a druggist with a small business. He worked long hours for a profit of a few *fils*, and was always in debt, constantly whining and seeking sympathy.

The Inspector asked, "You were home early tonight?"

"Early," Talabani said. "There was no business. There never is. My enemies are ruining me. I wish protection from my enemies, sir, please." He mopped his gray face and sniffed noisily.

"Did you expect a visitor—a friend?" the Inspector asked.

"I have no friends."

"Perhaps a relative of your wife?"

"They never come here. They punish her because she married me."

Talabani wet his pale lips and edged nearer to the Inspector. Sympathy always made him confiding, and he said, "Such a brave woman! I could not face my enemies without Latifa." He had forgotten his wife was dead.

"Then you can't describe the man you saw on the stairs?" Chafik asked hastily.

"I only remember the eyes of the one behind him."

"And that man, the one behind, did he have a young face? Thin, perhaps? Or maybe not? Was it a familiar face? Think hard, Mr. Talabani."

The druggist put his hands to his head and huddled deeper in the chair. He looked like a bundle of discarded clothes.

"I don't remember," he whispered, and then added in a sharp voice: "Wait! Yes! Familiar somehow—but those eyes!—those eyes!"

"They frightened you," Chafik said. "Why?"

"Death's eyes! Death's eyes!"

"Mr. Talabani—"

"Huge, round like saucers, staring." Now he remembered the tragedy *(Continued on page 59)*



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## *Continuing* WHEN YOU'RE OLD—WHAT THEN?

# *Adding Life to the Added*

By DR. LOUIS I. DUBLIN and HERBERT YAHRAES

*America is no longer a young nation. Medical advances constantly increase life expectancy, and by 1975 the U.S. will have 20,000,000 inhabitants over 65. The problems presented by this shift in age levels are further studied in this article, the second of three, by Dr. Louis I. Dublin and Herbert Yahraes. Dr. Dublin, an eminent authority on population, longevity and mortality, is vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Mr. Yahraes is a well-known newspaper and magazine writer*

II

THE time was 1921, the place, a flower-bedecked banquet hall in a New York hotel, the occasion, the fiftieth annual meeting of the American Public Health Association. Waiters were clearing away the coffee cups, and the guests were settling back. Suddenly the chairman's gavel sounded, and into the room, on the arm of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., came a tiny old man, white-haired, bearded, reed-thin, but unfaltering of step.

A gasp of disbelief swept the assemblage. All those present knew of Dr. Stephen Smith, who half a century before had founded the association, and who had been New York City's first health commissioner. But few had realized he was still alive.

Dr. Smith, then 98 years old, acknowledged the impact of his surprise appearance with a twinkle in his sharp eyes. When he spoke, his voice was loud and clear, his message brief and to the point. "You all want to know the secret of my longevity," he told the audience. "It is very simple. Do as I did 50 years ago. Get yourself a heart impairment—not too serious—and take care of it."

Just as he had pioneered in public health decades before, Dr. Smith was again proving himself well ahead of the times. For it is only recently—nearly 30 years after his death—that his recipe for a chipper old age has begun to take wide hold, and to bring new hope for conquering the great bugaboo of our later years—poor health.

Doctors now recognize that the chronic illnesses which are the major bane of old age don't suddenly strike at 65 or 70; they begin creeping up years before. Caught in the creeping stage, many cases can be controlled or even cured.

A gloomy picture could be built up about health in old age. For example, a disabling illness lays an old person up not for a few weeks but for an average of months; heart disease kills at about 10 times the rate between the ages of 65 and 70 as between 40 and 45; the older person is especially susceptible also to cancer, diabetes and kidney disease.

On the other hand, there is plenty to be cheerful about. At least seven out of eight oldsters are *not* so disabled that they cannot go about their daily tasks; since 1940, the mortality rate of people over 65 has dropped 8 per cent; an American's life expectancy is now better than ever before. The average 65-year-old can look forward to nearly 14 more years, the average 75-year-old to over eight more.

There would be little point to having this added lifetime if it were going to be simply endured, not enjoyed. The happy fact is that there is increasing chance that this extra lease on life—already procured for us by medical and public-health advances—can be lived with reasonable zest and vigor. For this we can thank a new technique for nipping chronic illness in the bud, and also thank some fresh new ideas about medical care for older folks being sparked by a relatively new branch of the medical profession, "geriatrics," which specializes in the health problems of old age, just as pediatrics does those of children.

The new technique goes by the jawbreaking name of "multiphasic screening," a method by which an individual can be examined, within the brief space of an hour, for signs of any one of a number of ills.

This large-scale trouble-spotting approach was born out of recent campaigns to test wide segments of the public for T.B. and syphilis. Why not, health authorities reasoned, give both tests at the same clinic? And why not read the chest X-ray film for evidence not just of T.B. but also of cancer of the lungs and of heart trouble? Furthermore, why not use the one blood sample to test not just for VD but also for diabetes and anemia? Also, while we're at it, why not measure height, weight, and blood pressure, and take a urine sample?

GEOFFREY LANDESMAN

**In a living room at Cleveland's Benjamin Rose Institute, Mrs. Florence Owens, 79, receives a visit from Margaret W. Wagner, Secretary. Most residents are chronically ill**

ZINN ARTHUR

**Not an old-folks home, though a home for those past 60, Tompkins Square House, New York City, gives residents privacy and freedom. Arthur Rogers, 80, and wife Mary, 78, in dining room**



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# Years

Dr. Albert L. Chapman, chief of the U.S. Public Health Service's division of chronic disease, raised these questions at regional health conferences in the fall of 1949. Independently, some state and local health officers had voiced the same idea.

As a result, in Boston, from January through June last year, an odd sort of experimental clinic was operated at the New England Center Hospital. It was called the Health Protection Clinic, but gave no treatment; all it offered was a battery of tests and quick physical exams, and all it asked was 60 minutes of the visitor's time—at no cost to him.

An analysis of its first thousand cases showed surprising results. Almost half of them had to be referred to doctors for treatment of unsuspected conditions.

The tests uncovered 71 cases of untreated heart disease, 81 of high blood pressure, 48 cases with suspicions of cancer, and 21 of diabetes. They also pointed to untreated hearing defects in 63, vision defects in 124, anemia in 16, T.B. in eight, obesity —an insidious shortener of life—in 182, and a variety of other conditions.

*The great majority of the clinic visitors were under 60, and but for the checkup, their defects might have lain unnoticed for years and then been blamed on old age.*

In Coffee County, Alabama, another clinic found that of 15,000 visitors, one in every 12 had heart trouble, diabetes, syphilis, or definite or suspected T.B.; and a Richmond, *(Continued on page 72)*

TOM O'HALLORAN

**Dr. John T. Westfall, old-age specialist, examines Mrs. Kathryn Tallman in Washington**

**"Bronco" Charlie Miller, 102, who rode the Pony Express, now carves horses and birds**

ZINN ARTHUR

TOM O HALLORAN

**The sympathetic interest of physicians is vital. James McGann gets such a check from Dr. D. J. O'Doherty in Washington**



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# *They're* BALMY OVER

The Bradley varsity huddles around Coach Forddy Anderson (l. to r.): Gene (Squeaky) Melchiorre, Bill Mann, Elmer Behnke, Aaron Preece, Fred Schlictman and Charles Grover. Anderson's basic strategy is simple—run fast, break fast, shoot fast and try to outscore the opposition

All Peoria follows the Braves. Bank president Fred Blossom (center) and businessman Ben Koch, chief Bradley Booster, join kids in stands

"Indian Chief" Jack Wright, a student at Bradley, and eight-year-old mascot David Suffield make powerful pregame medicine for the Braves

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# BASKETBALL

**You can forget those old vaudeville gags about how boring life can be in Peoria. There hasn't been a dull moment in the town since the Bradley University Braves became a major hoop power**

THE Bradley University basketball team of Peoria, Illinois, received a polite eviction notice from the United States government in the spring of 1948. Due to a greatly expanded National Guard training program (the government explained) Peoria armory could not be made available for Bradley athletic events after June 1st. Sorry.

The eviction posed the problem of raising money for a new field house in a hurry. Bradley officials finally decided upon a sale of five-year season tickets. It was announced that for $125, payable in advance, a patron could reserve a bleacher seat for all Bradley home games from 1949 through 1953. For $175 a comfort-loving patron could reserve a de luxe, padded theater-type chair in the center of the proposed auditorium (capacity: 8,300).

The public response was slightly overwhelming. Within two weeks, $327,000 poured into the Bradley ticket office. Patrons who loved basketball, but who were short on cash, made their purchases on easy credit terms arranged by Fred Blossom, president of the Central National Bank. The Blossom plan—quickly adopted by all Peoria banks—provided for 5 per cent interest and 21 months to pay. An estimated $60,000 worth of tickets was underwritten without a murmur of protest from federal banking examiners. Around Peoria, a Bradley basketball ticket is considered as sound an investment as government bonds.

Every Bradley game since 1946 has been a sell-out. Thanks to the field-house financing plan, this happy condition will prevail at least until 1954 when, it is anticipated, all current ticket holders then alive will exercise their renewal options for another five years.

Even when a five-year ticket holder dies prematurely, there is little likelihood of his ducat being returned to the university for resale. Last August an elderly manufacturer passed away, leaving an estate estimated at $500,000 and two theater-type chairs in the fifth row, center. Within two hours after his obituary appeared in the Peoria Star, Mrs. Margaret Moore, the Bradley ticket manager, received 38 telephone queries from applicants eager to assume the deceased's basketball obligations.

But the calls were in vain. The manufacturer's will directed the university to transfer ownership of the tickets to his eldest son.

There are two reasons why Peoria (pop. 111,500) runs a high civic temperature over Bradley's basketball Braves.

First reason: The Braves have been going out of their way since 1938 to meet and beat the best college teams extant. Over 12 years, they've compiled a .767 winning percentage. Last year, they flew 20,000 miles in a whirlwind campaign which netted 27 victories against three defeats during the regular season, and they were voted the nation's No. 1 team in the Associated Press poll.

Second reason: Bradley's continued success has been achieved strictly with home-grown talent. The Braves live either in Peoria or within a short bus ride of Peoria. Since 1938, only one varsity starter has originated outside of Illinois. That was Les Getz of Goshen, Indiana, who wandered onto the campus for no other reason than that his uncle had once attended Bradley. Les didn't even have a scholarship. Honest.

Generations of vaudeville and radio comedians have created the impression that Peoria is a somnolent small town where nothing ever happens. This idea was summed up in mournful fashion by a feminine character in the Broadway stage success Light-nin', who complained that the only reason she and her husband got married was that they were stranded in Peoria and it rained all week.

### The Night of March Eighteenth

But things do happen in Peoria. Almost unbelievable things. Especially during basketball season. From December through March, Peoria simply goes basketball crazy. Some of the following events may seem incredible to non-Peoria residents, but they all happened last March 18th, when the Braves were battling City College of New York in the final round of the National Invitation Tournament.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, Peoria radio stations WIRL and WMBD opened up with a barrage of spot announcements urging listeners to stand by for play-by-play broadcasts direct from Madison Square Garden in New York City.

At six o'clock, U.S. Highway 66 was bulging with an estimated extra load of 2,000 cars—Peorians headed northward for a barside N.I.T. seat in the television-equipped pubs of Chicago, 150 miles away.

At 7:15, workmen wheeled scoreboards onto the stages of Peoria's two first-run movie houses, the Madison (Joan Caulfield in Dear Wife) and the Palace (Jane Russell in The Outlaw). During the late shows, while Joan and Jane emoted, the scoreboards flashed up-to-the-second bulletins hot off the radio from New York.

At 9:10, when Bradley jumped off against City College, a squad of messenger boys—shouting the latest radio bulletins—began to patrol the noisy assembly lines in the Caterpillar Tractor plant on West Washington Street.

At 9:55, a newspaper reporter assigned to a stay-at-home human-interest story returned to his office with the information that the game broadcast was being enthusiastically received in such diverse locations as the Proctor Home for the Aged on North Glendale Avenue and a bordello on Jefferson Street.

At 10:15, an advertising agency completed an audience survey which estimated that 69 per cent of all homes equipped with radios in the Peoria trading area were tuned in on the play-by-play broadcasts. (A similar survey had set the peak audience for the 1948 Truman-Dewey Presidential election returns at 48 per cent.)

At 10:45, the game ended. Jack Quinn, WMBD's sports caster in New York, repeated the final score—City College, 69; Bradley, 61. Then Quinn broke down and cried right into his microphone.

At midnight, WIRL began to rebroadcast a transcribed play-by-play of the Bradley defeat for 20,000 workers coming off the second shift in Peoria's industrial plants.

At 2:00 A.M., the vanguard of the television caravan rolled back into town from Chicago.

The defeat by CCNY dampened community enthusiasm to such an extent that only 10,000 fans assembled at Peoria airport to welcome the Braves home from New York. *(Continued on page 65)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN MENDICINO AND ROCCO PADULO

**"Squeaky" Melchiorre, Peoria's favorite son, grabs rebound and takes off in game with UCLA. Lanky Elmer Behnke (32) is right behind him**

WIDE WORLD

**Team gets plenty of radio coverage. Melchiorre submits to quiz by Chick Hearn (WEEK), Hank Fisher (WIRL) and Jack Quinn (WMBD)**

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# Revolt of the TRIFFIDS

## By JOHN WYNDHAM

**This was terror, as only the helpless can know terror. Bill and Josella were threatened by the plants that walked**

**The Story:** From the moment I woke up in a hospital on the outskirts of London I knew something was dreadfully wrong, even apart from the bandages that were still on my eyes. But I didn't know until later that the world had come to an end: the only world I had ever known, anyway. A week before I'd been slashed across the eyes by a triffid, one of those curious walking plants that had taken root all over the earth after falling from the planet Venus. My name is BILL MASEN, and triffids were my business; I'd made a special study of the creatures, and when I left school I went to work for a giant food trust which raised triffids, whose extracts had valuable food and medicinal properties. On the triffid farm where I did research one of the triffids attacked me; my associate, a brilliant researcher named WALTER LUCKNOR, gave me suitable first aid and got me to the hospital.

Usually a triffid's sting will blind a man; but thanks to Walter and the immunity I had built up, my sight was saved. What happened to Walter on the horrible night when disaster from the planets struck the world I don't know—but I can guess. I took the bandages off my eyes and looked about me. Everyone I found in the hospital—patients, doctors and nurses—had been stricken blind. The night before, brilliant flashes across the sky had been breathlessly reported to me by a hospital nurse; and the radio had been raucous with bulletins describing violent disturbances in the skies.

In the London streets I found mobs of blinded people milling about in panic and disorder. I saw hardly anyone who still had sight; and I remembered with fear how Walter Lucknor had once told me that the only advantage a human being had over a triffid was sight.

All ordinary decency had been abandoned by the frightened people who had been blinded; and I soon learned that the blind sought to make captives of those who could still see, in order to force them to forage for food. In Piccadilly Circus I saw one sighted man leading a mob of blind rioters. And nearby I found a blind man brutally beating a girl whose hands were bound by cords to his wrists. I fought the blind man and released the almost hysterical girl.

### II

I LOOKED at the weeping girl for a moment, and then I looked about us for someplace to go. A few yards away there was a pub crowded with sightless revelers; a phonograph brayed through its smashed windows; glasses crashed on the pavement outside, and inside everyone seemed to be having a high old time in a desperate kind of way. Just beyond it was a small pub, whose door and windows seemed to be intact: the mobs had passed this one by.

I led the girl to this smaller pub, broke in the door of the saloon bar, and helped her in; she was still near hysteria, and I had almost to carry her to a chair. In some makeshift way I fixed the swinging doors so that they couldn't easily be opened. Then I went to the bar and fixed two drinks.

The girl sipped at hers, still sobbing a little, but more quietly now. I drank my own drink slowly, giving her time to get over it. I stole an occasional covert look at the girl. Her clothes—or the remnants of them—were of good quality. She was blond, and it seemed very likely that under the smudges and smears she was good-looking. Her height was three or four inches less than my own, her build slim and—I believe the word used to be—lithe. I guessed her age at about twenty-four; I also guessed that she had not, up to now, led a hard life. Her well-shaped hands were smooth and those fingernails still unbroken were of a length more decorative than practical.

The drink did gradual good work. By the end of it she was sufficiently recovered for habit of mind to assert itself.

"I must look awful," she remarked. She got up, and walked over to a mirror. "I certainly do," she said. "Where—?"

"You might try through there," I suggested.

It was twenty minutes or so before she came back. Considering the limited facilities there must have been, she had made a good job of it, and morale was much improved. She now looked like a film director's idea of the heroine after a roughhouse rather than the genuine thing.

"Cigarette?" I asked as I handed her another drink.

Then, to pass the time and quiet our nerves, we drank and swapped stories. I told mine first. When it was her turn she said:

"I'm damned ashamed of myself. I'm not a bit like that really—like you found me. In fact, I'm reasonably self-reliant, though you mightn't think it. But somehow the whole thing suddenly got too big for me. It was the awful prospect more than what actually happened. I had got to thinking that I was the only person left in the whole world who could see. It got me down, and all at once I was frightened and silly, and I broke down and howled like a girl in a Victorian melodrama. I'd never, never have believed it of me."

"We'll probably be learning a lot about ourselves soon," I said. "Don't let it worry you."

"But it does worry me. If I can slip my gears like that—" She left the sentence unfinished.

"I was pretty near panic in that hospital," I said. "We're human beings, not calculating machines."

Her name was Josella Playton. There was something familiar about that, but I couldn't place it. Her home was in Dene Road, St. John's Wood. That fitted in more or less with my surmises. I remembered Dene Road: detached, comfortable houses, mostly ugly, but all expensive.

Her escape from the general affliction had been as much a matter of luck as mine. She had been at a party on the Monday night—a pretty considerable party, it seemed.

"I suppose somebody who thinks that kind of thing funny must have been fooling with the drinks. I've never felt so ill as I did at the end of it—and I really didn't have much," she said.

TUESDAY, it seemed, was a day of blurred miseries and a record hang-over. At about four in the afternoon she had had more than enough of it. She told the servants that come comets, earthquakes, or the day of judgment itself, she was not to be disturbed. Then she had taken a strong sleeping powder, which in the circumstance and on an empty stomach had worked with the efficiency of knockout drops.

From then on she had known nothing until the following morning when she was awakened by her father stumbling into her room.

"Josella," he was saying, "get Dr. Mayle. Tell him I've gone blind—stone-blind."

She had got up hurriedly, amazed to see that it was already past nine o'clock. The servants had answered neither her father's bell nor her own. She went to rouse them, and found to her horror that they, too, were blind.

With the telephone out of order, the only course seemed to be for her to take the car and fetch the doctor herself. The quiet streets and absence of traffic had seemed queer, but she had already driven a mile before she realized what had happened. She all but turned back in panic—but she forced herself to go on. There was the chance that the doctor might have escaped the malady, whatever it was.

Halfway down Regent Street the engine had started to miss and sputter; finally it stopped. In her hurried start she had not looked at the gauge, and had run the reserve tank dry.

She sat there for a *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED BANBERY

**The triffid stood in the middle of the room. Beside it the body of an elderly man was sprawled. Josella shook as I held her arm**

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A German, legionnaire Franz Beigel fought for France in World War II

Hefting live pig, French soldier approaches first of four bamboo-spiked passageways into fortress while guard keeps watch overhead

On a hilltop near Tien Yen, Brodie came on multiwalled bamboo fort, sketched it from python-infested lowland. Note patrol along path

# "THE ROAD OF DEATH"

*THE fight against Communism in the Far East has been waged on many fronts. Of these, one of the first was Indochina, where French troops were engaging in the most rugged kind of jungle and mountain warfare against Viet-Minh forces long before there was any fighting in Korea. Collier's combat artist Howard Brodie went to Indochina fresh from his assignment with UN troops to the North. With his first sketches he enclosed the following report, a superb word picture of a little-known but highly important battleground in the world-wide struggle against Red aggression.*

**Hanoi, Indochina**

I DECIDED to go to Dinhlap, the farthermost fort of Route Coloniale Quatre, called "the Road of Death" by the French soldiers fighting there. Along this road a series of frontier forts had been evacuated and a major massacre had occurred. I packed a French-English dictionary in my musette bag (my French is limited to a few expressions) and headed for Haiphong in a station wagon-taxi. The trip along the rough road took about three hours, and every mile or so we passed a post, fort or guard tower. The road paralleled a rail line, and we could see riflemen spaced within sight of one another along the tracks.

Haiphong was bristling with activity; it was Saturday night in the seaport. Legionnaires in white kepis, bearded French soldiers, and sailors in starched blouses and blue striped undershirts crowded the cafés. I located the commandant, who told me I might leave with a colonel in a jeep convoy the following morning for Tien Yen, the second step on my journey.

I joined the colonel's convoy of six vehicles—a radio car, a truck with a dozen legionnaires as a security guard, and four jeeps. I squeezed into a jeep with an English-speaking lieutenant and a French WAC. As we bounced along the rough roadbed, the lieutenant decided to try out his English on me. "There can be danger on this route," he said, and subsided.

We came to a river and boarded a primitive ferry pulled across by natives. That brought us into rugged country which reminded me of the High Sierras of California. In the sea to our right were stark, rocky islands; inland, to our left, were jutting crags. "If the Viet-Minh hide in these grottoes," the lieutenant commented, "we cannot find them."

Hours passed. The motor of a jeep failed, and we continued without it. "Our equipment is so old," apologized my guide. At noon we stopped at a *poste* for an amazing lunch: champagne; soup; asparagus omelet; chicken with a lush, delectable sauce; salad; a white wine; beer; a decorated cake for dessert; and coffee with brandy.

With this under our belts we continued on our way. We passed into jungle country, where all the vegetation was burned back 50 to 150 feet on both sides of the road—"to prevent an ambush," the lieutenant said. A little farther along, two great fallen trees had been dragged to one side, and the officer explained that the enemy had used them some time before as a roadblock. "This is not good here," he added as we crossed a small bridge. "At this place 30 men were caught in an ambuscade not long ago."

Toward sunset we entered Tien Yen, a picturesque town on a post-card river, looking more Chinese than Indochinese. It was a contradictory little settlement. It smelled foul and was ridden with nasty insects, yet an exquisite color note was provided by the muted reds, browns and grays of the webbed sails visible on the river junks. And at the commandant's house I had another excellent meal, served under conditions which made me a little ashamed of my field clothes. The French officers were smartly dressed in tropical uniforms with starched shorts, and the dinner was served by natives attired in gold-buttoned white jackets.

I spent the night in a little cottage by the river; at eight the following morning, the convoy got under way again. We were now on Route Coloniale Quatre. "Route de la Mort—The Road of Death," my cheerful lieutenant reminded me, adding: "There are many tigers in this region; the colonel has often hunted them."

The forts along here were practically within sight of one another. At one of them, I could scarcely believe I was living in the twentieth century. This *poste* reminded me of pictures in my childhood history book of early frontier forts in the American wilderness: a logged rectangle, with blockhouses and rifle slots. There was just one major difference. The surrounding barricades were of jagged bamboo, meaner-looking than any barbed wire.

Finally Dinhlap came into view, a crumbling cement fort. Here we were again toasted with champagne. (During the entire trip, I saw almost no one drink water.) The adjoining hills were enemy territory; in one of them, we could hear a remote French position being fired upon.

There was little I could do in Dinhlap, and I decided not to stay. I returned to Tien Yen with



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By HOWARD BRODIE
*Collier's* COMBAT ARTIST

the convoy and that afternoon headed for Moncay, an embattled border town split by a small river which forms the boundary between Indochina and China. I arrived there at dusk, and was invited to the home of the minister of public works to wash up. On his kitchen table I saw a still life which seemed to reflect perfectly the mood of the town: an arrangement of vegetables and hand grenades.

At my room in the officers' quarters that night, I discussed Picasso, Braque and other modern painters with a French lieutenant. It was a laborious conversation, partly in my inadequate French, partly in his broken English, and punctuated by the sound of explosions. We were under mortar fire, my friend explained. "One night last week, we had 100 shells land here—two of them right in this courtyard." There was also the rat-tat-tat of a French automatic weapon, followed by the slower beat of a Chinese machine gun. Once during the night I was awakened by rifle fire. Otherwise I slept soundly.

The following morning I jeeped back to Tien Yen and moved in with a company of Foreign Legionnaires about 10 kilometers south of town. There were Poles, Germans, Italians and Spaniards (but no Americans) in the company, and all of them made me feel at home immediately. We had a lusty meal, and that night before going to bed I was invited to share their hot milk. This was certainly not the Foreign Legion of wine, women and brawls of which I had read!

I stayed with this outfit for several days, enjoying myself thoroughly, and then started once again for Tien Yen aboard a truck loaded with ammunition, eggs, a chicken and *(Continued on page 71)*

**Thirsty but lacking a cup, French soldier interrupts patrol to drink from a waterfall—with the aid of a long leaf taken from jungle plant**

**Veteran red-bearded corporal had spent 23 years in French Foreign Legion, the last 12 of them in rugged Indochina**

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# THE GREAT BRINK'S

**Wearing Halloween masks, the robbers bound the guards, taped their mouths and packed 350 pounds of money. The job took about 20 minutes**

TUESDAY, January 17, 1950, was by all odds a particularly poor time for a successful robbery in Boston. Only the day before, three men, slitted paper bags over their heads, had got away with a $47,000 Hotel Statler payroll, and Boston police were still smarting under the tongue-lashing of Police Commissioner Thomas F. Sullivan.

"Why weren't the barriers up?" he had demanded. "Why wasn't the getaway car contained within the area? There is only one road into Boston that does not cross a bridge. Boston can be made a tight little island in a matter of minutes. Why wasn't it?"

With Sullivan's caustic words still fresh, an alarm sounded at seven thirty-six Tuesday evening in the signal room of the American District Telegraph protective agency. Almost instantaneously it was relayed to police headquarters. The radio dispatcher snapped a finger-throw switch and directed all North End Division One prowl cars to Brink's garage, Prince and Commercial Streets.

A police car was at the scene within three minutes. Two minutes after that a report flashed to headquarters that six or seven men wearing Halloween masks, visored caps and pea jackets had got away with $80,000 to $100,000—as it was to turn out, an incredibly low estimate.

Colonel Sullivan was called at home at dinner. "Brink's?" He was astounded. The name of Brink's, Inc., a nation-wide armored-car service specializing in transporting payrolls, was synonymous with sure safety. In Boston alone, Brink's handled as much as $10,000,000 a day.

"Put it on the teletype," ordered Sullivan. "Order roadblocks and barriers up and send every available man and squad car to the scene."

Seven minutes after the alarm was sounded, police cars and vans were drawn across all Boston bridges, forcing outgoing against incoming traffic in a single lane with spotlights beating upon their rear number plates. All suspicious-looking cars and trucks, particularly those with five or more men, were stopped. At the same time, 14 states, including all of New England, were alerted by teletype. A getaway car leaving Brink's could not have covered more than 12 miles by the time the blocks were up.

By eighty thirty, an hour after the holdup, barrier squads had flagged and whistled down 71 automobiles and trucks. A basketball team was stopped four times; a company of barbershop quartets six times; a string orchestra en route to a wedding three times. Six men legally carrying firearms were halted so often that they quit. As far away as Maine, a motion-picture crew had a hard time with the police.

Brink's garage is on the Boston water front. The harbor police station is within rifleshot. Two patrol boats were in the basin, and the watch noticed nothing untoward before or after the alarm. All craft tied up and afloat were accounted for. Boston airport was covered before a getaway car could reach it. It was drizzling; a ceiling-zero night. Planes could not get off private airports.

Sullivan and Police Superintendent Edward W.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

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# ROBBERY

By JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

**Just a year ago in Boston, seven masked bandits pulled off one of the most spectacular robberies in history. They trussed up six guards and fled with $1,600,000. Thousands of cops have tried to find them. If you can do it, there's a $180,000 reward waiting**

Fallon were at Brink's 20 minutes after the alarm. Fourteen prowl cars were lined up outside. Special officers, plain-clothes men, detectives and patrolmen were already on hand.

Commissioner and superintendent stepped over loose piles of strapped bills of all denominations strewn around the floor. Photographers' bulbs were flashing, reporters were besieging Brink's employees. Police photographers and fingerprint men were unpacking their gear. "Better finish what you're doing," Sullivan told the newsmen. "We've got work to do here." He singled out a Brink's employee, medium height, bespectacled, sandy hair.

"What's your name?"

"Thomas B. Lloyd."

"What's your job?"

"Head cashier."

"Who did this job?"

"Seven men."

"What did they look like?"

"I can't tell you. Their faces were covered by plastic or rubber masks—the kind that pull down over the head. They wore Navy pea jackets. They had drawn guns pointing at us when I first saw them."

"What were you doing then?"

"I was just coming out of the vault." Lloyd indicated it behind him. It was a shambles. Packages of bills and silver had spilled from baskets and compartments. "I looked toward the wire mesh cage. The gate was locked."

"How many men were in the cashier's cage with you?" the commissioner asked.

"Five. Six including myself."

"Were you armed?"

Lloyd shook his head. "Charlie Grell was the only one armed. The rest of our guns were in the racks. Grell was standing right beside me. It would have been sure death for him to reach for his gun. There was nothing we could do. One of them said: 'This is a stick-up. Open the gate, and don't give us any trouble.' I told Grell to open it.

"Just at that minute, James Allen, the assistant cashier, came out of the dispatcher's office. He was right beside the shotgun rack, but he decided not to reach for one. The seven men all wore gloves and each carried a foot-length cord knotted at each end. One of them told us to lie face down on the floor. What could we do? They tied our hands behind our backs and tied our feet, slapped adhesive masking tape over our lips, and went to work. They scooped money bags off the little wooden platform carts and dumped them into bags they brought with them."

"How long did that take?"

"About 20 minutes."

This story of the holdup was confirmed by each man in the cage.

Lieutenants, sergeants, patrolmen—more than 100 all told—were streaming into the building. A guard was posted over the remaining money. The garage was covered from top to bottom; every car and truck in it was searched, every person on the premises questioned. Twenty men were assigned to comb streets nearby for witnesses, 40 men to go through all buildings in the neighborhood.

Superintendent Fallon took on the questioning of Lloyd.

"Describe these gunmen," he ordered.

"One was about fifty years old, I'd say; about five feet nine inches tall; around 180 pounds. He wore a gray or brown soft hat, Navy pea jacket and mask. The second was about forty years old, around 170 pounds, wore a Navy pea jacket and visored cap."

"What about the other five?"

"They looked exactly like the two I've described."

"Impossible," Fallon declared. "One must have been taller or shorter, stouter or thinner. All couldn't be the same height, size and weight."

"But they were," Lloyd insisted.

"How much money was taken?"

"I can't tell yet."

"How much money have you got on hand here?"

"I don't know exactly; somewhere between four and five million dollars."

"How quickly can you find out how much is missing?"

"It will take some time. Jim Allen could tell, but one of the gunmen took his glasses. He can't see a thing without them." *(Continued on page* 61*)*

### *Also Assigned to the Case*

Just a year ago this month, seven masked men carrying $1,600,000 in stolen cash slipped out of the Boston garage of Brink's, Inc., the armored-car service. They had just pulled one of the biggest, slickest holdups in history; it has not yet been solved, despite the determined efforts of city, state and federal police.

One of the newsmen assigned to the story was Joseph F. Dinneen, crack reporter-columnist of the Boston Globe. He has kept up with developments in the case; on these pages he wraps them up into the most comprehensive story of the robbery yet written.

Artist William Reusswig used himself as a model in re-creating the holdup scene for the painting accompanying this article. He wore a rubber Halloween mask over his glasses, by the way—thus disproving the police theory that it couldn't be done

**John D. Allen, president of Brink's, rushed to Boston to aid police in the big man hunt**

INTERNATIONAL

**Patrolman Thomas O'Brien (left foreground) questions guards Charles S. Grell and Herman C. Pfaff (center and right foreground). Grell, only guard with a gun, had no chance to use it**

WIDE WORLD

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# Gallagher's Redheaded Nemesis

By NORD RILEY

**When lovely woman swoops to folly straight from her own wrecked airplane, what can a gentle chap like Gallagher do to protect his honor? And him a man who is practically engaged!**

DURING the war with the Axis, Major Maxwell Greeber, a ferocious retread grounded with an enlarged aorta, met a young aviator named Finchley Gallagher. A bony, compassionate man, Captain Gallagher worried like a mother about his crew and was the most popular man on the base. When the war was over, the major—who knew a good man when he saw him—brought the captain back to Minneapolis, where he owned a large agency for a medium-priced car, and gave him a job selling automobiles.

With only a permanently puckered brow to show for his years of battle, Finchley sold cars ably and after a time began courting Greeber's daughter, Pearl May, in a shiftless manner. At twenty-eight he was ripe for marriage, but he dallied. He might have gone on stalling for some time but for an event on a sultry August evening when he came to call on Pearl May—a handsome, tall girl, with short hair. Once in a while her demeanor reminded Finchley of second lieutenants. "Dad is going to talk to you," she told him. "Go into the den."

Waiting in the small leathery room were Greeber and his son, Gurdon, a seventeen-year-old so scrubby that Finchley often thought he needed worming. Gurdon had nearly white hair and eyebrows, pink skin and a pair of air-cooled incisors any gopher would envy. Behind thick spectacles his greenish eyes resembled two gooseberries under water.

"Finch," said Greeber, "drop it in that chair and I'll give you the whole picture."

Finchley sat in a leather chair.

"As you know," Greeber said, "Gurdy hasn't been well. The boy's draggin' his drawers. The docs tell us we've been coddling the kid. He ought to get out in the open and rough it, build up some strength and self-reliance without me and the missus around to swat his mosquitoes. I think the croakers have finally got something; it's about time, they've treated him for every high-priced disease they could invent a long name for. Now, Finch, I remember when we soldiered together you talked about canoe trips in the north woods. You were even an Eagle Scout, right?"

Finchley's cheeks warmed. "Yes, sir."

"Oh, brother!" Gurdon said.

Greeber concentrated on Finchley. "I'll pay you two hundred a week, Finch, if you'll take Gurdy up into the lake country, stuff him into a canoe and paddle off into the pines with him. Teach him to handle an ax, how to camp, how—"

"Strictly for the birds, Maxwell," Gurdon said. "This Boy Scout routine—strictly for the birds."

"Tell him the rest, Dad," Pearl said and patted Finchley's shoulder.

"Right. Now listen, Finch. I know you're sweet on Pearl May here or you wouldn't have been lollygagging around on my couches for a year. Probably thinking of settling down, eh?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I—"

"Right. Now look, it's probably money holding you back. Besides that two hundred a week for the trip, there's this: Pull off this job okay and I think you can figure on being sales manager in another two-three months. That's good money, Finch. Later on when I'm ready to retire we might— Well, how's it look to you?"

Except for a small feeling of being crowded, it looked pretty good to Finchley and he opened his mouth to say so.

"He's taking it, Dad," Pearl May said.

"Some deal for a guy's old man to pull," Gurdon said, blinking. "If I had a son that was sickly and nervous I'd never send him out to live in a thicket with an obsolescent Boy Scout, miles from medical attention. What if my *herpes zoster* comes back on me? What if I can't digest my food?"

"In two days," his father said, not unkindly, "you and Finch are heading for the tall timber, so you just haul your freight upstairs now and have your poor mother start packing your pills and ointments." Greeber turned to Finchley. "Two days enough time for you?"

"I—"

"Certainly, it is. I'll help him," Pearl May said. She slapped him on the back and left the room.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Greeber," Finchley said. "I'll be ready. And at this time I'd like to thank you for providing this wonderful opportunity to prove—" He stopped. Greeber had gone too.

FOR a week after leaving the settlement at Crane Lake in northern Minnesota, Finchley and Gurdon paddled through deep blue lakes and along swift rivers. Though the sun curled his skin off like loose wallpaper, and black flies by day and mosquitoes by night made a pink colander of his face, Gurdon learned canoeing and camping with alacrity. He ate fewer pills and more food and got real, downright enjoyment from dissecting great northern pike.

Late in their second week they nosed into a large lake and set up camp with the intention of remaining a few days. About noon on a cloudy, windy day a small plane with pontoons circled once and came in for a landing on choppy water alongside the island. The approach made Finchley shudder. The plane came in too fast, hit, bounced, hit again and then careened off on one pontoon like a drunken skier. Not seventy feet from the island a wing caught and the plane went over on its nose.

Finchley shucked off his shoes and wrist watch, hustled Gurdon into the canoe and hastened to the scene of accident. As they neared the plane a man and a woman bobbed up and clung to the tail. "Anybody else in there?" Finchley asked.

"That alleged pilot is in there," the man cried.

Finchley dived and found his way inside the aircraft. He pulled the pilot loose and up to the surface. The pilot was short, had red hair, a gash on the forehead and was breathing hard. As Finchley pushed the flier into the canoe he noticed that they were putting new and fancier curves into pilots these days.

Ashore he toted the girl up to a level spot, stretched her out on her stomach and began artificial respiration. In almost no time he was getting a grunt and bubbles every time he pushed in the pilot's ribs.

"Stop it!" she gasped suddenly. "You're busting stuff inside!"

He stopped and sat aside. She turned over, gazed peakedly at him and gagged.

The other survivors, a heavy-faced, balding man and a woman, dark-haired and rather handsome, came up. "I'm Charles Gray," the man said. "This is Mrs. Gray. I don't have to tell you we're damned glad to see you."

•

AFTER Finchley had introduced himself and Gurdon, all eyes fell upon the soggy aviatrix who lay on the pine needles gaping like a gaffed bass. "Hurt bad?" Gray asked.

"Gut full of water and cut forehead; nothing serious. Who is she?"

"Kerry Smith. She's the daughter of a friend of mine we're visiting. Her father was gone for the day so she offered to fly us in here just so she could build up some hours for a sort of charter service business she's planning to start. She didn't mention that she can't fly."

Finchley said he was happy it wasn't any worse, then disappeared into the little two-man tent and came out with an armful of trousers, shirts, socks and blankets and a bottle of whisky. The Grays had a snort each and retired to the tent to change. Finchley knelt beside the sick Smith. Her eyes were closed, her head lolled and she gave off sloshing sounds when disturbed.

"Miss Smith, can you keep down a little whisky?"

"Let me die," she moaned. "Throw me back in."

He tucked a blanket around her and removed her shoes and socks. "Now the slacks," he said. "Shall I help you?"

The little pilot stiffened. "If I didn't have to throw up every few seconds," she muttered, "you'd never get away with this." She fumbled beneath the blanket and presently tossed out her wet clothes and in return got a pair of Gurdon's pants and a shirt.

In a few minutes Kerry sat up. "Hand me that liquor jar," she said. "I'm *(Continued on page 44)*

**"Don't blow an artery," she told Greeber, wagging a forefinger in his face. "And watch that tongue of yours. Finch is not to blame"**

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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Candace had forgotten to hang out the sign, and the maid thought the room was empty

# *Please Don't Disturb*

By CHARLES HOFFMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD STECKLER

IN SPITE of the many rooms in the many hotels in which she'd lived, this room seemed most like home. She had lived in the glittering apartments of London's Savoy, and the Ritz in Paris, in the storied suites of the Adlon when Berlin was still alive, and in the Excelsior in Rome, and in some rooms not so glittering or storied, particularly when she'd been on the road—tank-town bedrooms, to which she'd brought a certain transient glamor. Of all these, only Room 1703 in Manhattan's small elegant Park East on upper Fifth seemed like home to Candace Cromwell.

And as she stood in the richly carpeted hall in front of the old familiar door, Candace paused for a moment before she turned the key. She felt a rare sense of anticipation. Room 1703! It held momentous memories for her—of a portion of her girlhood, of the peak of her career, and of what some people called murder. Though it hadn't really been murder—as any woman who has ever known a man like Paul Troubetskoy could tell you. The night she shot Paul had been the last time she'd been in number 1703. Her maid had packed for her; she hadn't gone back until now. Today. And all she had to do was turn the key. . . .

She stood still, remembering her stay at the Park East, although she did not often allow herself the luxury of reminiscence now. She remembered something that had happened on that first visit—a trivial incident with the maid, but one she'd never been able to forget.

It was 1925, and her family had brought her from St. Louis to enter Vassar. Beauty had never been her greatest vanity, and she doubted if she'd been a particularly pretty girl at seventeen. But she remembered that, as she'd stepped out of the bathroom, wrapped in a terry-cloth robe and drying her short bob, the maid had given her an odd look. Candace had forgotten to hang out the PLEASE DON'T DISTURB sign, and the maid, thinking the room was empty, had practically walked into her. The woman's look was first one of surprise, and then fleeting admiration, and then, briefly, envy. Or *had* it been envy? Candace was never sure.

"Oh," the maid had said quickly, stepping back to the door. "Pardon me. I—I didn't know. I thought—"

"That's all right," Candace had told her, sitting down at the dressing table. "I'll be out in just a few minutes." She'd glanced at her traveling clock. "Heavens, I'd better be! My father'll kill me if I'm late for college on registration day, and the train leaves in half an hour!"

The maid had paused behind her—she remembered that—and it had annoyed her slightly. Couldn't the woman get out and let her dress?

"College?" the maid repeated.

"I'm going to Vassar," Candace said shortly.

"Oh—" Again the maid had paused. "—Vassar. It's beautiful there. Of course, I imagine it's changed a little."

"Changed?" Candace had turned at the strange tone, staring at the woman.

The maid nodded. "I graduated from Vassar," she said. "But that was quite a while ago. Many things have changed." And then she'd picked up her pail and mop and broom and dusting rags and gone out into the hall quickly, leaving Candace, startled and silent, behind her.

"Imagine," she'd told her mother later, "the maid said she went to Vassar, too. Isn't that amazing?"

"Probably just making it up, my dear."

But Candace had said no, no she didn't think it had been made up. And she'd never seen the maid again; she was gone when Candace returned to the Park East. . . .

A beautifully dressed woman came out of Room 1705. Candace still stood in the hall waiting to turn the key, and the woman glanced at her but obviously didn't recognize her. It was just as well. Today, Candace didn't want to be recognized—at least, not here. In fact, she'd even used a different name with the management. This was *her* moment—she could not share it with anybody else.

There'd been another moment—like this—when she'd stood outside the same door—in 1945, twenty years after her encounter with the maid. She had gone from a freshman drama class at Vassar to the heights of success the way an elevator shoots to the top of a skyscraper. There had been a comment in a column, an audition at the Martin Beck Theater, a small role in a hit play and *huzzas from the critics*; and then her name on posters in front of the Plymouth and the Empire and the Alvin, and in lights over the Henry Miller and the Morosco and the Music Box.

Those same twenty years had taken her through a series of other, almost incidental, experiences, such as her father's suicide on a sunny September morning in 1929. They had changed her from a girl in a terry-cloth robe to one of the world's most famous women, in a black velvet dress and a fabulous mink coat, waiting outside the door of number 1703. She had fingered the revolver in her bag—like a spurned woman in a melodrama—and had known this was the only thing to do. Her reputation didn't matter, or her career. Her mind held one thought: If Paul was in this room, *their* room, with another woman, as he'd told her he'd be, taunting her with his worldly eyes and his cruel mouth and the arrogant way he handled his handsome body— If he *was*, she'd kill him.

THE trial was just another part to play, only more sordid than her usual roles. She remembered it as a long and painful walk-through, little more. Stilted courtroom dialogue, and then her scene in the witness chair. It was a big scene, but not big enough; not big enough to save her from a manslaughter verdict; although her lawyers had said they were lucky to get her off with that, God knew. She had made a very colorful exit, manacled and led away by a police matron. This time, there'd been no applause, and the critics had ignored it entirely, except for one columnist who summed it up in his usual impudent fashion: "Candace Cromwell opens her four-year stand at Westfield today. Too bad, Candy. You were so lovely and so talented, but so feminine."

But that was in the past now. She might almost as well have been on the road for those four years. There was still magic in the name Candace Cromwell—a slightly tarnished magic.

Slowly, Candace turned the key in the lock. The door swung open revealing the room, but not as she remembered it last—with Paul clutching the bloody stain in his shirt in the best of accustomed manners, and lurching toward her. It was a very different room: sleek modern furniture in place of the warm antiques, pale-yellow drapes instead of the heavy satins, a low chair where the luxurious chaise had once been. A television set stood where her great vases of roses used to be, and the air-conditioning unit cut the long lovely view of Central Park in half.

So different, but still the room that was most like home to her.

She paused in the door, and the mood was abruptly broken by the sudden appearance of a young girl—hurrying out of the bathroom, drying her hair with a heavy towel and almost bumping into Candace, who retreated slightly. She was surprised at finding the room occupied—she must have made a mistake—and suddenly she was gripped with that most nameless and transient of all psychic responses, the feeling of having lived the scene before.

"Oh," Candace said quickly, as the girl looked up, equally startled. "Pardon me. I—I didn't know. I thought—"

"That's all right," the girl assured her. "I should have hung out the PLEASE DON'T DISTURB sign, but I always forget it." She sat down at the dressing table. "I'll be out in just a few minutes. I have to catch my train for college."

And Candace picked up her pail and mop and broom and dusting rags and went back out into the hall, waiting till Room 1703 should be empty again. THE END



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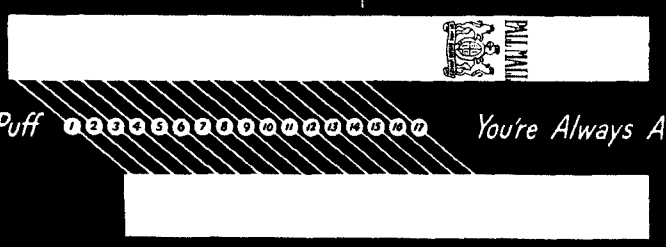
# Guard Against

*enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos*

PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos travels the smoke further... **filters the smoke and makes it mild**

**PUFF BY PUFF...YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD WHEN YOU SMOKE PALL MALL**

*Take 5 puffs or 10... or 17...*




*Puff by Puff* *You're Always Ahead*

**STUDY THE PUFF CHART!** At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs of each cigarette—or 10, or 15, or 17—PALL MALL still gives you a longer, natural filter of fine tobaccos—guards against throat-scratch. Yes, PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

# Outstanding

*and they are mild!*

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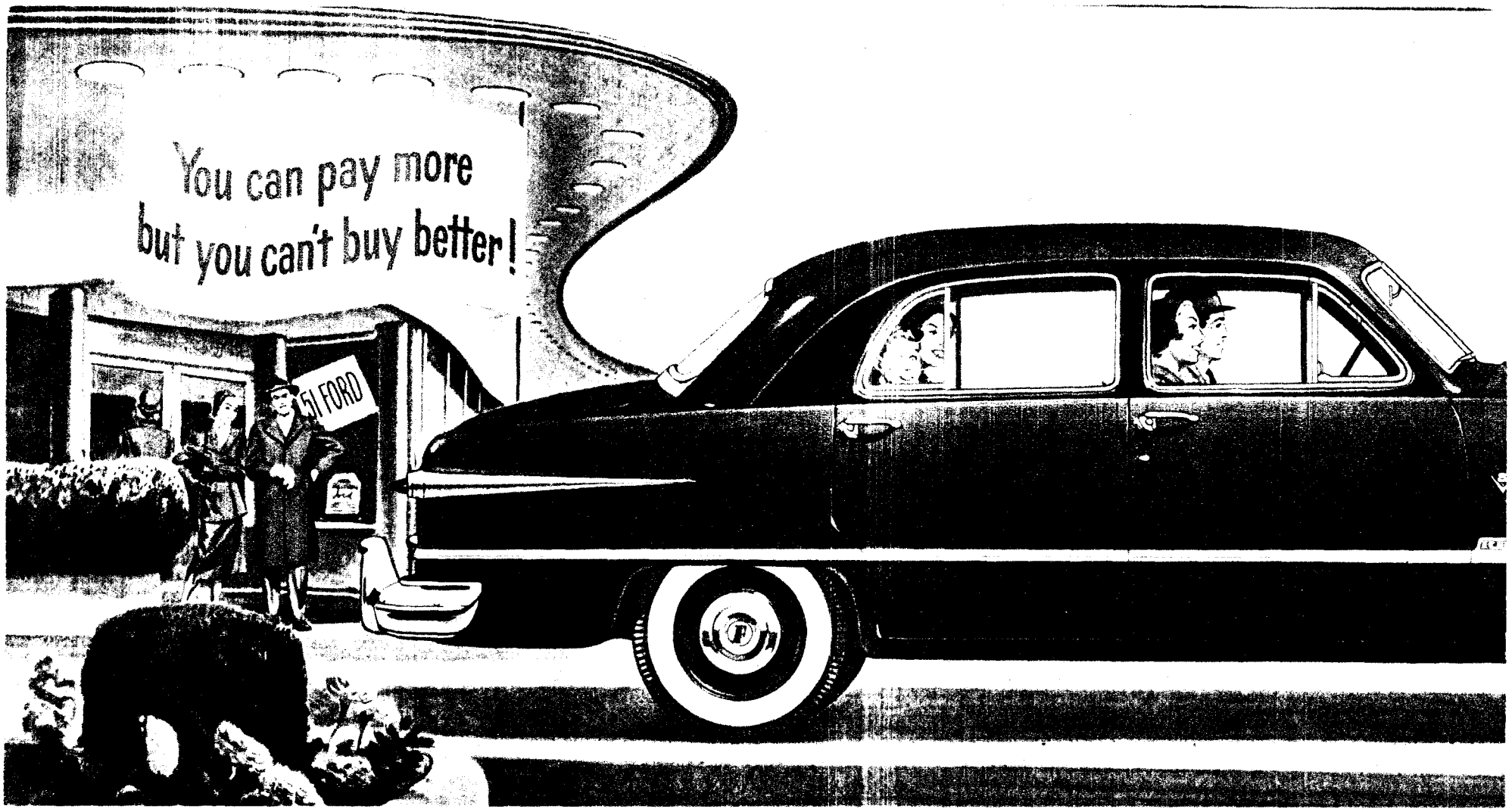
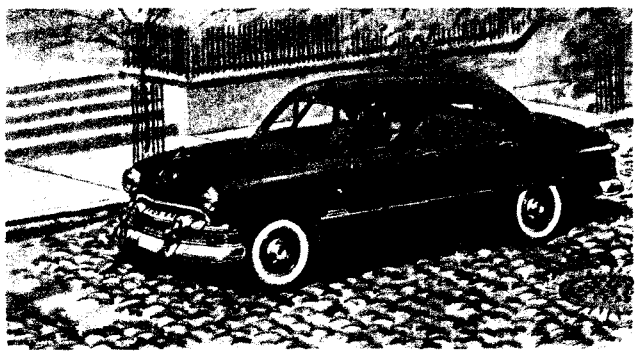
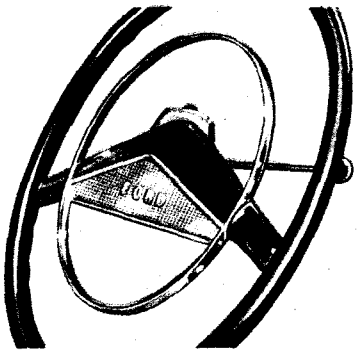


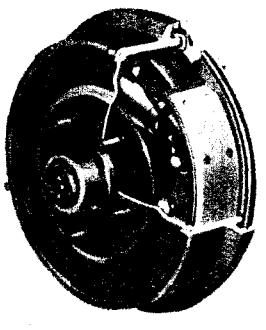

# It's the new '51 FORD...built for the



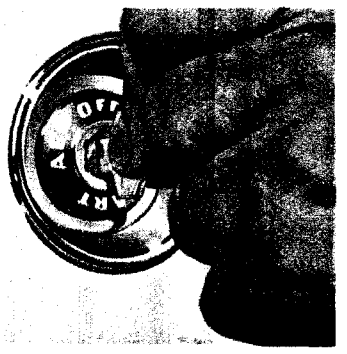
**Automatic Ride Control**... A new and unique springing system which automatically adjusts spring reaction to road conditions. Automatic Ride Control includes Advanced "Hydra-Coil" Front Springs and new "Variable-Rate" Rear Spring Suspension. Both team with new "Viscous Control" Shock Absorbers to give you a relaxing ride, a level ride—no jounce, no pitch, no roll! It's easy on the passengers . . . easy on the car!



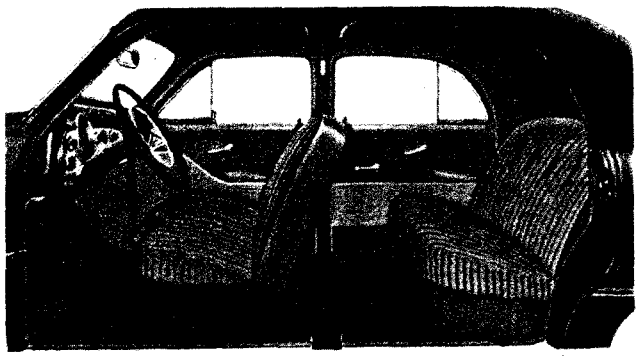
**New Fordomatic Drive**... Here's flashing "jet-away" performance at starts and on the road! The mistake-proof Semaphore Drive Selector, a Ford exclusive, insures proper drive selection day or night. Economy is in the Ford tradition . . . full mileage from every gallon of gasoline!



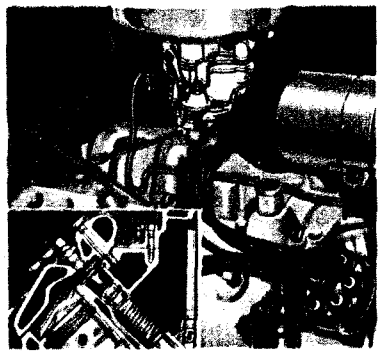
**New Double-Seal King-Size Brakes**...They're double-sealed to keep out water and dirt . . . to give smooth, dependable stopping under all weather conditions. Actually, they use part of the car's forward momentum to cut braking effort 35%—*automatically!*



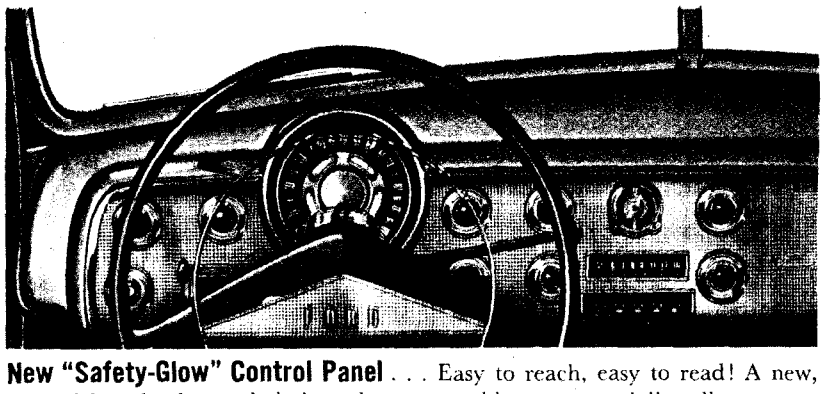
**New Key-Turn Starting**...Just turn the ignition key to the right—your engine starts. No reaching for a button—no stretching for a starter pedal. It's one of the "Look Ahead" features that will make driving easier and more fun in the '51 Ford—for years to come!



**New "Luxury Lounge" Interior**...With new long-wearing Fordcraft fabrics, new "harmonized" appointments and fittings, "Colorblend" carpeting . . . Ford's "Luxury Lounge" Interiors are "decorator-designed" for both fashion and function for the years to come. Upholstery and trim are "color-keyed" to outside body color!



**Automatic Mileage Maker**... Matches timing to fuel charges so that every drop of gasoline is used—none wasted. New Waterproof Ignition System prevents engine being shorted out by moisture.



**New "Safety-Glow" Control Panel**... Easy to reach, easy to read! A new, beautiful and advanced design places everything you need literally at your fingertips—even the ashtray. New "Chanalited" Instrument Cluster has all gauges located inside the speedometer scale for easy readability. Speed indicator has ring at end which circles traveling speed in red—glows at night. Controls have individual "Glow-Cup" lighting for night driving convenience.

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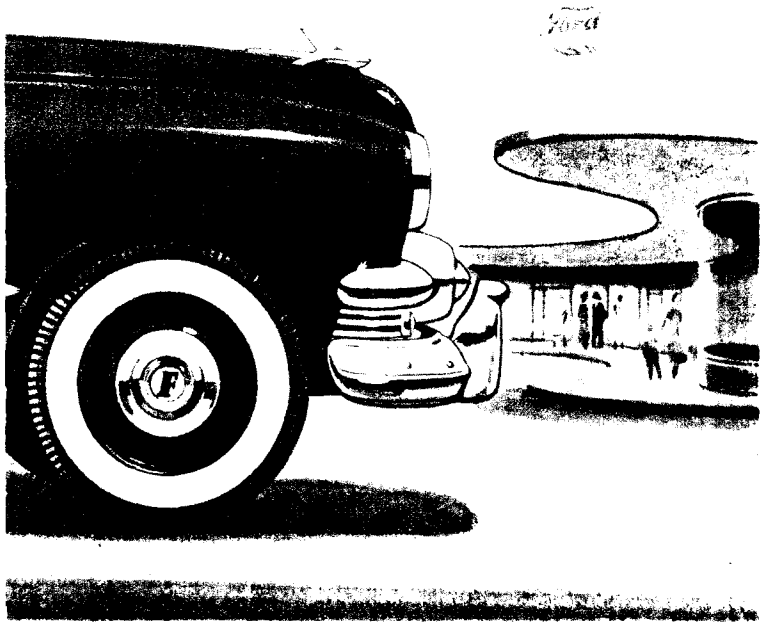
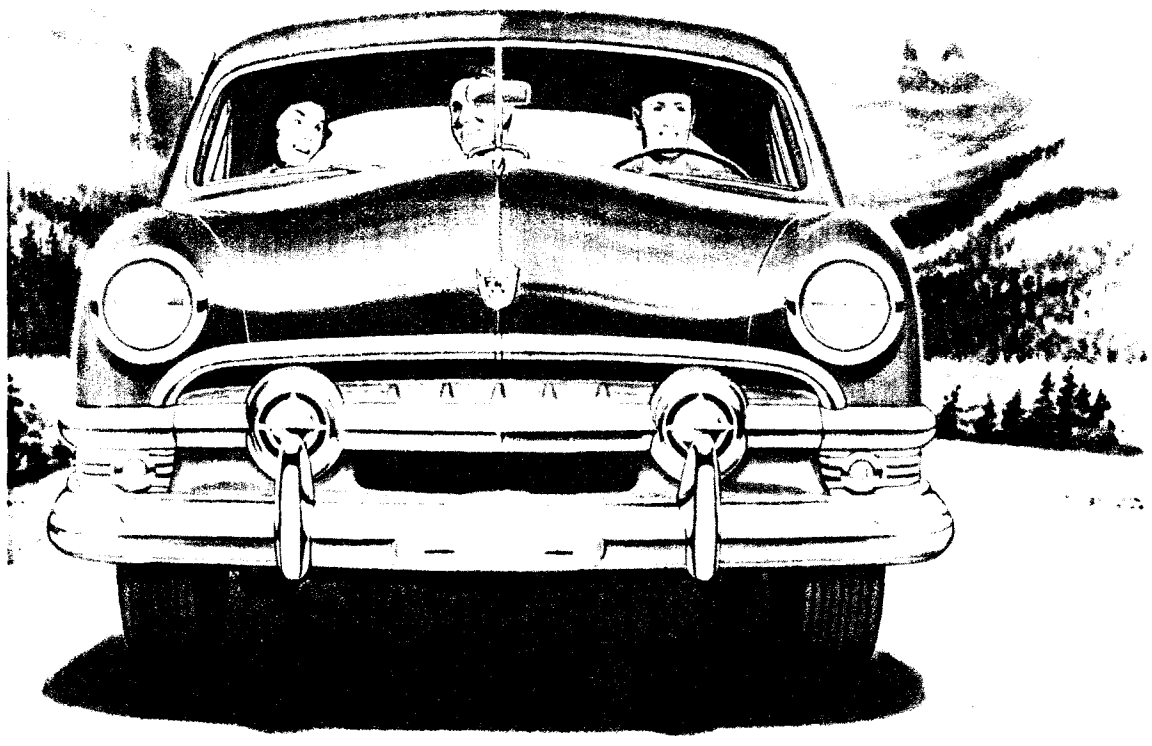
**BUILT TO STAY IN STYLE**

Here's "Look Ahead" [illegible] out! The '51 Ford is [illegible] years to come. You'd say [illegible] better finished, better built!

**THE EASIEST CAR TO DRIVE**

[illegible] driving [illegible] key-Lite starter, [illegible] Simplified Ford-O-Matic Drive*—all step on the gas. You shift no gears . . . your push no clutch!





# Years Ahead!

## With 43 "Look Ahead" features and the new [illegible] Drive*

Here's the car designed and built for the years ahead!

It's the '51 Ford—the *newest* Ford, the *finest* Ford! It offers Fordomatic Drive, the newest, most flexible, most completely automatic of all transmissions! And it brings you 43 new "Look Ahead" features—features that represent years of progressive planning and testing . . . in the laboratory and on the road!

These new "Look Ahead" features, along with many others traditional to Ford, are designed to keep the '51 Ford in style, to keep it young, to keep it thrifty . . . not just for this year and next, but for the years ahead!

"Test Drive" the '51 Ford at your Ford Dealer's today.

*Optional at extra cost.

**THRIFTY . . . YEAR AFTER YEAR**

Ford's Automatic Mileage Maker, another "Look Ahead" feature, stretches gas every mile . . . makes starting easier, too. What's more, it gives you high-compression performance on regular gasoline.

# When you buy for the future

[illegible]

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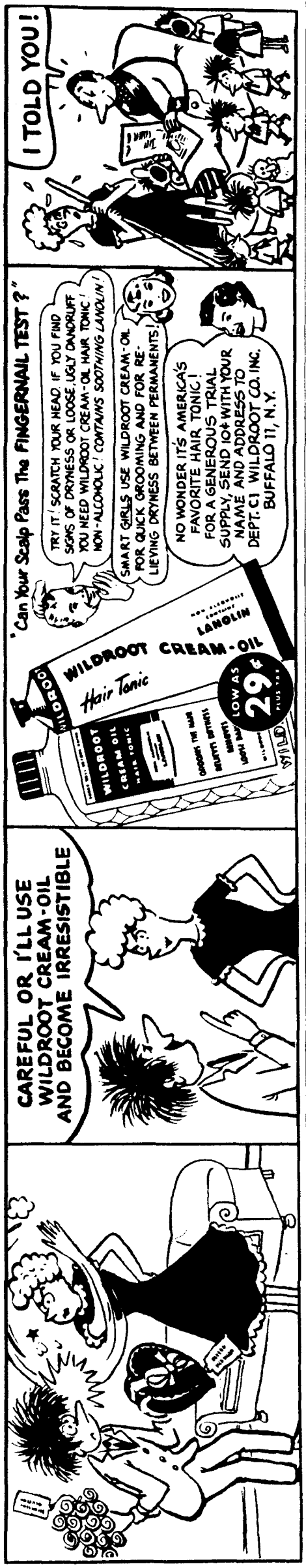
I TOLD YOU!
"Can Your Scalp Pass The FINGERNAIL TEST?"
TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS OR LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC! NON-ALCOHOLIC! CONTAINS SOOTHING LANOLIN!
SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN PERMANENTS!
NO WONDER IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE HAIR TONIC! FOR A GENEROUS TRIAL SUPPLY, SEND 10¢ WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO DEPT. C1 WILDROOT CO. INC. BUFFALO 11, N.Y.
LANOLIN
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
Hair Tonic
LOW AS 29¢ PLUS TAX
WILDROOT
CAREFUL OR I'LL USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL AND BECOME IRRESISTIBLE

# Education's New Boy Wonder

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

to slant this increase toward a majority of male students—a decision heartily approved by Rollins coeds and one fully in accord with Wagner's own theory that at least one boy for every girl on the campus is wholesome and scholastically invigorating.

The cost accounting also resulted in Wagner's scrapping of the football team, effective this past fall. Announcement of this plan, made a month after his induction, set the campus on its ear, since Wagner had traveled with the team on all its road trips during the fall of 1949 and had even diagrammed a few plays. Convoking the student body, Wagner explained that Rollins football—the 1949 team lost five of its eight games, including a 52-13 shellacking from the University of Miami—was not worth the near-$60,000-a-year deficit it accumulated.

Airing another pet theory, he proposed instead to substitute a program of sports which students might find personally more useful in later life: golf, tennis, swimming, sailing, perhaps even chess. After an initial hostile silence, Wagner's two-hour speech ended in a burst of applause—a tribute to his smooth-talking salesmanship.

### Rigid Methods Discouraged

Academically, Wagner has proceeded more cautiously. The professors, seeing the library blueprints torn apart to include elaborate visual aids, and aware that the new boss was enthusiastic about their use, naturally wondered what would happen to the good old faculty. A math teacher caustically remarked that he might have difficulty teaching calculus with phonograph records. Wagner scotched this talk at his first faculty meeting. He believed, he said, that teachers were often hamstrung by rigid methods. He encouraged them to conduct their courses in whatever manner they thought would get the best results.

They took him literally. Wide variation now exists in Rollins' teaching methods. At one extreme is a history professor who holds no formal classes whatever, meeting his students individually for periodic conferences. Only one professor utilizes the traditional lecture-and-exam system. Others use some form of the classroom-discussion technique.

Wagner next put the entire faculty to work on a study to determine what a good college ought to teach—a project still under way. The reason for this so-called "educational aims study," Wagner told them, was that "man has been defining and redefining the aims of higher education since the time of the first collegium. Most of these definitions have ended either in semantic swamps or arid platitudes." Now, he thought, it was time to get down to brass tacks.

Each Rollins teacher, he proposed, would turn in a report entitled "What Every Educated Adult Should Know About ——— (the teacher's particular field)"—detailing what the educated adult needed on this subject in the way of facts, general knowledge, "attitudes," appreciations" and "techniques."

Into the hopper he tossed his own ideas. Prime among these is his belief in the theory that specialization alone is wrong. Wagner wants to educate athletes to like poetry, and poets to knock home runs. He believes that a broad appreciation of man's accumulated knowledge and experience would make any college graduate a better man or woman, better businessman, citizen or senator.

"Specialists," he says, "never become leaders, except in their own specialty. Let's educate generalists first—then build the tall spire of specialization upon a broad base."

As for visual aids, Wagner is promoting their wide use as textbook supplements. He wants foreign languages and music aided by recordings, history given impact by drama, and politics clarified by field trips.

The Rollins faculty is uncertain about all this, but open-minded. Its members concede that in his first move in their direction, at least, their ebullient young prexy is on the right track: He inaugurated a pension system for them as well as the entire university staff. At Rollins this is cause for rejoicing, since with retirement benefits now available at seventy, more than half the faculty will be eligible for such benefits within 10 years.

Wagner has also embarked upon a campaign to bring faculty and students closer together. "Formality," he declares, "mutes communication." He encourages teachers to mingle with undergraduates in the college social hall, and sets an example by playing table tennis with the boys, a modified bowling game with the girls. He has sponsored a camera club, lent a hand at coaching the crew, and—to much undergraduate amusement—helped cheer on the girls' basketball team.

As a matter of policy, Wagner accepts all student invitations. This boomeranged not long ago when members of the ornithology club invited him on a bird walk—at 6:00 A.M. Wagner accepted. "I couldn't very well plead a faculty meeting at that hour," he explains wryly.

Wagner's ambitious program at Rollins has not prevented him from undertaking a heavy schedule off campus.

Since taking over as president, he has traveled 40,000 miles and made more than a hundred speeches, selling his educational enthusiasms to other colleges, teachers' conventions and Rotary Clubs. So tight is his lecture schedule that he keeps a chart in his bedroom breaking down his appointments into 15-minute segments for four months ahead.

His favorite lecture begins with a set of props yielding up a cacophony of competing sounds and sights. A TV set is tuned to something like a female wrestling match. Alongside, a radio blares a soap opera. A phonograph plays a recording of the popular tune Civilization, with Danny Kaye shrilly protesting "Bongo-Bongo-Bongo I don't wanna leave the Congo." On a movie screen unfolds the saloon-brawl scene from the Rex Beach movie The Spoilers. Boys rush down the aisles hawking pulp magazines with décolleté gun molls on the covers, and comic books displaying Dick Tracy about to be decapitated by a buzz saw.

### An Audience-Reaction Test

Amid this hubbub, Wagner stands on the podium, a candlelit lantern in hand, reading McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader. When the mechanical devices are turned off, Wagner asks how much of his reading the audience has heard. The invariable reaction is laughter. Wagner then points out that in a world of such impelling communications, the teacher's voice is lost. Instructors today, he insists, must use the same educational methods—and with equal force.

Wagner worries over education's role in the training of millions of war babies who only a few years hence will rush "like a tidal wave" into the nation's colleges. "Will there be twice as many students," he asks his audiences, "twice as many books, and teaching which is twice as good—or twice as bad?" He argues that in a complicated world with jam-packed classrooms, methods must be devised to teach students much more than they are now learning, and in much less time. This can only be done, he insists, with the help of mechanical tools.

At Rollins, Wagner is putting these tools to the test under a program of "visual aids to teaching" launched this fall and supervised by Ben Aycrigg, whom Wagner appointed "director of visual aids." Intended to supplement oral classroom instruction and also to spark informal class discussions, these visual aids include 16-mm. movies, models (for art and science classes), a tachistoscope (used to flash music chords onto a screen to train music students in sight reading), and an "opaque projector" (used by English teachers to project a student's theme onto a screen for analysis by the entire class). Instructional films have been used in 11 different courses this semester, including economics, speech, art, history and English literature. Wagner himself employs visual aids extensively at faculty meetings, on the theory that professors no less than students can be communicated with more easily by the use of such devices as projected slides and printed posters.

By showing what can be done with a student enrollment of only 636, he hopes to enlighten all educators to go and do likewise. Rollins is probably well suited for such an experiment, since for 25 years it has been a testing ground for the new in education.

### Reviving a Bankrupt College

When Dr. Hamilton Holt, a liberal educator of national prominence, took over the little college on the shores of Lake Virginia in Winter Park, in 1925, it was a playboy paradise—and bankrupt. In 24 crowded years, Holt built Rollins into a strong institution. He devised the "Conference Plan" in which students lead classroom discussions themselves, with the professors mere bus drivers along the road to knowledge. The system emphasizes the importance of an "inquiring mind," a concept with which Wagner heartily agrees.

Holt also built and paid for one of the most de luxe campuses in America, with 23 pastel-colored buildings of Spanish Mediterranean architecture standing amid 40 acres of moss-hung live oaks and bearing orange trees. One dormitory for 24 girls cost $125,000.

Despite the distraction potential of such swank accommodations, the students study. In 1950, nearly half the graduating class went on to seek advanced degrees, and of the Rollins candidates who took the national graduate record examinations—the "college boards" of post-graduate work—almost none flunked. The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools gives Rollins a fully accredited rating.

In its latest phase, Rollins is being guided by a president who is himself a product of the look-listen-and-learn sort of education he is now advocating. Born in Chicago on September 10, 1917, the son of Paul A. Wagner, a consulting engineer, young Wagner traveled widely with his parents in his early years, learning his ABC's from his mother and his vocabulary from an automobile window.

When the family finally settled down in Chicago, where the senior Wagner today is city engineer, an attack of measles left the boy with such weak eyesight that from the age of ten through high school he was not allowed to read, write or go to the movies. His mother read him his textbooks, and he took all his exams orally, even in mathematics. To explain difficult textbook concepts, Mrs. Wagner took him on "field trips" to factories, museums, slums and welfare centers.

Despite his handicap, Wagner was valedictorian of his grade-school graduating class at the age of twelve, and completed high school at sixteen. Then, his eye weakness outgrown, he breezed through the University of Chicago in three years, graduating at nineteen.

To earn college expenses, he became a commercial newsreel and still photographer, a vocation which led him to the girl he later married. She was a patient in a hospital and one day, feeling better, she attended a football game with an intern. Wagner, at the game with his camera, took her picture as a favor to her escort. Something in the finished photo caught his eye. He delivered the print personally, assuming



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from her address that she was a student nurse.

Learning that she was not expected to recover from a rare disease, Wagner continued his calls to cheer her up. Her name was Paula Shaw, and she was the daughter of a plant superintendent of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company in Gary, Indiana.

When, eventually, she pulled through and was discharged from the hospital, Wagner proposed marriage. It took Wagner two years to persuade her to accept. His sentiment still runs to such lengths that he has remembered with a gift the anniversary of each month of their eight years of married life, as well as the birthdays of their now four-year-old son.

Even while a student at the university, Wagner rebelled against orthodox methods. He was studying to become an English teacher, and pepped up his own practice-teaching classes with all sorts of innovations.

To a distinctly uninterested class of 36 South Side Chicago toughs, Wagner attempted to teach Shakespeare's Julius Caesar. He got nowhere until he introduced a wire recorder and transcribed their own readings of the exciting third act. Then, by way of comparison, he played them the Orson Welles records of the same scene, and ran off a film of an English actor in the role. The class began to wake up, and was soon discussing dictatorship as a political philosophy.

When his students took issue with his preachment that immigration could still enrich America, he brought in a renowned scientist who had found harbor from Hitler's Germany at the University of Chicago.

### Three Years of Frustration

Impressed by such accomplishments, the chairman of the university's department of education offered Wagner a teaching job after his graduation. Wagner remained three years, growing more and more impatient of orthodox teaching methods, finally chucking the position to earn his master's degree at Yale. This done, he spent three months mastering the commercial tricks of education by film and drama with jobs as a newsreel cameraman and as leading man on the Mississippi River showboat Goldenrod.

By the fall of 1941, Wagner felt confident that he could show neophyte teachers how to supplement their textbooks by visual-aid tools. He returned to the University of Chicago as an instructor, but left almost immediately for more fertile fields. Draftees were pouring into the Navy. Wagner talked his way into the job of civilian consultant on education at Great Lakes Naval Training School. In this capacity he advocated elaborate use of the graphic arts. Navy bigwigs in Washington heard about him. In the spring of 1942, Wagner was commissioned an ensign and sent to Newport, Rhode Island, to introduce the Naval War College to audio-visual aids.

As commanding officer of Navy's first audio-visual laboratory, Wagner created training aids for the entire Navy. Within a year his detachment numbered four officers and 118 men. He made hundreds of motion pictures, which did everything from indoctrinating draftees to explaining the meaning of democracy. One of the Navy's minor bottlenecks was the inability to explain simply what makes a chronometer work. Wagner built a cut-away model of a chronometer's vital parts with which the Navy taught the principle to thousands of men in a few minutes each. He even prepared a series of still pictures to teach Waves how to tie their neckties properly.

Buoyed by his results, Wagner determined to make all America visual-aids-conscious. Mustered out in July, 1946, he concluded that the best platform for such postwar evangelism was to become an educational adviser for a company which sold audio-visual aids. Trying first the Frederick Hart Company, Inc., of Poughkeepsie, New York, then a sales position with the Bell & Howell Company of Chicago, he was constantly frustrated by the cynical comment, "Of course you believe in that stuff; you're selling it." He did well enough, however, to become a top man with Bell & Howell at thirty-one.

He was in this $20,000-a-year position when, in the summer of 1949, he heard that Rollins College needed a new president, and that President Holt had screened 200 applicants. Although the salary was less than what he was getting, Wagner saw an opportunity. If he were again an educator, rather than a salesman, his zeal for mechanical education might be taken more seriously.

At once he flew to Florida. The moment was awkward, since Dr. Holt had on the campus that day a candidate toward whom he was favorably disposed. Attempts to get rid of the impulsive young man failed. About nine that night, Doctor Holt finally saw Wagner, expecting to dismiss him quickly. Instead, there began a 36-hour marathon of talk, interrupted only for sleep.

The questions asked by Holt of Wagner ranged all over the academic lot. Did he like the Socratic method of teaching? (He did.) Was he familiar with an obscure monograph, in a professional journal, on phonetic controls in stammering and stuttering? (He was.) Other exhaustive questions were aimed to bring out Wagner's knowledge of philosophy, history, and of the current Rollins curriculum. Holt even tested Wagner's knowledge of foreign languages (his German was excellent, his French bad, and Wagner volunteered that he had learned enough Russian by language records to interpret for Russian visitors at the Naval War College).

The outgoing prexy later recalled that Wagner spent, unfazed by interrogations, 55 minutes answering in lengthy detail a single question on the role of music in the education of a physics major.

"My first impression," Holt now admits, "was of a brash young man of the egotistical, supersalesman type. Within a few minutes this was dispelled. He gave me a good answer to every question I asked, and was at home in every branch of science and art. I was alarmed at his youth; he proved to me that he had a mature mind. I feared his impulsiveness; he convinced me that it was deep conviction."

### Sincere Approach Wins Again

Dr. Holt passed the applicant along to Dr. Eugene R. Smith, then chairman of the Rollins board of trustees, who had an identical first impression. "In five minutes, however," Smith says, "all that was forgotten. He told me he wanted the job, and why. It was a refreshing approach. Two hours later I telephoned Dr. Holt and reported, 'Wagner's your man.'"

Still afraid that they might have succumbed to some very smooth talk, Holt and Smith sounded out, by confidential letter, 148 individuals—mostly educators—who knew Wagner. Only one reply was unfavorable; all the others were enthusiastic, either because they knew of his educational work in the Navy or were acquainted with him as a postwar visual-aids salesman.

At Rollins, faculty members have always played an important role in major decisions. Not having met this thirty-one-year-old who did not even have a doctor's degree, they were hostile. Wagner's scant experience in education sounded alarming. The trustees, whose average age is sixty-five, were suspicious of his youth. Dr. Holt arranged for Wagner to meet them, and Wagner went to work on them.

One faculty member, remembering that first meeting, says: "When Wagner arrived, we hoped we'd be lucky enough to get rid of him quickly; and when the meeting ended, we hoped we'd be lucky enough to get him before someone beat us to it." Both faculty and trustee votes were unanimously in his favor.

Academic courtesy shortly remedied the Wagnerian lack of a doctorate. In December, 1949, two months before his inauguration, nearby Stetson University conferred upon him, at a winter convocation, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

Today, after nearly a year in the presidency, young Dr. Wagner and his not-much-younger students are still sold on each other. At Sunday-night bull sessions in the prexy's 15-room house, a five-minute drive away from the campus, groups of students gather informally before the fire and, fueled by orange juice and homemade cookies, merrily perk ideas about how to make Rollins a better college.

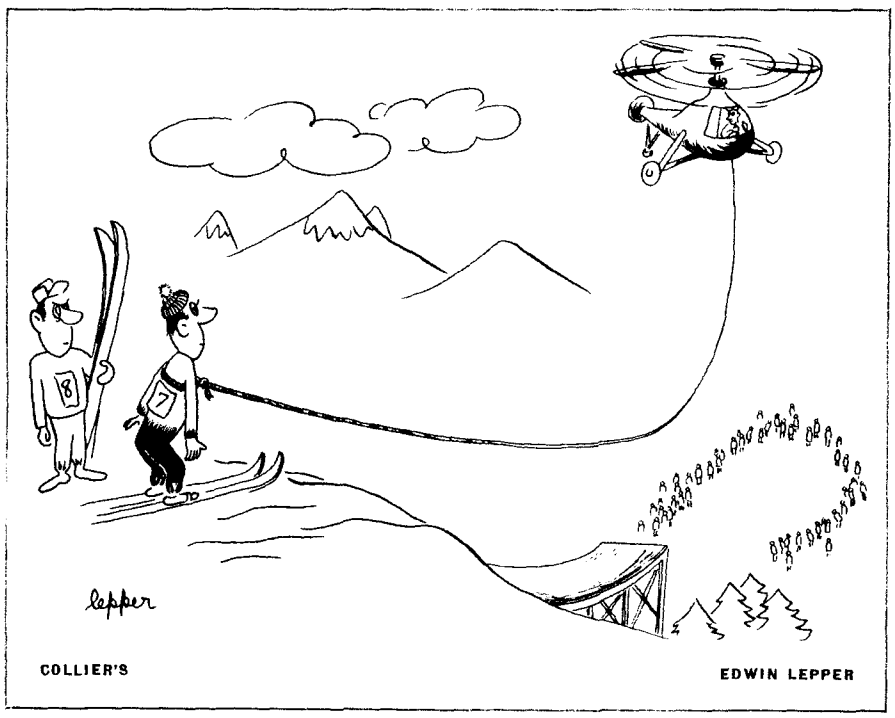
Only occasionally does a sour note mar the harmony of the new era. Rollins, like virtually every other college these days, is financially strapped, and in the view of practical-minded trustees it is a prime presidential chore to go out and raise money. Paradoxically, the go-getting Wagner has to date shown no disposition to lend his salesmanship to this task. He parries delicate official questions on the subject with the remark: "Build the program first; then we shall have something to sell."

But he has a constant reminder of his deficiency. In his office hangs a full-length portrait of his predecessor, whose talents as a money raiser were renowned. Dr. Holt, hands deeply buried in his pockets, sternly looks down upon the fledgling prexy.

One trustee, visiting Wagner, gazed fondly at Holt's shrewd visage and remarked: "You know, that portrait is very misleading."

"Why?" asked Wagner.

"It is the only time," came the hint, "that Hamilton Holt was ever seen with his hands in his *own* pockets." THE END



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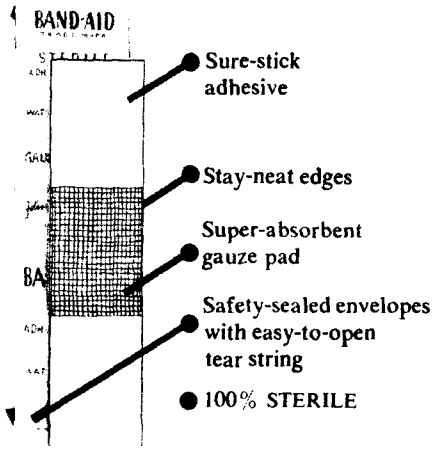


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# HO-HUM!

## The expert on Sneezes and Snores explores Yawns

By PAULINE GALE

**His eyes are filled with tears and his face bears a rumpled expression**

WE NOW go hither and yawn in search of the fundamental psychology behind the gapes in our lives. Man is not the only animal capable of such an outward symbol denoting weariness or boredom. Birds yawn. Turtles yawn. Elephants yawn. I am yawning as I write this and I'll bet *you* will find yourself yawning before you finish reading it. A yawn is one of the most catching and involuntary of the human frailties which we, in our feeble way, are endeavoring to study.

Our research has classified six different yawns, and in so doing has revealed something of the personality of the demonstrator. Here we go:

1. ALL-OUT. It takes a large person to do justice to this mammoth expression of complete relaxation. Hands clenched and raised elbow-high, arms extended outward in a vast gesture while the yawner opens his huge trap and bends slightly backward, sounding like this: *AYHOOO—AWKRR—YAWP!* When completed properly, such a yawner's eyes are filled with tears and his face has a slightly crumpled but satisfied look. Here is one filled with confidence. Bills are paid. His work and his wife are equally satisfactory and therefore, as befits a successful male, he airs his content with himself and his world in a vast clarion call of the well-fed ego.

2. JAWBREAKER. This is the suppressed yawn, to be found in cases of supreme boredom and sometimes in the Supreme Court. Judges avail themselves of this mild form of torture when the sixth witness is recalled for the tenth time. University students in the front rows of classes dealing with the behaviorism of antisocial species will use the jawbreaker out of deference to the professor, whose eye is upon them, while those in the back rows quietly sleep. Such a yawn would be enormous if permitted to reach its normal proportions, so the efforts of snubbing it down cause much working of the jaws while some sound escapes like this: *YRR—HSSSH—ark!* Tears and a red face accompany such a curtailment as well as the uneasy certainty that another and yet another yawn will arrive and be forcibly restrained. It is well to turn the eyes away from one in the throes of this unhappy malady. Nothing will cure him except escape from the lecture hall, court, church or recital in which the victim finds himself drowned like a beetle preserved in honey. Once outside, however, please note that all desire to yawn has left the subject. A significant fact.

3. DISGUST. Not all yawns come from sleepiness or boredom. Plain conflict or disagreement with another's viewpoint can conjure up the epitome of insult—a large yawn in which the perpetrator gives vent without words to all he would like to say about and to the one in whose direction the yawn is aimed. A mean expression on the face while the yawn is in progress aids in emphasizing the protest of the yawner who sounds so: *AAY-AHKK—HUMM—glrk!* A man who finds his wife's political views intolerable will endeavor to convince her she is all wrong and then—at some particularly infuriating statement from her—will rise, stretch and give vent to his castigating yawn. A wise woman thus confronted will be silent in the face of such a Parthian shot. It is an unfair finish to an argument—but it *is* a finish. The heavy loser at a poker game may utilize the same yawn to express his loathsome luck. This yawn is often accompanied by the tearing up of pari-mutuel tickets; the kicking of the television set; the departure from a half-completed movie show or the tossing of the newspaper on the floor. Books, of course, are thrown across the room. It is a useful and satisfactory way for Man to express contempt for the World and its fickle ways. Cherish the right to yawn in digust; it's the privilege of free peoples.

4. PINK TEA. The ladylike, slightly suppressed yawn, behind a neatly manicured hand which, rightly interpreted, means that if the lady does not get out of there quickly she'll sca-ream! The proper way to execute this yawn is to raise the hand with the back toward one's mouth, give a small yawn that sounds like the sigh of escaped steam from a tiny engine, and then smile brightly. The sound is thus: *YUHH—hrk—hmm.* Such yawns are to be found when ladies get together to discuss World Events or anything that will Improve Their Minds. They can be found at luncheons and teas when the daughter of the club's president is asked to sing and accommodates to the third encore. The Little Artistic Group which puts on plays with Significance can bring out a rash of these yawns before the end of the second act. Family dinners wherein rich Uncle Jim regales his well-stuffed relatives with the forty-third recital of his trip to Alaska in 1926. During such occasions the yawns are very catching and, finally, Uncle Jim himself succumbs. Remember, though, unless the hand is raised in a delicate gesture to cover the mouth, this is not a true, bona fide Pink Tea yawn.

PERRY BARLOW

**Judges avail themselves of the Jawbreaker when witnesses are recalled**

5. BACK-TO-WORK. Now we find the wake-up yawn—a strange anomaly. A man who has crammed for exams until one in the morning will take time out to relax, drink a cup of coffee, smoke a cigarette and then rise, stretch and produce a Back-to-Work yawn which is a large and vociferous protest of aching muscles and tired head against the cruelties of the educational system. It goes like this: *OOOH—AAAH—HARRUP!* Followed by a shake of the head to clear out the cobwebs and our man is ready for another session. Those who write lengthy reports indulge in such yawns. Architects, doctors, draftsmen and serious students are users of this wake-up-and-get-back-on-the-job device. Notice the significance of one thing: It is usually a man who is doing what he considers to be a worth-while piece of work who utilizes such a yawn. There is nothing of boredom or disgust in it. The yawner is merely expressing the fact that he, working and toiling, is a conscientious fellow and returns willingly to the typewriter, drafting table or books, knowing that he is laboring in a worthy cause—usually for his own benefit. The owner of such a yawn is to be admired and envied.

6. TO-BED-AT-LAST. After many glances at the clock and suppressed twitchings mine host, upon closing the door behind the long-staying guests, gives vent to his feelings of sleepy relief in a yawn sounding like the mating call of a werewolf. Unbuttoning his shirt he opens wide: *YEEEE—ASSH—owp!* Ambling happily up to bed, he leaves his wife to put away the cards, empty the ash trays, wash the glasses and turn out the lights. Such a yawn is indulged in only when alone or in the presence of somebody who doesn't count such as a wife, children or near and dear relatives. Now, the yawn testifies, we can be ourselves. Sitting on the edge of the bed, one shoe off, gazing dreamily at the wallpaper, a man can let himself go with one of these yawns and nobody will castigate him for it. He may also rub his chin in search of whiskers, or scratch his paunch thoughtfully, resembling a hippopotamus wallowing lazily in warm mud. He is as relaxed as a jellyfish. The flashing wit of the early evening has left him, and his mind is a pink egg of vacancy. So we leave him to untroubled sleep.

THE END



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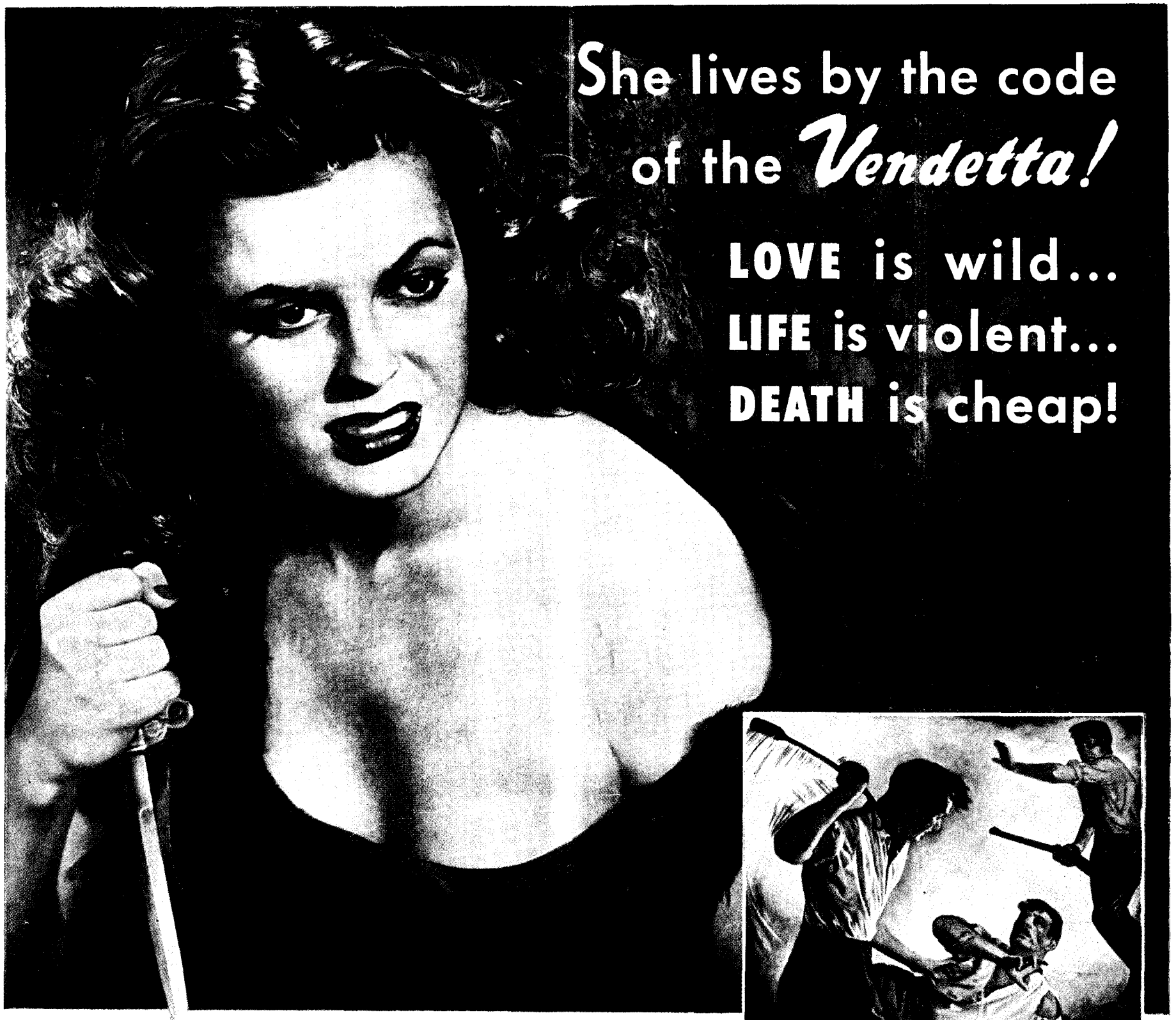


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# Gallagher's Redheaded Nemesis

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

rallying." She took a swig, shook water from her red thatch and gazed up at Finchley with interest. "Saved my life, didn't you, Slim? What's your name?"

"Finchley Gallagher. Miss Smith, that little hole in your head needs fixing and if you'll—"

"I'll do it," Gurdon broke in. The boy was standing with his first-aid kit open, staring hungrily at the girl flier. "I've had all kinds of diseases and I take fish apart all the time." He knelt and began laying out scissors, tweezers, bandage, tape and assorted chemicals. "I'm Gurdon Greeber," he said, baring his teeth in a frightful smile. "If you'll just hold your head back I'll be as gentle as a feather."

Kerry glanced from the implements to the four-eyed surgeon nervously running his tongue over his long front teeth. "That's sweet of you, Gurdon, and I hope I'm not hurting your feelings when I say I'm glad to see you don't have your needle and thread out."

The Grays came out of the tent and watched the little surgical drama until it was complete; then the pilot staggered to her feet and faced them.

"I'm sorry I flopped us over on our backs in the lake," she said. "The wind tricked me. But I radioed where we were landing, so we'll be picked up soon. In the meantime, leave us thank Heaven for Gallagher here. In addition to saving my life and wringing me out and undressing me, he—"

"I did not!" Finchley cried.

"Don't get rattled, Slim." She chuckled. "But who knows how I'd be dressed now if I hadn't regained consciousness? I'm terribly grateful and as soon as my stomach is settled I'd like to start off by kissing you, Finchley."

Conscious of hot cheeks, Finchley turned to the Grays. "By canoe you're fifty miles from help; your radio is under water. It's my guess that it will be tomorrow morning before a rescue plane will be sent out. So as our guests for the night I offer you anything we have. The tent is small, so Gurdon and I will put up a lean-to for the men to sleep in." He backed off, giving Kerry a nervous look. "In the meantime I suggest you all get some rest."

FOR more than an hour Gurdon and Finchley worked in the timber cutting poles. When they returned to the clearing they saw a fascinating little scuffle going on near the fire. Snorting with exertion, Gray had his arms around the redheaded pilot, who was putting up a fierce scrap.

"Mr. Gray," Finchley said, "if you can put down what you're doing would you help me with the lean-to?"

Gray let go and Kerry promptly hung one on his Adam's apple, then snatched up a knotty cudgel and missed a long, serious swipe at Gray's pink poll. Before she could continue the onslaught, Finchley moved in and disarmed her.

"There's no call to pound Mr. Gray on the head with that hard piece of kindling," he said gently. "You're a highly attractive female and probably the toothsomest aviator in the state. Who can blame a man for showing his appreciation?"

Gray fastened his glassy eyes upon Finchley. "Keep your snoot out of our affairs," he said stiffly, and picking up the nearly empty whisky bottle, he wavered off toward the lake.

Kerry watched him go. "What'd you stop me for?" she asked hotly. "One good swat on the ear with that branch would have domesticated those hands for months."

"Try to forgive Mr. Gray," Finchley said quietly. "He's tight and doesn't realize what he's doing." He paused. "And I don't suppose it would make Mrs. Gray feel any better knowing about all this, would it?"

Kerry's wrath cooled and she peered with astonishment into his anxious eyes. "Finchley, I—"

"Did the old slob hurt you?" Gurdon asked. "If he did I'll tear him apart for you."

"Except for a kink in my bandage, Gurdy, I'm intact."

"I'll change the dressing right away," the boy said. He glowered menacingly at Finchley, who was moving off. "Married men and men just about married ought to be horsewhipped for what Mr. Gray did."

WHEN they gathered for dinner that evening Gray was sober and silently contrite. Finchley took one look at Mrs. Gray's grim face and knew she was aware of her husband's short scuffle with Kerry.

The meal was quiet. Gurdon heated and served soup and Finchley fried a walleyed pike. When everyone had finished eating, Finchley excused himself to see about securing the canoe for the night. Kerry followed him down to the lake front.

"Slim," she said when he'd drawn up the canoe, "join me on this rock a minute; I want a few words with you."

He sat beside her and waited.

"I think the best way to save money is to make more than you spend!"

COLLIER'S — BEN ROTH

"You saved my life," she said, "and I'd like you to know there's almost no limit to my appreciation. In a sense, Finch, I belong to you now—and I like the idea. I'm happy to say that in these few dramatic hours feelings above and beyond the call of gratitude are already on the boil." She stood in front of him. "Finchley, give me a square answer: What did the kid mean this afternoon with that crack about 'men just about married'?"

"H'mmm?" Even in the fading light he was intensely aware that he should have given Kerry a larger shirt. "Oh. I suppose he meant I'm going to wed his sister."

"More revolting information I've never heard," Kerry said and pondered briefly. "This is going to be a pretty interesting triangle. We'll have to hide our emotions in front of the kid, eh?"

He jerked just a little. "What emotions?"

"I take it you're jesting. You are handsome and charming; besides that, you pulled me from a watery coffin, you slaved to bring life-giving oxygen into my tortured lungs, you—"

He held up his hand. "Don't get carried away, please. As I said, I'm sewed up in Minneapolis."

"Engaged? Absolutely nailed to her wall?"

"Not exactly, but—"

"Then you can still be considered the prize of the girl that gets there fastest with the mostest?"

His eyes widened and new puckers rippled his brow. "No, I can't. Though I haven't given Pearl May a—"

"Pearl May? Honest to gosh, is that her name? A dame with a name like that I can whip wearing bloomers and my hair in curlers. Continue, Finch."

"Thank you. Though I haven't given Pearl May a ring, I believe she understands that it is merely a matter of finance. Furthermore, her father is my employer. If I can take Gurdon through another ten days of outdoor life I can return to Minneapolis, be promoted to sales manager, make good money and settle down with Pearl May. It's all arranged and I'd appreciate it, Miss Smith, if you'd control your—uh—gratitude in front of Gurdon."

"Finch, you've just lifted the lid on as foul a mess as I ever got a whiff of. Believe me, women have a nose for these things. You are being bribed into a loveless marriage. Okay, if that's the way Pearl May wants to play, I'd like to announce while I got use of the hall that I'm throwing my girdle into the ring—and may the best woman win!"

"Oh, for Heavensakes!" he said and shot to his feet. "You were hit harder on the head than I thought. Get some sleep." He paused, breathing heavily. "And stop taking those deep breaths in that tight shirt!"

In the faint light her wide, confident smile shook him. "Poor old Pearl May," she said, "has no more chance than a rabbit. Here, Finch, let me kiss you. Compare it with Pearl May's best and—"

"No, no. Thank you." He backed off nervously and legged it hastily up the path.

SLUMBER did not come easily to the three males in the lean-to upon their bed of balsam boughs, but one by one they dropped off. When Finchley had been asleep about thirty minutes, he was awakened by the sound of floundering in the underbrush. A body crashed, scattering firewood, then Gray lurched into the lean-to and collapsed alongside Finchley, panting. A few minutes passed and Gray, with a little cry of desperation, sprang up and rushed off into the darkness. When he returned Finchley whispered, "Sick?"

"Sick? Gallagher, I got a bellyful of panthers doing a square dance."

"When did they—it start?"

"Half hour ago. Must be ptomaine or appendicitis. Doesn't appendicitis start this way?"

The thought made Finchley quiver. "No, it doesn't. Can I get you anything? A drink maybe?"

Gurdon woke up. "What's going on?"

"Mr. Gray has a stomach-ache and he and I are looking after it."

"I couldn't care less," said Gurdon and went back to sleep.

They had a few moments of silence, then Gray said, "Oops!" and departed again.

Yawning and weary, Finchley put on his shoes and pants and crossed to the tent. He rapped on the pole. "Mrs. Gray!"

A faint snore subsided. "Who's rapping on our pole?" Kerry demanded. "And what do you want?"

"It's me—Finchley."

"Well, what do you know about that? Come on in, Finch."

"No, no. Is Mrs. Gray awake?"

"She will be if you don't lower your voice. Is this a delayed reaction? Do you want to kiss me good night after all?"

"Now don't start that again. Mr. Gray is sick. I want you to wake up Mrs. Gray."

"Oh, is that all? Okay."

He heard the sound of a flat hand smacking soft flesh; Mrs. Gray woke up. She was told her husband was ill. "I think it would be best," Finchley said, "if Mr. Gray joined you in the tent."

"If he tries that he'll be a lot sicker than he is now," Kerry cried. "I never heard of such a thing!"

FINCHLEY sighed sleepily. "The idea is, Miss Smith, you leave the tent and Mr. Gray takes your place."

"And sleep in that lean-to? You saved my life, but there are some items that gratitude doesn't cover."

"Kerry, shut up," said Mrs. Gray. She emerged from the tent. "Where is he? Is he bad?"

"He'll be right back. His stomach is upset." Finchley led her aside. "I wouldn't be doing this, but Mr. Gray's been asking for you constantly. He needs you. He says he—"

Gray reeled into the clearing and before taking him into her arms, Mrs. Gray squeezed Finchley's hand.

Kerry came out of the tent. "I'm sorry you got the bellyache, Charlie," she told him.

Waving a limp hand at her, Gray crept into the tent with his wife.

Kerry turned to Finchley. "What now? Do I just find a comfortable crotch in a tree and get a good night's sleep?"

"Take the lean-to. Gurdon and I will sleep by the fire."

He shook Gurdon awake and explained the circumstances. The boy put on his glasses and asked Kerry about her bandage. Assured that it was secure he helped Finchley move part of their loose-leaf bed over by the fire.

When they had finished, Kerry tottered up to Finchley. "I hate myself for slugging Charlie. I feel like a cad. Also let me say that you are the most beautiful, unlucky, saintlike gent I ever saw and I'm proud to be using your bed. Good night."

Gurdon helped her bed down. "Don't be frightened," he said. "If anyone gets funny, just call me. I'll kill 'em."

"I certainly will, bless your heart." Her lips brushed his cheek and the boy quivered. "Night."

An hour passed before Finchley fell into a tormented sleep, which lasted about twenty minutes. This time when he awoke it was raining quietly; his top ear had water in it. He nudged Gurdon. "It's raining. You can't sleep in water; your father wouldn't like it. What do you say we move in with Kerry?"

"Without telling her? What kind of a man do you think I am?"

"I just thought I'd ask. Well, that leaves us one thing: the canoe."

In the rain and dark they brought up the



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canoe, set it bottomside up on firewood and rolled underneath. . . .

Shortly after dawn Finchley opened his eyes and let out a moan of anguish. Fog lay dankly over everything. He put his hand over his aching eyes and sank back on his pallet of pine needles and pebbles. Minutes passed before he could force himself to creep out and face life. Blinking, sore about the hips, his shoulders hunched, he started a fire and put water on to boil. That done he shambled down to the lake and brushed his teeth with his forefinger. He washed his hands and face and dried them on his shirttail. Back in the clearing he began preparing breakfast.

When the others got up and joined him, he explained that the fog might lift by noon, but if it didn't they might as well face the fact that rescue would be held up another day. Except for Gray, who was pale and shrunken from his ordeal, though without pain, everyone seemed almost unnaturally amiable.

"It's Fate, Finch," Kerry said cheerfully, "throwing her weight around to keep us together."

When the fog had not lightened by noon, Finchley decided to put up a second lean-to, a small one where Kerry could sleep. He took the ax and strode out into the dripping timber for birch and poplar saplings. He had chopped down a couple when Kerry appeared out of the fog bearing hot coffee in a metal cup. She handed it to him and leaned against a tree watching him.

"Would Pearl May bring you coffee in a fog? Would she look as good as I do after having slept the night in an oversized rat's nest?"

"I've never seen—"

"Don't try to cover up her defects. I know the type. The dame with the itching palm, the heart of a barracuda, the mind of a newt—"

FINCHLEY closed his bloodshot eyes and said, "I must ask you to stop this incessant chattering. It makes me nervous."

"Another thing," Kerry said. "I've been having some long talks with Gurdon and I found out all about you: how you flew a bomber and got decorated and how you peddle cars and jump every time old man Greeber blows his nose. You aren't meant for that kind of business, Finch. You need the wild blue yonder, serenity and a good woman; namely, me."

"I see. You and serenity."

"Yes. Tell you what, Slim, baby—quit your job, ditch old Pearl May and join me up here in this charter service thing I've been working on. The place is swarming with fishermen all wanting to get into inaccessible lakes. You could teach me a few more things about flying. With two planes we make money."

"Miss Smith," he said, and gazed down into her fresh, lovely countenance, "I'd like to fly again and I'm grateful for your interest, but try to get these few simple facts into your head: I'll return to Minneapolis; I'll become sales manager; I'll marry Pearl May and settle down. It's all arranged. Stop tempting me. I'll have everything I want."

"Everything but this, the main course," the pilot said and closed in on him as he held the ax in one hand and the cup of coffee in the other. She placed her lips warmly upon his.

A kind of convulsion rippled over Finchley. Somewhere deep in his turbulent interior all the tensions, frustrations and worries combined with a couple of elemental emotions and blew up. He tossed the ax to one side, the cup to the other and enveloped the aviatrix. When they parted it was reluctantly, like green wood splitting.

"Well, there goes your Pearl May!" Kerry cried.

Finchley stared at her. "What am I doing?" he cried. "I'm practically engaged! I'm going to be sales manager!"

He ran a hand over his brow. "It's that insane jabber of yours," he said. "Don't grab me any more. Wear looser shirts. Stop kissing me when my hands are full. Your gratitude is ruining me! Go back to camp and stay there." And then he stumbled off into the fog-ridden forest. . . .

At the evening meal Gray was again well and he and his wife seemed jovial and contented. So did Kerry, who sat watching her jumpy lover with an affectionate grin. Only Gurdon was despondent. Except for some adenoidal snuffling he sat silent and morose, staring into the fire.

When the meal was over Gray led Finchley aside for a talk. "Gallagher, you've been more than nice, especially about the goings-on with Kerry yesterday. When I get a few drinks into me I simply want to kiss pretty girls. It's just one of those things; some guys sing. But I love my wife. She says you told her last night that I had been asking for her. It wasn't true, but it was enough to make Helen forgive me. That was a damned fine act, damned fine." He clasped Finchley's hand, shook it and rejoined Mrs. Gray at the fire.

THEY all went to bed early, Kerry in the little lean-to, the Grays in the tent, Gurdon and Finchley in the big lean-to. About midnight Finchley woke up scratching fiercely. The fog had disappeared. Immensely heartened, he glanced at the adjoining bed. The familiar Greeber lump was gone; so were the blankets. Panicked, Finchley began hissing the boy's name. From across the clearing he got an answer.

"What's that hissing for?" Kerry asked.

"Gurdon's gone."

"Maybe he's just—"

"No, his blanket's gone too." Finchley swung his flashlight around the interior of the lean-to. The beam fell upon a small bottle lying on note paper. He picked up the note and read:

"Miss Smith prefers you to me, and the camp isn't big enough for the two of us. You're older than me. I am taking the canoe and going on alone. The bottle of calamine is for the poison ivy you've been sleeping in. See how she likes you now. I fixed Mr. Gray's wagon too when he tried to kiss Miss Smith. I put six of my cascara pills in his soup. Gurdon R. Greeber."

"Good gosh!" Finchley cried. He turned to Kerry, who was reading over his arm. "What does he mean?"

"You mean you don't know? It's been plain as your nose. The boy had a crush on me. Remember how he followed me around and changed my bandage and all that? He talked to me by the hour, telling me how pretty I am and how wonderful it was of me to fly an airplane." Her voice lowered. "Tonight he told me he had seen us in the woods this afternoon."

"While we were—Oh, no!"

"Uh-huh. He asked if I loved you. I said I sure did."

Finchley grabbed a lean-to pole and tried to fight off a sensation that he was insane.

She took his hand. "Steady, Finch. Let me continue. He said he knew I was older than he was, but that he was maturing faster than anybody he knew about and if I'd wait a year or so he could get a swell job with his father that would support us. I explained that it wouldn't work, my being so old and dissipated. He asked if I planned to marry you and I said I certainly did."

She paused, watching him shake his head in disbelief, then went on: "When I told him that, he ground those long teeth of his and looked peculiar, but I never thought he'd put poison ivy in your bed. That was pretty stinking. You're all red and bumpy."

"Hell with it!" he cried suddenly. "I've got to find that boy and explain!"

He put on his shoes, took the flashlight and dashed down to the lake front. The canoe was gone; he could see nothing on the dark lake. Scratching himself abstractedly he slouched back to the fire and sat down and tried to understand the size of his calamity. Any way he looked at it, his entire future as sales manager, husband of Pearl May and solid citizen of Minneapolis seemed to have fled with Gurdon.

Kerry knelt beside him and gently daubed his burning face and hands with the calamine Gurdon had left. "I'm awfully sorry for you, darling," she said. "You do all the worrying and battling for all of us, don't you? You're such a fine, unselfish harassed fellow I'd like to cry. Look at that poor poisoned face of yours. Damn it, Finch, where's your shirttail? I *am* going to cry!"

Absently, Finchley put his arm around Kerry and made some rather depressing efforts to cheer her up. He stroked her red hair and said there, there. For a few minutes she sniffled against his chest then she sopped up the wet and got to her feet. "Come on, Slim, I'll put you to bed."

She led him to her lean-to and tucked him in. "Don't worry about Gurdon: the little blister will live. And try not to scratch." She kissed his burning cheek and gave him his bottle. . . .

Shortly after daybreak they were all up. Kerry explained to the Grays what happened to Gurdon and to Finchley's face. Immediately the Grays insisted that Finchley stay in bed. Mrs. Gray cooked breakfast and her husband served it to Finchley in the lean-to. At Finchley's suggestion they built a big, smoky fire to serve as a guide for a rescue plane. And about eight o'clock a plane landed near the island and taxied over. Finchley let out a low cry of agony. Pearl May and her father were coming in.

Greeber shook Finchley's hand, but Pearl May, after one look, kept her distance. "Darling, your face! It's positively leprous!"

"What'd you expect?" Kerry demanded. "Your jug-headed brother poisoned him."

Forcing a dreadful smile that cracked his coating of calamine, Finchley introduced Kerry and the Grays, explaining that they were survivors.

"Great, great," Greeber said. "That's why we're here. We heard a plane was missing yesterday and when we looked at the map you left us, Finch, we saw it must be down near you, so we decided to pay a little visit and help out. Glad we did. You folks all okay?"

"Mr. Gallagher here," Gray said quietly, "is an extremely resourceful and selfless man. He's done everything for us any mortal could have done."

"Great," Greeber said, glancing about. "Where's Gurdon? Fishing?"

The silence that followed was broken finally by Finchley clearing his throat. "Gurdon took the canoe last night and disappeared, sir."

"Holy Moses! What'd he do that for?"

Finchley went on doggedly. "He got sore because Miss Smith mentioned that she preferred me to him."

"Preferred you— What in Heaven's name are you talking about?"

"Don't blow an artery, Greeber," Kerry cried, standing on tiptoes and wagging a forefinger in Greeber's face. "And watch that forked tongue of yours. Finch is sick and worried to death and not to blame. He's absolutely wonderful to everyone, including your noisome son. Gurdon got infatuated with me, as males do, and yesterday when he saw Finch kissing me in the fog—"

With an anguished moan Finchley slumped to a rock. Kerry put a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "And after he'd seen Finch kissing me in the fog he proposed to me," she finished.

"Proposed? Gurdon *proposed?*"

"He proposed and when I turned him down all the ugly Greeber blood came out. The little ape slipped poison ivy into Finch's bed, took the canoe and hightailed it out."

GREEBER bellowed at Finchley, "Great guy you are! You're supposed to look after my son and marry my daughter, so you publicly make love to another woman and let my sick boy wander off alone in the wilderness. Gallagher, you're fired and if anything serious has happened to that boy I'll have you up for criminal negligence!" He turned to the pilot. "Radio that you've found the lost plane and to send in another. Then wind her up—we're looking for my boy!"

Pearl May had listened to the scrap with a grim little smile, her pale eyes darting from Finchley to Kerry. "I'd like a few words with Finchley, Dad."

Kerry turned to her. "Don't get the idea there's been any funny business. Finch defended his honor to the very last. It wasn't until yesterday afternoon that—"

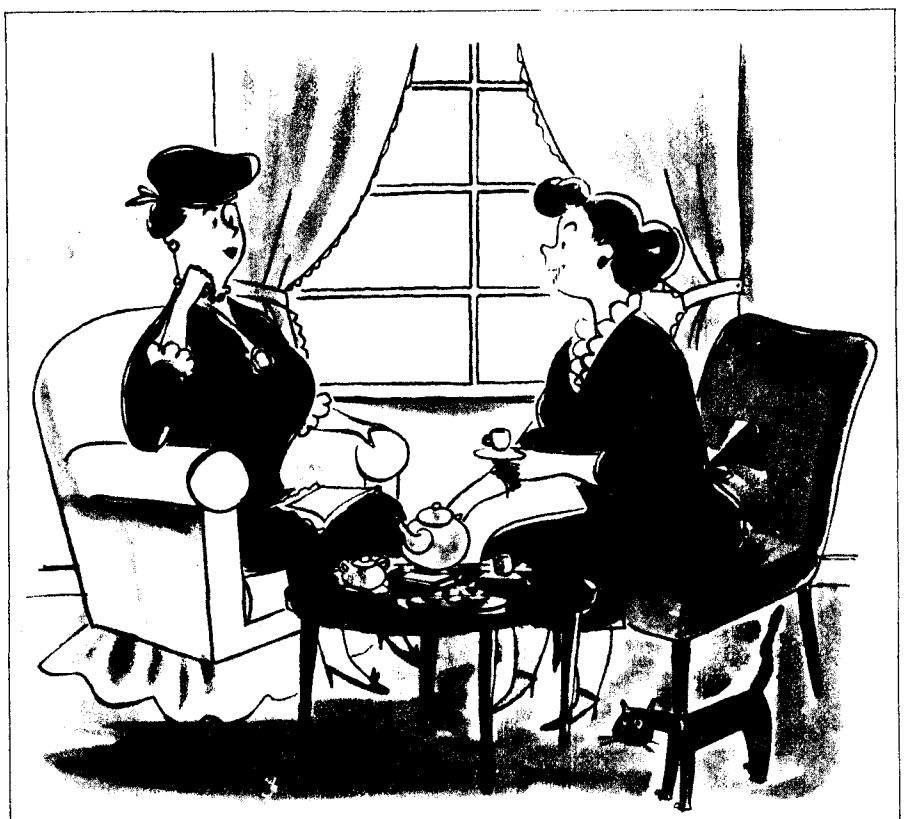
"I know, he kissed you in the fog." Pearl May looked down at Finchley. "Come along, dear, away from the noise."

She led him along the shore a few yards and stopped. "I must say, Finchley, that life in the woods seems absorbing. Kisses in the fog. Proposals. Lost boys."

"I'll take the blame for Gurdon. I couldn't see a seventeen-year-old boy losing his marbles over Miss Smith."

"My guess is that the twenty-eight-year-old one lost a few too."

Finchley's puffy, outraged calamined lineaments stiffened. "I made it clear to her



COLLIER'S **"I must admit I have the best husband in the world, but it's all due to my training"** KATE OSANN



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that I intended to marry you as soon as I became sales manager."

"But you aren't going to be sales manager, are you? You aren't going to be anything but out on your neck. So let's not be sentimental idiots, dear. It takes money to live the way I want to. You won't have it. And I wouldn't say there has been any unbearable passion between us, would you? So why don't you take your Miss Smith who is nuts about you, with her freckles and her big mouth, and settle down in a nice fog? I'll go back to Minneapolis as soon as we run down that insufferable brother of mine." She smiled. "No hard feelings? Good. Be seeing you."

Sick and defeated, Finchley sank down under a nearby pine and scratched himself. He heard the plane roar for a few moments and abruptly cease.

"How about that?" Kerry cried. "Hey, Finch, look!"

He sat up. Not two hundred yards away was Gurdon paddling the canoe toward the plane. As Gurdon reached the plane and crawled aboard, Finchley realized that the boy, far from going on alone, had simply moved a short way up the island and waited for the plane. Relieved of a ponderous responsibility, Finchley sank back and abandoned himself to the torments of his outraged skin.

OF WHAT followed he remembered very little. Within an hour another plane came in and Finchley, his eyes swelled shut now, was helped aboard by Gray and Kerry. Later, in a big house on Lake Vermilion, he was laid out on a white bed, daubed with salves and given a pill to make him sleep. When he woke up the following afternoon he could see. He asked Kerry where he was.

"In my bed, darling. This is the Smith summer diggings." She kissed him on the nose, his sole unanointed feature. "If you can make it to the window I'd like to show you something."

He hauled his long frame out of bed and over to the window looking on a wide lawn sweeping down to the lake.

"Pipe the flying machines, Finch," Kerry said.

He squinted. Painted on the sides of two glistening aircraft he saw: Gallagher Charter Service—Fly Anywhere, Fish Anywhere.

"It was an awful rush getting them up here and the signs painted on in time," she said. "Charlie Gray bought one; my fine old well-heeled father the other." She looked up at him, her eyes shining warmly. "To Finchley Gallagher, for services rendered. And with love from all of us."

Finchley Gallagher slipped his arm about his new copilot. Except for the mist over his eyes and a couple spots that needed scratching, he hadn't felt so good since V-J day. THE END

# The Three-Week Lesson

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

that the husband was George, and that he had started to beat her. That's when we learned that he lived next door. His apartment entrance opened next to our inner door.

Mother got cotton. Frantically and vainly, she stuffed our ears with wads of it. I learned something else. I learned that George's wife, the magic-cookie baker, was my faraway singer. Even now, whimpering, she had the saddest, most beautiful voice in the whole world. The partition was thin as eggshell.

HER name was Edith. We found that out the next day when we were playing jacks on the broad walk. Every time anyone yelled, "Eddie," a window flew open and Edith looked out. "What you want, chillun?"

We stopped everything to look at her. Even Terry knew she was the one who had cried in the night. She had a lot of curly black hair with yellow combs in it, a heart-shaped coffee-colored face, a pretty, curving smile that showed a gold tooth, and a gypsy dress of bright-colored stripes. She wore diamonds in her ears, and gold and silver rings on nearly all her fingers. She couldn't remember that we were calling our brother. Her window flew open and flew open until we thought it a grand joke and yelled the more for Eddie.

"You must leave him at once!" my mother told Edith in the laundry, feeling her heart go out to the poor colored woman. As Edith shook her head, she insisted, "But he beat you!"

"Yes'm."

Mother was incredulous. "You must take some action!"

"No place to go." Edith's eyes rolled. "No money. Besides, I don't want to go no place. If I went away, he'd never leave me back again. So mind your own business, missus!" She slammed the door.

Mother had never been spoken to like that. She rocked and said, "Oh, my." . . .

There were probably ten other apartments in the building. Two lovely, not very young sisters lived overhead. They did interpretative dancing to phonograph records for lodges and club meetings. I followed my ears to the music. They invited me to watch them practice in their gauze draperies. I thought they were beautiful in their layers of soft dyed cheesecloth with a cloth rose held daintily in the hand or between the teeth, long blond hair flowing and narrow feet bare. They would cross each other in the middle of the parlor, run, then pause, bend their long necks and gracefully glance back at each other, then whirl and bend and cross each other again. They also typed envelopes, gave lessons in china painting and had plates decorated with birds and fruit, in wire holders on the walls.

Mother, listening to my recital of the call, said she would like to take some lessons. She dearly loved fine china that she could see her fingers through. But she insisted on propriety. "Don't call again, Genie. We'll manage an introduction first."

The second night George did not beat his wife. But the whole place was quiet with waiting. Mother instructed me to watch the little ones carefully whenever we played outside. She promised to show me a new lazy-daisy stitch. I was very restless and wanted to talk and ask questions.

"He's a nice janitor. She is a lovely singer. Mother? How could he beat her?"

She replied thoughtfully, "A woman may take a beating and yet love her—her man. Indeed she may have deserved it, that kind of woman. At least it's perhaps better than being ignored."

"Mother, did Father ever—?"

I had felt her softening to gossip, but now she froze up again. "Your father has nothing whatever to do with my statement."

"I miss, miss, miss him!"

"Go to sleep. I have work to do!"

That was at night. In the daytime she would suddenly find tasks for me—duties she called them—a trip to the store with small change and a list, or ironing the boys' ruffled blouses. The boys didn't care how they looked, but she did. We turned the ruffles and ironed them over a thick towel.

ON OUR first unbearable Sunday we visited a strange church, without our mother but driven by her sharp tongue to holiness, in everyday clothes because we had brought no best ones. It was unbearable. Mother did not believe in cooking or doing anything on Sunday, not even playing jacks. We read our Bibles. When it began to rain, Mother lay down and turned her face to the wall. Once we were sure she was asleep, we set out stealthily in a body to explore the two floors above.

There was a fine deep carpet on the first floor's U-shaped halls and a not-so-fine one on the top floor. A purple-haired lady on the first opened her door and gave us oyster crackers, asked many questions, invited us in to see her dogs. Her rooms smelled bad. Terrance was simply beside himself. I had to carry the big baby to keep him quiet. If there is anything he loves, it is little dogs. To me the dogs looked dirty and I dared not go in.

When Mother rushed from our flat into the laundry like a crazy woman because she had wakened to find us gone, we were playing quietly with water in the tubs. I had made Clemmie some paper boats. Eddie and Terry had found some cockroaches to sail on them.

Terry ran to her and began to cry. "Vant to go vome."

She herded us in, pushed up her head and smiled as if she had everything she wanted, as if she were not homesick in the least. In the late afternoon she weakened and baked five muffins in a dented pan over the burner. Clemmie made fun of the oven. Mother broke Clemmie's muffin into three parts for the rest of us, and when Clemmie hollered she got a spanking.

I don't know how we got through that week. It rained again. Mother and I kept busy thinking up games and jobs for the other three. Mother grew sadder, counted the money over and tried to think how she could earn some—for the china-painting lessons, she said.

THE next Sunday was nicer. The sun shone. At church we were able to speak to several people. About midafternoon the most awful bumps and shuffles came from overhead where the two dancers lived. Mother stood it as long as she decently could.

"On the Sabbath!" she said. "Genie, run up and see who is falling down all the time." But when I happily started, she looked frightened. "No, wait—someone might be hurt or sick. We'll both go."

Or drunk, I thought. Poor Mother, she wanted the world to be just so, everybody kind and polite and quiet and ladylike. "I'll go," I called, and started again, but she said she'd go with me and cautioned Eddie not to let anyone in.

We climbed the stairs, me bouncing, Mother breathless. I led her to the sisters' door. The door shuddered as some hard object fell against it. Then there was laughter inside. Mother drew herself up. I knocked while she tried to make up her mind. If only she were not so polite. What if no one *had* introduced us?

A short, fat man in a sweater and baggy knickers opened the door and bared yellow teeth pleasantly. "Come in, come in. Hey, Myrt, you got company." He looked Mother over. "Classy company!"

Miss Lanahan welcomed Mother grandly. "So you are the poor, dear mother of this darling child. How she loves to come and watch us practice dances." She flourished a thin hand. "Allow me. Mr. Sam Geyer." Her pale, cool green eyes looked at us. I was glad she had on a dress; mostly it was made of long green fringe, but you couldn't see through it like the gauze.

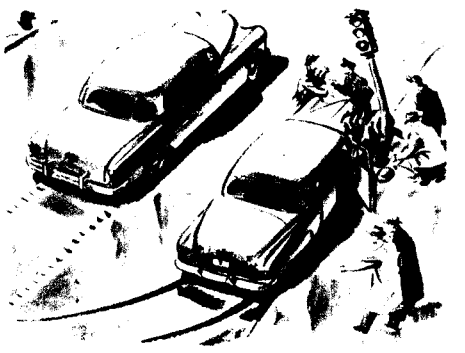
Mother leaned inward, looking past them. "I—we thought someone had fallen. I'm sorry if we intrude. I'm Mrs. Thomas Pattifox. This is my daughter, Eugenia."

"What a lucky day for us, madam!" said Mr. Geyer, standing back and beaming. "Prithee enter. Join us in a glass of—something?"

I giggled. Mother leaned back. "On Sunday? I never—that is, never! Someday, Miss Lanahan, I should love to give you a cup of tea. And your sister."

Said Mr. Geyer, "Wonders never cease."

Myrt, the other sister, came to the door

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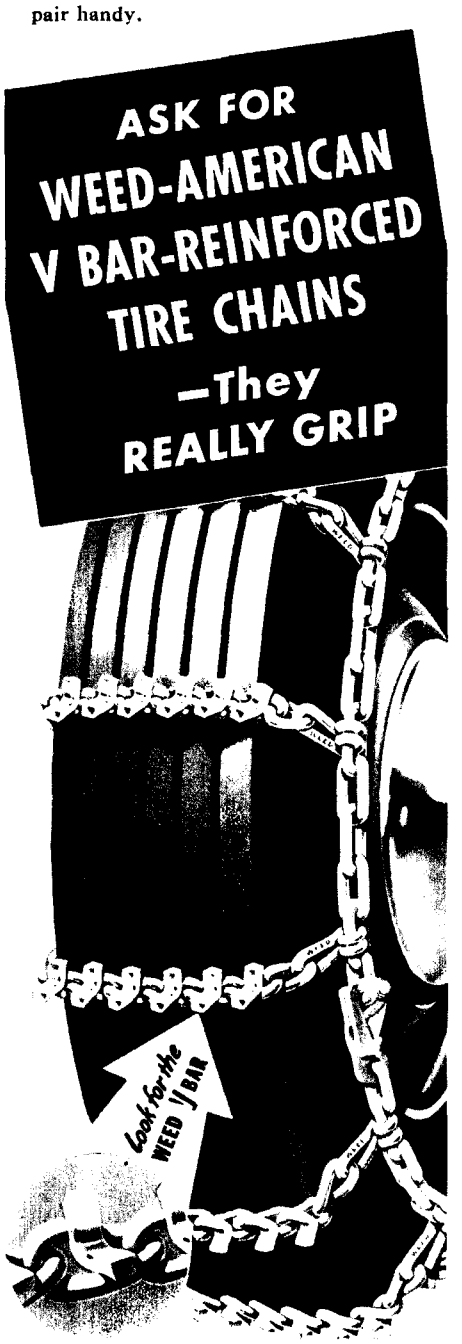


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and said, "Sam comes here to practice prat falls."

He said, "She thought someone fell." They looked at each other and laughed in trills and crescendos. Myrtle laughed until she couldn't breathe. Mr. Geyer explained. "These little girls are kind to me. Where I live I can't practice. But here no one lives below, so who cares?"

"I live below," said my mother.

He gulped. "In that hole? I wouldn't keep a dog down there!"

Miss Lanahan laughed and Myrt said, "Now you opened your mouth and put your foot in it, Sam."

I COULD see Mother's back getting stiff. She had such a big high horse. I personally thought the sisters were very nice. Mr. Geyer with his bunny shape tried for dignity. "Lady," he said, standing tall, "I'm in vaudeville."

"Indeed!" answered my mother, taking hold of my arm tightly and pulling. "Good day!"

She pulled me down the stairs, past the onion and cabbage smells. Bacon too. It smelled delicious. "Don't you ever go up there again!" But I didn't care. I felt suddenly hungry for the bacon, and the lack of it was part of our sad fate. We had rice and milk for supper.

The next thing I remember during our three weeks at the Barclay was about George. He borrowed a car to help move his sister's furnishings from an address nearby to one farther away. Edith, for some reason, was insanely jealous. Mother's words: insanely jealous. The first we knew of it was when we heard Edith shouting through thin partition.

"No!" she cried. "You can't afford to hire a car to take your wife out in. But you hire one to move that bad girl's junk. Oh, I tell you I'm sick and tired of her putting on airs. Even if she is your sister. Which I doubt!"

There were thuds, then a laughing scream and a door slamming.

Mother began to sing a jolly song and motioned to us to join her. We refused. She buried Terry's head under her apron and went on singing. More doors slammed. We heard George cranking up the old car. Then we heard Edith run through the laundry to the outside door and up the steps to the street. Eddie ran out too. Clemmie and I behind him. We didn't want to miss anything. Mother stopped singing and followed.

Edith jumped up and down in fury while the car rolled away downhill. George and his sister looked out the back window, whose isinglass was torn. They laughed and Edith screamed. She leaned down and took a slipper off and threw it with a long sweep like a baseball player. It fell in the street and the car disappeared around the corner. She opened her mouth wide in a final wail and then crumpled into a heap of colors at our feet, her jewels glistening and sparkling with her tears in the sun. She sobbed, "She really is his sister, but she won't speak to me and so I hate her!"

"Mother!" cried Clemmie and pointed.

We looked. There stood Mother with one shoe off herself! She simply stood holding it in her hand and staring at it. Her face got red.

"Why, Mother, how come you got your shoe off?" said Eddie politely.

Mother's eyes met Edith's eyes in surprise. "A scene," Mother said in horror. "You've made a scene, and I a part of it! All for nothing." She was angry. Because she had acted exactly like Edith except she did not throw it. "Come, children." We followed her into our flat. Terrance, who mimicks everything, hobbled like her, short leg, long leg, until Eddie and I thought we would die with fear and delight. Instead we all had to take long, silent naps.

We whispered during our naps about whether George would beat his wife again that night. But no. He took her out for a ride.

When they came home in the middle of the night she sang some of her sweet songs. She woke me up singing. I lay very still. I heard Mother crying on her cot in the kitchen.

I heard my mother cry—a cry like a lonely, lost wind high in the trees at home. It added something to the singing. Then I cried too. The wetness cooled my pillow so that I thought I lay against the grass in our own yard. But when I put my face against the sheet it smelled of disinfectant.

How I longed for my own bed, my own private room, for the smell of sunned or lavendered sheets, for a little space, for the freedom of my friends and release from being Mother's watchdog over the children. I gave in to my grief and let the dirty place upset me. I knew now how Mother felt.

As Edith sang, and my mother and I cried on in the night, I grew angry and resolute. I would write my father. I would beseech him. I would demand to know the awful truth about the crime he had committed against us. I would take action.

Next day a time came, however, when the action took itself.

Ironing to do again. I had put it off. Mother punished me by taking the children for a street-car ride to the zoo. She locked both doors and took the keys with her.

I set up the heavy, stained board on two chair backs. I was hard at it, crying so bitterly that I finally took pleasure in ironing away my own tears, when a sudden knock came to the inner door.

"Who's there?"

"It's me. George. What's the matter, honey? Ain't you got a single friend? Come on over and let Edie give you a spice cookie."

The unexpected sympathy made me cry harder. "The door's locked."

"Old George fix that." A scrape at the lock, the door came open, and there he stood with a bunch of keys in his hand. He could have done it any time! "Ain't afraid old George, honey?"

When I got over my surprise, I stood the iron on edge and turned out the burner. Leaving the door ajar to get back in, I went home with George.

"Now where's old Edie got herself to? Was here a minute ago."

He let me feed the gold canary and the two black goldfish. He let me look at pictures of himself as a dandified young man. He gave me milk in a red tulip-painted glass. And he held me on his knee. I told him finally about my father, about Mother taking us away. I cried against his overall bib and he sang me a song of the South. I was a big girl but I felt little. Edie did not come in. He asked if I had any money, but he got up and wrote down Father's address anyway. I didn't even have a two-cent stamp. He said he'd likely never be a father despite himself, and he took me back, making a game of locking me in.

"Ain't no place for chillun, living right next door to who-knows-what in some cheap old ugly basement," he scolded. "Go on, git in thar. Git in thar, I say."

I laughed but his eyes looked cold. "Old George gotta live in these dumps, but you ain't, so what y'all doing it for?" I was glad when he finally slammed the door and locked it.

"Hi, old black man," I heard Edith say in the laundry. "What you doing?"

"Little old gel come bothering," he said. "Gave her a cookie. Send her home. Little old sniffling gel."

"Sweet little old gel," replied Edith.

"Sweet gel yo'sef." They giggled and smacked. I could hear them cuddling and smacking at each other with their lips and their hands. "Lovebirds, that what we is," said George. Then they went in their door and I flew at the ironing and finished it up in a flurry of excitement. . . .

COLLIER'S

**"If you want us, we'll be down the cellar playing ping-pong. Did you hear me? I said we're going down the corner for a snootful . . . I said we'll be in New Zealand catching glowworms . . . I said . . ."**

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

So it was that a few nights later our father found us. We were gathered gloomily around our scant supper of corn meal mush which ordinarily I like. But there was bacon upstairs again. Clemmie's croupy cough had led us along the subject of illnesses and people who died of colds, snap, like that. It was raining again. Mother disconsolately let us talk. We grew more and more disgusting but couldn't seem to stop. We all felt sure, except Clemmie, that she was on her last legs. She cried and we laughed.

Then came the great pounding, enough to burst down the door, followed by Father's ringing voice. How wonderfully his blue eyes shone and his long arms were to reach for us all at once—but first Mother. He scooped her up and held her tight. His gaze circled and circled us and the flat.

"Minnie!" His big voice burst through Mother's shushing. "I could beat you!"

It was like a tableau. We stood transfixed, picturing our mother beaten like Edith. He yelled, "If you only knew what I've been through!"

"Me too!" cried Eddie and climbed on his arm. Terry and Clemmie climbed him too. All I could reach was his broad back but I clung to that hard. He said the county sent out a posse the first night. He said finally someone came back from a journey who'd seen us on the train. He said he'd nearly gone out of his mind. "But this place. Minnie—how could you?"

Mother detached herself and stood away. Her best iceberg manner. I knew she was as glad as we were but she was too proud to give an inch. They gazed across at us. "How did you find me, Tom?"

I dug into his back. Knowledge smote me; George had written him. Laughing hysterically, I answered for him. "He prayed and had a vision. I prayed and he came." Mother shook her head. "He figured where he'd go if he'd been you and couldn't stand it."

"No," said my father. She was ice, he was granite.

"He followed his heart," I whispered.

"My heart," he said, squeezing my arm.

"I suppose your sister Madge—" She finally wrung her fingers together, unable to bear his scrutiny. Her eyes darted around the flat and she wet her lips. "Well, Tom, it's an empty victory for me. I was going to come back. Five mouths to feed and all. Now tell me how you found us."

When I squeezed harder, he said, "It's not my secret. But poor you. Easily hurt and full of pride. For fifteen years. Why did you leave me? Why?"

She looked away. Horrified, we stood waiting.

"All right," he said, "I change tactics. Look, I humble myself. I kneel."

A flush crept up my mother's face from her neck. "Now I am completely humiliated," she said angrily.

We children shouted and climbed him so that he lost his balance.

"The condemned man is usually told why," he said, reclining, smothered.

I couldn't stand it. How could she be so mean! "Mother!"

"Oh, all right. I was insanely jealous. You and that widow at Madge's party. The way you acted. The way she hung on you. That bare-shoulder dress. You wouldn't let *me* wear a thing like that. But hers was smart, a costume. I heard you say it. I just thought I'd die!"

He tried to remember. "I've thought of a thousand reasons but not that one. I was a fool that night, I guess."

She didn't stretch a hand to help him. She just stood there. She gave him her crimson cheek to kiss when finally he got up. But that wasn't enough; he wanted a real kiss and took it. "You let a little no-account widow scare you out of the county. Mountain out of a molehill. You and I are *married!* Four offspring! When are you going to grow up?"

"I'm grown up now," she said. "This place—" She looked around. Edith was singing. "That woman—making a home of nothing, nothing. Tom, I've learned a big lesson. It was supposed to be a lesson for you—the whole thing." She finally broke down. "Tom, I—I give you permission to beat me. I deserve it."

He tipped up her chin and they exchanged a long look.

"I'll think about it," he said kindly.

WE PACKED quickly and left in a jitney that Father found. He went out and came back up the street hanging on the side of it, waving. It was wonderful to see him so commanding! Even with George.

"Here, my good man," he said, and handed George a green bill. "For taking care of everything."

Mother looked at George but ushered us past without speaking. I smiled good-by but George stared through me. At the corner we saw Edith going to market with a basket on her arm. Terrance yelled that he wanted to say good-by to her. "Drive on," said Mother. "We don't speak to those who live in sin."

I looked back as long as I could. Is lovebirds sin?

Father leaned back. "That chapter's done with. Talk about humiliation. How do you think I feel? The whole county searching. Don't ever leave me again, Minnie." She tossed her head. "Now you promise, Minnie." We waited, wide-eyed. Would she?

She smiled secretly; slowly, like a queen, proudly yet tenderly, she nodded, deigned to nod. Then they held hands, tight.

"All of you forget it," Father directed. "Put the whole three weeks out of mind."

But I didn't promise. How could I? It was a lesson for me too. THE END



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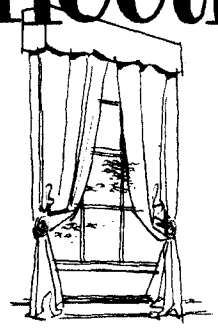
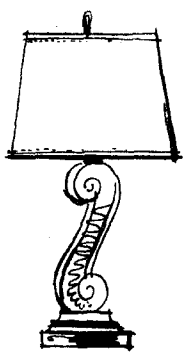
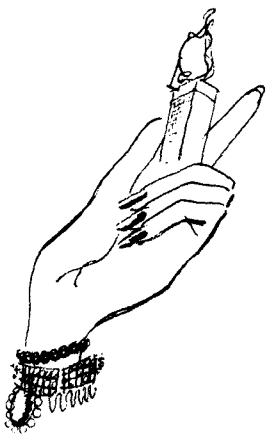


No reflections from windows



No reflections from room lights



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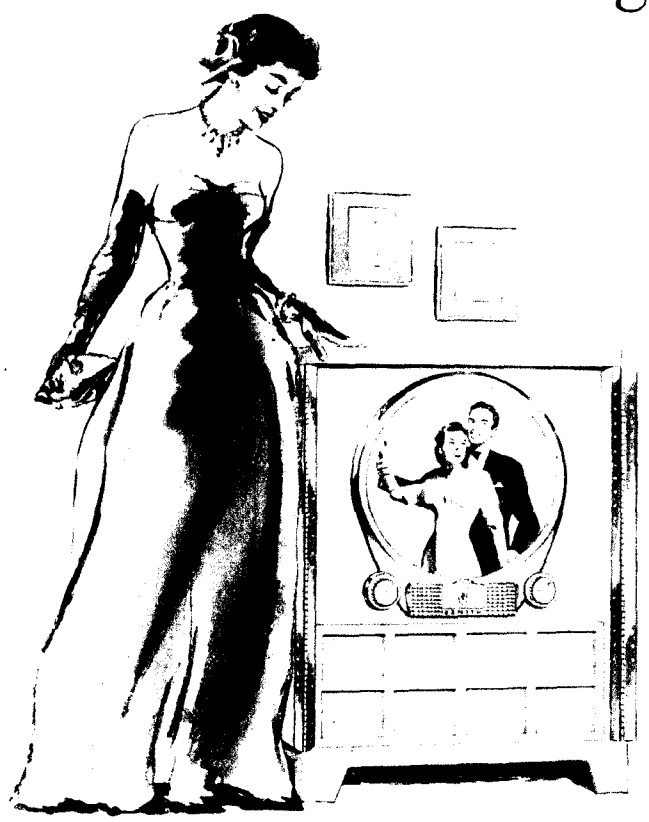

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# Revolt of the Triffids

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

moment, dismayed. Every face in sight was turned toward her, but she knew by now that not one of those she saw could see or help her. She got out of the car, hoping to find a garage somewhere nearby, or, failing that, to walk the rest of the way. As she slammed the door shut, a voice called to her:

"Hey! Just a minute, mate!"

She turned, and saw a man groping toward her.

"What is it?" she said.

His voice and manner changed on hearing her. "I'm lost. Dunno where I am."

"Regent Street. The New Gallery Cinema's just behind you," she told him, and turned to go.

"Half a minute, miss. Just show me where the curb is," he said.

She hesitated, and in that moment he came close. The outstretched hand sought and touched her sleeve. He lunged forward, and caught both her arms in a painful grip.

"So you can see, can you!" he said. "Why the hell should you be able to see when I can't—nor no one else?"

BEFORE she could try to escape he had turned her and tripped her, and she was lying in the road with his knee in her back. He caught both her wrists in the grasp of one large hand, and proceeded to tie them together with a piece of tough string from his pocket. Then he stood up, and pulled her to her feet again.

"All right," he said. "From now on you can do your seeing for me. I'm hungry. Show me where there's a bit of good grub."

Josella had pulled away.

"I won't. Undo my hands at once. I—"

He cut that short with a smack across her face.

"That'll be enough o' that, my girl. Come on, now. Make it snappy."

"I won't, I tell you."

"You bloody well will, my girl."

And she had, but all the time she was watching for a chance to get away. Once she almost made it, and he put out a foot to trip her; before she could get up he had a grip on her again and tethered her to his wrist.

She had led him first to a café and directed him to the refrigerator. It was no longer working, but well stocked with food that was still fresh. The next call was a bar where he wanted whisky.

"If you'd untie my hands—" she suggested.

"What, and have you crown me with a bottle? I wasn't born yesterday, my girl."

She told him what was in the various bottles as he laid his hand on them.

"I think I must have been dazed," she said. "I can see now half a dozen ways I could have outwitted him."

There'd been a row in that bar before they left. Another party of men and women discovered the open door and came in. Incautiously her captor instructed her to tell them what was in the bottle. At that they all stopped talking, and turned their sightless eyes toward her. There was a whisper, and then two men cautiously stepped forward. They had a purposeful look on their faces. She jerked at the cord.

"Look out!" she cried.

Without the least hesitation her captor kicked out. It was a lucky shot. One of the men folded up with a yell of pain. The other jumped forward, but she side-stepped and he met the counter with a crash.

"You bloody well leave 'er alone," roared the man who held her. He turned his head this way and that. "She's mine, blast you! I found her."

But it was clear that the others did not intend to give up that easily. Josella was beginning to understand that the gift of sight, even at secondhand, was now something worth fighting for. The others began to close in, with hands groping in front of them. Reaching out with one foot she hooked the leg of a chair and overturned it in front of them.

"Come on!" she cried, dragging the other man back.

Two men tripped over the fallen chair, and a woman fell on top of them. Swiftly the place became a jostle of confusion. She steered a way through it, and they escaped into the street.

She scarcely knew why she had done it, except that the prospect of being enslaved to act as the eyes of that group had seemed even worse than her present plight. Nor did the man give her any thanks. He merely directed her to find another bar, an empty one.

"I think," she said, judicially, "that though you'd never have guessed it to look at him he wasn't perhaps too bad a man

**". . . Guess what our sidewalk is under?"**

COLLIER'S LOWELL HOPPES

really. Only he was so frightened—much more frightened than I was, deep inside him. He gave me some food, and something to drink. He only started beating me like that because he was drunk and I wouldn't go into his house with him. I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't come along."

She was looking, and obviously feeling, better, though she winced a little as she reached for her glass.

"I think," I said, "that I've been pretty dense over this business. It's only been luck that I didn't fall into the same kind of mess that you did."

WE SAT listening to the uproar from the other pub for a time. "And what do you propose to do now?" I asked her.

"I must get back home. There's my father. It's obviously no good going on to try to find the doctor now, even if he has escaped the blindness."

She seemed about to add something, but hesitated.

"Do you mind if I come, too?" I asked. "This doesn't seem to me a time when anyone like us should be unnecessarily wandering about on his or her own."

She turned, with a grateful look. "Thank you. I wanted to ask. But I thought that perhaps there was somebody you'd be wanting to search for."

"There isn't," I said. "Not in London, at any rate."

"I'm glad. It's not that I'm afraid of getting caught again—I'll be much too careful for that. But, to be honest, it's loneliness I'm afraid of. I'm beginning to feel so—so cut off and stranded."

I said, "I wonder just how many of us have escaped and can see? It looks to me as if we are going to find that sight is very rare. Some people seem to have grasped already that their only chance of survival is to get hold of someone who can see; when they all understand that, the outlook's going to be none too good."

"I must go," Josella said. "Poor Father. It's after four."

Back in Regent Street a thought suddenly struck me. "Come across," I said. "I fancy I remember a shop somewhere here . . ." The shop was still there. I took a couple of useful looking sheath knives, and belts to carry them.

"Makes me feel like a pirate," Josella said, as she buckled hers on.

"Better, I imagine, to be a pirate than a pirate's moll," I said.

A FEW yards up the street we came on a large shiny sedan. It looked the kind of car that should simply have purred. But the noise when I started it sounded louder in our ears than all the normal traffic of a busy street. We made our way northward, zigzagging to avoid derelicts and those wanderers who were stricken into immobility in the middle of the road at our approach.

It was a relief to get out of the streets and reach an open space—and one where there were no unfortunate people wandering and groping. The only moving things we could see on the broad stretches of grass were two or three little groups of triffids lurching southward. Somehow or other they had contrived to pull up their stakes and were dragging them along behind them on their chains.

Within a few minutes we were pulling up at the house Josella pointed out. We got out of the car, and I pushed open the gate. A short drive curved round the bed of bushes which hid most of the house front from the road. As we turned the corner Josella gave a cry, and ran forward. A figure lay on the gravel, chest downward but with one side of its face exposed. One glance at it showed me the bright red streak across the cheek.

"Stop!" I shouted at her. There was enough alarm in my voice to check her.

I had spotted the triffid now; it was lurking in the bushes, well within striking range of the sprawled figure.

"Come back. Quick!" I called.

Still looking at the man on the ground, she hesitated.

"But I must—" she began, turning toward me. Then she stopped, her eyes widened, and she screamed.

I whipped round to find a triffid towering only a few feet behind me.

In one automatic movement I had my hands over my eyes. I heard the sting whistle as it slashed out at me—but there was no agonized burning, and no knockout. The mind can move like lightning at such a moment; all the same, it was more instinct than reason which sent me leaping at it before it could strike again. I collided with it, overturning it, and even as we went down together my hands were on the upper part of its stem, trying to pull off the cup and the sting. Triffid stems do not snap, but they can be mangled. Before I stood up, this one was thoroughly mangled.

Josella was standing in the same spot, transfixed.

"Come here," I said. "There's another in the bushes behind you."

She glanced fearfully over her shoulder. "But it hit you!" she said incredulously. "Why aren't you—?"

"Why aren't I dead—or laid out? I don't know." I looked down at the fallen triffid. Remembering the knife that I had acquired with quite other enemies in mind, I cut the sting off at its base and explained it.

"That explains it," I said, pointing to the poison sacs. "See, they're collapsed, exhausted. If they'd been full, or even half full—" I turned a thumb down.

I had that and my acquired resistance to the poison to thank. Nevertheless, there was a pale red mark across the backs of my hands and my neck that was itching like the devil.

I stood looking at the sting in my hands. "It's queer," I murmured, more to myself than to her, but she heard me.

"What's queer?"

"I've never seen one with a poison sac quite empty like this. It must have been doing a hell of a lot of stinging."

But I doubt if she heard me. Her attention had reverted to the man lying in the drive, and she had seen the triffid that was standing by.

"How can we get him away?" she said.

"I'm afraid we can't—not till that thing's been dealt with," I told her. "Besides, he's—well, we can't help him."

"You mean he's dead?"

"I'm afraid so. I've seen others," I said. "Who was he?"

"Old Peerson. He was our chauffeur and kind of gardener. Such a dear old man—I've known him all my life."

"I'm sorry," I began, wishing that something more adequate would suggest itself, but she cut me short.

"Look—oh, look!" She pointed to a path which ran round the side of the house. A black-stockinged leg with a woman's shoe on it protruded around the corner.

We prospected carefully, and then moved safely to a spot which gave a better view. A girl in a black dress lay half on the path and half in the flower bed. Her pretty, fresh face was scarred with a bright red line.

"Oh, Annie. Poor little Annie!" Josella said, with tears in her eyes.

"They can scarcely have known it—either of them," I said, trying to console her. "When it is strong enough to kill, it's mercifully quick."

We could not see any other triffid lurking. Together we crossed the path and got into the house by a side door. Josella called. There was no answer. She called again. We both listened in the complete silence that wrapped the house. She turned to look at me, but we said nothing. Quietly she led the way along a passage to a baize-covered door. As she opened it, there was a swish, and something slapped across door and frame an inch or so above her head. Hurriedly she pulled it to, and turned wide-eyed to me.

"There's one in the hall," she said.

She spoke in a frightened half-whisper, as though it might be listening.

WE WENT back to the outer door, into the garden again. Keeping to the grass for silence we made our way round the house until we could look into the lounge hall. The French window which led into it from the garden was open, and the glass of one side shattered. A trail of muddy blobs led over the step and across the carpet. At the end of it a triffid stood in the middle of the room. The top of its stem almost brushed the ceiling, and it was swaying ever so slightly. Close beside the damp, shaggy bole lay the body of an elderly man clad in a bright silk dressing gown. I took hold of Josella's arm.

"Is it—your father?" I asked, though I knew that it must be.

"Yes," she said, and put her hands over her face. She shook a little.

I stood still, keeping an eye on the triffid inside lest it should move our way. Then I thought of a handkerchief, and handed her mine. After a little while she took more control of herself. Remembering the people we had seen that day, I said, "You know, I think I would rather that that had happened to me than be like those others."

"Yes," she said, after a pause.

She looked up into the sky. It was a soft depthless blue with little clouds lightly floating.

"Yes," she repeated, with more conviction. "Poor Daddy. He couldn't have stood blindness. He loved all this too much."



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She glanced inside the room again. "What shall we do? I can't leave—"

At that moment I caught the reflection of movement in the remaining windowpane. I looked behind me quickly to see a triffid break clear of the bushes and start across the lawn. It was lurching straight toward us. I could hear the leathery leaves rustling as the stem whipped back and forth. There was no time for delay. I did not know how many more there might be around the place. I grabbed Josella's arm, and ran her back by the way we had come.

As we scrambled into the car she burst into tears once more.

She would be the better for having her cry out. I lighted a cigarette, and considered the next move. Naturally she wasn't going to care for the idea of leaving her father as we had found him. She would wish, as anyone might, that he should have a proper burial—and by the looks of it, it would be a matter of the pair of us digging the grave ourselves. And before that could even be attempted, it would be necessary to fetch the means to deal with the triffids. On the whole, I would have been in favor of dropping the whole thing—but then, it wasn't my father.

THE more I considered this new aspect, the less I liked it. I had no idea how many triffids there might be in London. Every park had at least a few. Usually they kept some docked ones that were allowed to roam about, and often some with stings intact, tethered to stakes, and usually behind wire netting for safety. I knew that the zoo, nearby, had quite a number in pens.

While I sat there considering, I was aware of something nudging at the back of my mind: some association of ideas that I couldn't quite join up. I sought it for a moment or two; then, suddenly, it came. I could almost hear Walter's voice speaking, saying: "I tell you, a triffid's in a damn' sight better position to survive than a blind man."

Prophecy? Second sight? Intuition—or what was it? I wondered. I thought back a bit. No, it had just arisen out of general speculation. All the same, it seemed uncanny now. "Take away our sight," he had said. "And our superiority to them is gone."

A crunch on the gravel brought me to the present again. A triffid came swaying down the drive toward the gate. I leaned across and screwed up the window.

"Drive on! Drive on!" said Josella hysterically.

"We're all right here," I told her. "I want to see what it does."

Simultaneously I realized that one of my questions was solved. Being used to triffids I had forgotten how most people felt about an undocked one. I suddenly realized that there would be no question of coming back here. Josella's wish was what most people's would have been: to get well away from any armed triffid, and stay away.

The thing paused by the gatepost. One could have sworn that it was listening. We sat perfectly still and quiet, Josella staring at it with horror. I expected it to lash out at the car, but it didn't. Probably the muffling of our voices inside had misled it into thinking we were out of range.

Suddenly the little bare stalks began clattering against its stem. It swayed, lumbered clumsily off to the right, and disappeared into the next driveway.

Josella gave a sigh of relief. "Oh, let's get away before it comes back," she implored.

I started the car, turned it around, and started Londonward again. . . .

Josella began to recover herself. With the deliberate and obvious intention of taking her mind away from what lay behind us, she asked, "Where are we going now?"

"Clerkenwell first," I told her. "After that we'll see about getting you some more clothes. Bond Street for that, if you like, but first, Clerkenwell."

"Why Clerkenwell?— Good heavens!"

She might well exclaim. We had turned a corner to see the street sixty yards ahead of us filled with people. They were coming toward us at a stumbling run, with arms outstretched before them. A mingled crying and screaming came from them. Even as we caught sight of them a woman in the front tripped; others fell over her and she disappeared beneath a kicking, struggling heap. Beyond the mob we had a glimpse of the cause of it all: three dark-leaved stems swaying above the panic-stricken heads. I accelerated, and turned into a byroad.

Josella turned a terrified face.

"Did you see what it was?"

"Yes," I said. "That's why we're going to Clerkenwell. There's a place there that makes the best triffid guns and masks in the world."

We worked back again to pick up our intended route, but we weren't in for a clear run. Near King's Cross there were many more people in the streets. Even with a hand on the horn it was increasingly difficult to get along. In front of the station it became impossible. Why there should have been such crowds there I don't know. All the dwellers in the district seemed to have converged upon it. We couldn't go through the people, and a glance behind showed me that it would be almost as hopeless to try to go back. Those we had already passed were closing in.

"Get out quick!" I said. "They're after us."

"But—" Josella began.

"Hurry." I blew a final blast on the horn, and slipped out after her, leaving the engine running. We were not many seconds too soon. One man found the handle of the rear door, pulled it open and pawed inside. We were all but pushed over by the pressure of others making for the car.

There was a shout of anger when someone opened the front door and found the seat empty.

Clear of the crowd at last, we went on foot for a while, keeping a lookout for a suitable car. After a mile or so we found it—a station wagon likely to be more useful than an ordinary car for the plan that was beginning to form vaguely in my mind.

In the past I had several times had professional dealings with the small factory at Clerkenwell, so that I had little difficulty in finding it. It was easy to break in. When we set off again we carried several excellent triffid guns, some thousands of little steel boomerangs, and the wire-mesh helmets that we carried in the back.

"And now—clothes?" inquired Josella.

"Provisional plan, open to criticism and correction," I said. "First we should go somewhere to pull ourselves together and discuss things. I was thinking of an empty flat. That shouldn't be difficult to find. We could ease up there and settle the rough idea of campaign. Also, it would be convenient for spending the night—or, if the trammels of convention still defy the circumstances, it could be two flats."

"I think I'd be happier to know there was someone close at hand."

"Good," I agreed.

"Then operation number two is ladies' and gents' outfitting. For that I think we had better go our separate ways—both taking exceedingly good care not to forget which apartment it was that we decided on."

"And then?" she asked.

"Operation number three is, definitely, dinner."

THERE was no great difficulty about the apartment. We left the car locked up in the middle of the road in front of an opulent-looking block, and climbed to the third story. Why the third I can't say, except that it seemed a bit more out of the way. The process of selection was simple. We knocked or we rang, and if anybody came, we passed on. After we had passed on three times we found one that was quite unresponsive. The lock socket tore off to one good heft of the shoulder, and we were in.

I had not, myself, been one of those addicted to living in an apartment with a rent of some £1,500 a year, but I found that there were definitely things to be said in favor of it. Fashion was the mainspring of the place. I turned to Josella who was star-

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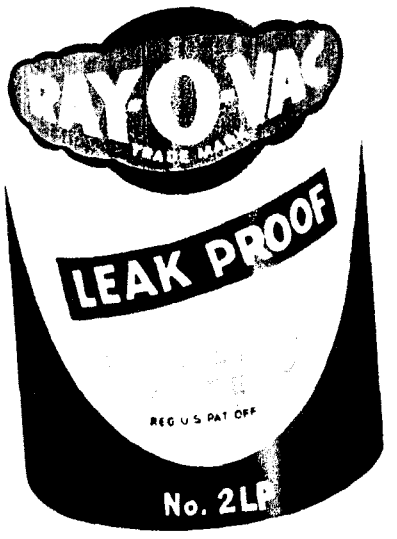


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**1.** Don McNeill, Wednesday, 9 pm **2.** Helen Hayes, **Showtime—USA,** Sunday, 7:30 pm **3.** Ruth Hussey, appeared on **Pulitzer Prize Playhouse,** Friday, 9 pm **4.** Don Ameche, **Holiday Hotel,** Thursday, 9 pm **5.** Billy Rose, Tuesday, 9 pm **6.** Betty Furness, **Penthouse Party,** Friday 8:30 pm **7.** Paul Whiteman, Sunday, 7 pm **8.** Faye Emerson, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 7:15 pm **9.** Chico Marx, **The College Bowl,** Monday, 9 pm **10.** Stuart Erwin, Saturday, 7:30 pm **11.** Ethel Waters, **Beulah,** Tuesday, 7:30 pm **12.** Risë Stevens, **Metropolitan Opera,** Saturday, 2 pm

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**13.** Gregory Peck, guest star—**Screen Guild Players,** Thursday, 8 pm **14.** Elmer Davis, Monday through Friday, 7:15 pm **15.** Harold Stassen, a guest during 1950 on **America's Town Meeting of the Air,** Tuesday, 9 pm **16.** Ginny Sims, **Song Shop,** Sunday, 10 pm **17.** Robert Montgomery, Thursday, 9:45 pm **18.** Jack Smart, **The Fat Man,** Friday, 8 pm **19.** Walter Winchell, Sunday, 9 pm **20.** Ozzie and Harriet, Friday, 9 pm **21.** Louella Parsons, Sunday, 9:15 pm **22.** Bert Parks, **Stop the Music,** Sunday, 8 pm (and on ABC Television, Thursday, 8 pm)

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ing wide-eyed at it. "Will this little shack do —or do we go farther?"

"We'll make out," she said. And, together, we waded through the delicate cream carpet to explore.

Josella paused on the threshold of a room rampant with the most aggressive forms of femininity. "I'll sleep here," she said.

"Okay," I agreed. "I'll find something a bit quieter. Heaven preserve *me* from having to sleep in a bed with a mirror set in the ceiling above it."

After we had completed a tour of the premises, she set out to deal with the matter of clothes.

I MADE an inspection of the apartment's resources and limitations; then I left the apartment on an expedition of my own. It took longer than I had expected to collect what I wanted. Something like two hours had passed before I got back. I dropped one or two things from my armful in getting through the door. Josella's voice called with a trace of nervousness from that overfeminine room.

"Only me," I reassured her, as I advanced down the passage.

I dumped the things in the kitchen, and went back for those I'd dropped. Outside her door I paused.

"You can't come in," she said.

"I don't want to come in," I said. "The question is: Can you cook?"

"I can boil eggs," said her muffled voice.

"I was afraid so. There's an awful lot of things we're going to have to learn," I said.

I went to the kitchen and erected the oil-stove I had brought on top of the useless electric cooker, and got busy.

When I'd finished laying the places at the small table in the sitting room the effect seemed to me fairly good. To complete it I fetched a few candles and candlesticks and set them ready, for the light was already beginning to fade. Of Josella there was still no visible sign though there had been sounds of running water some little time ago. I called her.

"Just coming," she answered.

I wandered across to the window and looked out. Quite consciously I began saying good-by to it all. Towers, spires, and façades of Portland stone were still white against the dimming sky. More fires had broken out here and there. The smoke climbed in big black smudges, sometimes with a lick of flame at the base of them. Quite likely, I told myself, I would never see any of these familiar buildings in my life again after tomorrow. There might be a time when one would be able to come back —but not to the same place. Fires and weather would have worked on it: it would be visibly dead and abandoned. Now it still maintained at a distance the old appearance of a living city.

My father had told me that during Hitler's war he used to go round London with his eyes more widely open than ever before, seeing the beauties of buildings he had previously taken for granted—saying good-by to them. And now I had a similar feeling. But this was something worse. Many of them had unexpectedly survived that war, but this they would not survive. It was not wanton smashing and willful burning they faced this time, but the long, inevitable course of decay and collapse.

Standing there and at that time, my heart still resisted what my head was telling me. It must be, I thought, one of the race's most persistent and comforting hallucinations to believe that "it can't happen here." And now it was happening here. Unless there should be some miracle, I was looking on the last stage of London—and very likely, it seemed, there were other men looking on the last stages of New York, Paris, San Francisco, Bombay and all the rest, before they, too, should begin to go the way of those ancient cities long-buried under the jungles.

I turned at the sound of a movement behind me. Josella had come into the room. I stared. She was wearing a long dress of palest blue. In a pendant, on a simple chain, a few perfect diamonds flashed; in ear clips gleamed stones that were smaller, but as beautiful. Her hair and face might have been fresh from a beauty parlor. As I stared without speaking, her mouth lost its smile.

"Don't you like it?" she asked, rather childishly.

"It's beautiful," I said. Something more was needed. I knew the display had nothing to do with me. I added: "You're—saying good-by?"

A different look came into her eyes. "So you understand. I hoped you would."

"I'm glad you've done it. It'll be a lovely thing to remember," I said.

I stretched out my hand for hers, and led her to the window. "I was saying good-by, too—to all this."

She sighed and looked down at her dress, fingering the delicate silk. "Silly? Rome burning?" she said, with a rueful little smile.

"I'm afraid so. There was nothing. Not even carriers."

"It's going to be pretty grim, Bill, isn't it?"

"It's— No, I'm not going to have my dinner clouded," I said. "Pleasure before business—and the future is definitely business. Let's talk about something interesting. How many love affairs have you had? Why hasn't somebody married you long before this—or has he? You see how little I know. Life story, please."

"I was born about three miles from here. My mother was very annoyed about it at the time."

I raised my eyebrows.

"Well, she had decided that I should be an American, but when the car came to take her to the airport it was too late. Full of impulses she was—and so, apparently, was I."

She prattled on. There wasn't much remarkable about her early life, but I think she enjoyed herself in summarizing it, and forgetting where we were.

"I did nearly get married when I was nineteen," she said. "And aren't I glad it didn't happen. But I didn't feel like that at the time. I had a frightful row with Daddy who'd broken the whole thing up because he saw right away that Lionel was a spizzard and—"

"A what?"

"A spizzard. A kind of cross between a spiv and a lizard—the lounge kind. So then I cut my family off and went and lived with a girl I knew who had an apartment—and my family cut off my allowance, which was a very silly thing to do because it might have had just the opposite effect from what they intended. As it happened, it didn't, because all the girls I knew who were making out that way seemed to me to have a very wearing sort of time of it. All the same, I had to have some money, so I wrote the book."

I didn't think I heard quite right. "You made a book?" I suggested.

"I wrote the book." She glanced at me, and smiled. "I must look awful—that's just the way *they* all used to look at me when I told them I was writing a book. Mind you, it wasn't a very good book. But it worked."

"You mean it got published?"

"Oh, yes. And it brought in quite a lot of money. The film rights—"

"What was this book?" I asked, curiously.

"It was called Sex Is My Adventure."

I stared, and then smote my forehead. "Josella Playton, of course. I couldn't think why that name kept on nearly ringing bells. You wrote that thing?" I added incredulously.

I couldn't think why I had not remembered before. Her photograph had been all over the place—not a very good photograph now that I saw the original—and the book had been all over the place, too. Two large circulating libraries banned it, probably on the title alone. After that, its sales went rocketing up into the hundred thousands.

Josella chuckled. "Oh, dear. You look just like all my relatives did."

"I can't blame them," I said.

"Did you read it?" she asked.

I shook my head.

She sighed. "People are funny. All you know about it is the title, and the publicity —and you're shocked. And it's such a harmless little book, really. Mixture of green-sophisticated and pink-romantic with patches of schoolgirly-purple. But the title was a good idea."

She paused contemplatively. It occurred to me that the sensible people had probably decided that the author of Sex Is My Adventure would probably be silly-shocking too, but I forbore to suggest it.

"It sort of twisted everything," she said. "I was writing another book to try to put things right. But I'm glad I'll never finish it —it was rather bitter."

"With another charming title?" I asked.

She shook her head. "It was to be called Here the Forsaken."

"Well—well, it certainly lacks the snap of the other," I said. "Quotation?"

"Yes. Mr. Congreve: 'Here the forsaken virgin rests from love.' "

"Oh," I said.

"No—sweet," I said. "A gesture—a reminder that with all the terror there was so much beauty."

Her smile lost its ruefulness. "Thank you, Bill." She paused, then she added: "Have I said thank you before? I don't think I did. If you hadn't helped me—"

"But for you," I told her, "I should probably now be lying maudlin and sozzled in some bar. This is no time to be alone. And talking about drink, there's an excellent Amontillado here, and some equally good things to follow."

WE RAISED our glasses of sherry. "To health, strength, and luck," I said. She nodded, and we drank.

"What if the owner of all this comes back?" Josella asked as we started on expensive *pâté*.

"In that case we'll explain—and he or she will be thankful to have someone tell him which bottle is which, and so on—but I don't think it's very likely to happen."

"No," she agreed, considering. "No. It's not very likely. I wonder—" She looked around the room. Her eyes paused at a fluted white pedestal.

"Did you try the radio? That *is* a radio, isn't it?"

"No good. No power."

"Of course. I forgot—I suppose I'll go on forgetting things like that for quite a time."

"But I did try one while I was out," I said. "A battery affair. Nothing doing. All bands as silent as the grave."

"That means it's like this—everywhere?"

WE LAY back in two superbly comfortable armchairs. On a low table between us stood the coffee apparatus and two glasses. Josella blew out a feather of smoke and took a sip of her drink.

"And now," I suggested, "it's about time we began to rough out a plan of campaign. Shall I throw out suggestions first?"

"I wonder," she said, "whether we shall ever taste oranges again? Okay, shoot!"

"Well, it's no good blinking facts. We had better clear out tomorrow, or perhaps the next day. You can see already what's going to happen here. At present there's still some water in the tanks. Soon there won't be and the whole city will begin to stink like a great sewer. In addition, there are already bodies lying about—every day there will be more." She shuddered. I had for the moment, in taking the general view, forgotten the particular application it would have for her. I hurried on: "That may mean typhus, or cholera, or Heaven knows what. It's essential that we get away from here before that starts, you see."

She nodded. "Then the next question seems to be: Where do we go? Have you any ideas on that?"

"Well, roughly, somewhere out of the way—with a good water supply we can be sure of, a well, perhaps. And I should think it would be best to be as high up as we reasonably can—somewhere where there'll be a nice clean wind."

"Yes," I agreed. "I'd not thought of the clean wind part, but you're right. A hilltop with a good water supply—that's not so easy offhand." I pondered. The Lake District. No, too far. Wales, perhaps, or Exmoor or Dartmoor—or right down in Cornwall. Around Lands End we'd have the prevailing southwest wind coming in untainted over the Atlantic. But that, too, was a long way. We should be dependent on towns when it was safe to visit them again.

"What about the Sussex Downs?" Josella suggested. "I know a lovely old farmhouse on the north side, looking across toward Pulborough. It's not on the top of the hills, but it's well up the hillside. There's a wind pump for water, and I think they make their own electricity. It's been converted and modernized."

"Desirable residence, in fact. But it is a bit near populous places. Don't you think we ought to get farther away?"

"Well, I was wondering—how long will



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it be before it'll be safe to go into the towns again?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "I'd something like a year in mind—surely that ought to be a big enough margin?"

"I see. Well, if we go too far away it isn't going to be at all easy to get supplies later on."

"That certainly is a point," I agreed.

We dropped the matter of final destination for the moment and got down to working out details for our removal. In the morning, we decided, we would first of all acquire a truck, a capacious truck, and between us we made a list of the essentials we would put into it. If we could finish the stocking up we would start on our way that evening, if not—we would risk another night in London and get away the following day.

IT WAS close to midnight when we had finished adding our own secondary wants to the list of musts. The result looked like a store catalogue. But if it had done nothing else it had taken our minds off ourselves for the evening.

Josella yawned and stood up. "Sleepy," she said. She walked drowsily across the thick carpet. With her hand on the doorknob she turned to smile, and then vanished through the doorway like a mist floating out.

"Never—never again will you see a sight like that," I told myself. And then before I could become utterly morbid, I betook myself to my more modest bed. . . .

I was stretched in comfort on the edge of sleep when there came a knocking at the door.

"Bill," said Josella's voice. "Come quickly, there's a light!"

"What sort of a light?" I asked, struggling out of bed.

"Outside. Come and look."

She stood in the passage wrapped in the sort of garment that could have belonged only to the owner of that remarkable room.

"Good Lord!" I said, nervously.

"Don't be silly. Come and look at the light," she told me, pulling at my arm.

She was quite right. Somewhere, to what I judged to be the northeast of us a bright beam like that of a searchlight pointed unwaveringly upward.

"That must mean there's somebody else who can see," she said.

"It must," I agreed.

I tried to determine where the source of it was, but couldn't decide in the darkness. No great distance away, I was sure, and seeming to start in mid-air, which meant probably that it was mounted on a high building. I hesitated.

"Better leave it till tomorrow," I decided. The idea of trying to find our way to it through the dark streets was far from attractive.

I found a nail file and squatted down with my eye on the level of the window sill. With the point of the file I drew a line in the paint carefully marking the exact direction of the beam. Then I went back to my room.

I lay awake for an hour or more. Night magnified the quiet of the city, making the sounds which broke it the more desolate. Voices rose up from the street, edgy and brittle with hysteria. A wild scream seemed to revel horribly in a final release from sanity. Somewhere there was a sobbing that went on endlessly, hopelessly. Once there was a single sharp shot. I thanked whatever it was that had brought Josella and me together for companionship. . . .

The door opened, and I sat up in sudden alarm. But it was Josella, carrying a candle. Her eyes were wide and dark and she had been crying.

"I can't sleep," she said. "I'm frightened—horribly frightened. Can you hear them?"

She came like a child to be comforted—though I'm not sure that her need of it was much greater than mine.

When I woke up, I could hear Josella already moving about in the kitchen. My watch said half past six. By the time I had shaved uncomfortably in cold water and dressed there was a smell of toast and coffee drifting through the flat. I found her holding a pan over the oilstove.

"Good morning," she said. "Canned milk, I'm afraid, because the fridge stopped. Everything else is all right."

She had banished entirely the ballroom figure of the previous evening and replaced it with a model of practicality. She had chosen a skiing suit of dark blue with white-topped socks rolled above sturdy shoes. On a dark leather belt she wore a finely made hunting knife to replace the feebler weapon I had found the day before. I've no idea how I expected to find her dressed, or whether I'd given the matter any thought, but the sensible quality of the outfit was by no means the only idea in my mind as I looked at her.

"Will I do?" she asked.

"Eminently," I said. "I wish I'd had as much forethought myself. Gents' lounge suiting isn't quite the rig for the job."

"You could do better," she agreed, with a candid glance at my crumpled suit.

"That light last night," she went on, "came from the University Tower—at least, I'm pretty sure it did. There's nothing else noticeable exactly on that line. It would be about the right distance, too."

I went into her room and looked along the line I had drawn on the sill. It pointed directly at the tower. Then I noticed something which settled my doubts. The tower was flying two flags on the same mast. One might have been left hoisted by chance, though no other building was flying flags, but two must be a deliberate signal; the daytime equivalent of the light. When I got back to the kitchen we agreed to throw over our planned program, and make an investigation of the tower the first job for the day.

We left the apartment about half an hour later. As I had hoped, the station wagon, standing out in the middle of the street, had escaped the attention of prowlers, and was intact. Without delaying further we dropped the suitcases that Josella had acquired into the back among the triffid gear, and started off.

Few people were about. Presumably weariness and the chill in the air had told them when evening fell, and few had yet emerged from whatever sleeping places they had found. Those who were to be seen kept more to the gutters and less to the walls than they had the previous day. Most of them held sticks or bits of broken wood with which they tapped their way along the curb.

We threaded our way with little difficulty, and then turned into Store Street to see the University Tower at the end of it rising straight before us.

"Steady," said Josella, as we started down the empty road. "I think there's something going on at the gates."

SHE was right. As we came nearer we saw a not inconsiderable crowd almost blocking the end of the street and seeming to reach to the railings beyond. The previous day had given us a distaste for crowds. I swung right down Gower Street, ran on for fifty yards or so, and stopped.

"What do you reckon's going on there? Do we investigate or clear out?" I asked.

"I'd say investigate," replied Josella promptly.

"Good. So would I," I agreed.

"I remember this part," she added. "There's a garden behind these houses. If we can get into it we ought to be able to see what's happening without getting ourselves mixed up in it."

We left the car, and began peering hopefully into basement areas. In the third we found an open door. A passage straight through the house led us into the garden; there was, oddly, not a triffid to be seen. The place was curiously laid out, being for the most part at the level of the basements and thus below that of the surrounding streets, but on the far side near the university building it rose to a kind of terrace separated from the road by tall iron gates and a low wall. We could hear the sound of the crowd beyond it as a kind of composite low murmur. We crossed the lawn, made our way up a flight of moss-green steps and found a place behind a screen of bushes where we could watch.

The crowd must have numbered several hundred men and women. It was larger than the sounds had led me to expect, and for the first time I realized how much quieter and more inactive a crowd of blind people is than a crowd of the sighted.

Whatever was going on was right at the front. We managed to find a slightly higher mound which gave us a view of the gates across the heads of the crowd. A bare-headed man was talking volubly through the bars. He was not apparently making a lot of headway, for the part taken in the conversation by the man on the other side of the gates consisted almost entirely of negative headshakes.

"What is it?" Josella asked, in a whisper.

I helped her up beside me. The talkative man turned so that I had a glimpse of his profile. He was, I judged, about thirty, with a straight nose and rather bony features. His hair was dark. The notable thing about him was the intensity of his manner.

AS THE colloquy through the gate continued to get nowhere, his voice became louder and more emphatic, though without visible effect on the other. There could be no doubt that the man beyond the gate was also able to see; he was doing it watchfully, through horn-rimmed glasses. A few yards behind him stood three more men about whom there was equally little doubt. They, too, were regarding the crowd and its spokesman with careful attention. The man on our side grew more heated. His voice rose as if he were talking as much for the benefit of the crowd as for those beyond the railings.

"Look here," he said angrily. "These people have got just as much bloody right to live as you have. It's not their fault they're blind, is it? It's nobody's fault—but it'll be your fault if they starve, and you know it."

His voice was a curious mixture of the rough and the educated, so that it was hard to place him. Neither style seemed quite natural, somehow.

"I've been showing them where there's food. I've been doing what I can, but there's only one of me, and there's thousands of them. *You* could show some of 'em where to get food, too; and what're you doing about it? Fact of it is, you're scared—scared to show 'em where the food is. And why? Because the more these poor devils get to eat, the less there's going to be for your lot. That's the truth of it—if you'd admit it."

We could not hear the answer of the other man, but it did nothing to pacify the speaker. He stared back grimly through the bars for a moment, then he said, "All right—if that's the way you want it!"

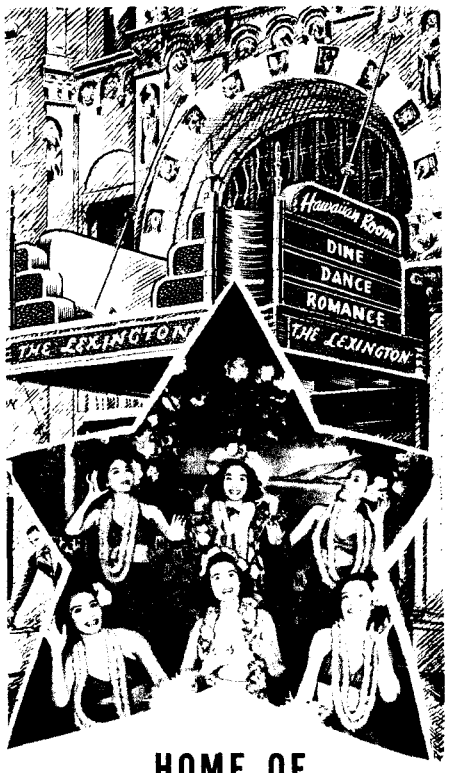
He made a lightning snatch through the bars and caught the other's arm. In one swift movement he dragged it through, and twisted it. He grabbed the hand of a blind man standing beside him, and clamped it on the arm.

"Hang on there, mate," he said, and jumped toward the main fastening of the gates.

The man inside recovered from his first surprise. He struck wildly behind him with the other hand, through the bars. A chance swipe hit the blind man in the face. He gave a yell, and tightened his grip. The leader of the crowd was fumbling with the gate fastening. At that moment a rifle cracked. The bullet pinged against the railings and whirred off on a ricochet.

The leader tensed, undecided. Behind him there was an outbreak of curses and a scream or two. The crowd swayed back and forth as though uncertain whether to run or to rush the gates. The decision was made for them by those in the courtyard. I saw a youngish-looking man tuck something under his arm, and I dropped down, bringing Josella with me as the clatter of a submachine gun began.

*(To be continued next week)*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# Trick and Fancy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

four-year pull on Hale, but the blond boy dwelled on it.

"Did it look all right?" asked Helen mockingly.

"Got a big hand," answered Mills.

"Don't strain yourself," she said angrily.

"Was that your idea?" Mills was looking down at Donnie Hale.

"Listen, Gramps—" Hale got up out of the crouch.

"Hush," Kirby said. "I'm just telling you something. If she keeps doing it, she'll get hurt. So don't pop off."

Hale's face tightened and he stepped forward. Helen got up and between them. She told Kirby not to be so touchy, to have dinner with them. He said no, that he had a date, and her expression altered. She said pardon me, that they might have known the famous Mr. Mills would be booked solid.

AFTER the show, Canady picked Mills up and they drove out to the Deuces, a big, showy gambling club just beyond the city limits. When Canady's sedan rolled up, a guard saluted and waved them by.

Kirby and Port Canady walked past the bar and sat down in the dining room near the door to the gambling rooms. They had a straight drink apiece, and the waiter was putting their first course down when Kirby saw Helen.

She was at the dice table nearest them. When she leaned forward and threw the dice, the crowd around the table shouted. Must have hit a lick, Kirby thought. As the dealer matched her stack, she clapped her hands together and crowed with delight. Donnie Hale was at her elbow, grinning down at her.

"Got a nice blackland farm on the line," said Port. "Those are hundred-dollar chips."

The house man leaned across and said something, but Helen shook her head impatiently. People were drifting over from the other tables. Then a dapper little man in evening clothes eased in beside Helen. He glanced at the four stacks of chips, and explained something politely.

"Snarled up over the limit now," said Canady, with amusement. "Got to be a little palaver."

Helen turned to Donnie, and the blond cowboy reached down and swept her chips off the line. Reddening, she swept them back again. Donnie shouted something, angrily, and when she slapped him it was a flat, final crack.

Kirby Mills eased up and went toward the dice table. In a low voice, asking pardon, he forced his way through the crowd.

"It's my money," cried Helen, "and I'll do what I want with it!"

"Don't be stupid," Hale said, clutching her elbow. "You heard what the guy said."

"She wants to shoot it." Kirby was almost between them. Hale's expression changed from annoyance to rage, and his hand dropped from Helen's elbow.

"The man said—"

"I don't care what the man said." Kirby nodded to the gambler. "Miss Tye wants it faded, Bert."

The gambler looked at Mills. "Sure, Kirby." He motioned and the stick man hooked the dice to Helen. She leaned forward and threw two fours.

"A point eight," chanted the stick man, "and the field's ready. Get your bets down, please."

Helen threw again. Ten. The people who were pressed around the table were quiet and tense. Helen popped the dice together and threw them out. Six-deuce.

"Winner eight," announced the stick man and leaned down to stack Helen's scattered chips.

"Now?" asked Kirby. She nodded and he could feel her trembling beside him. The cash man began to fan century notes off a fat bundle, and the bills made a rustling sound on the green cloth. Mills shuffled the bank notes together, folded them into a wad, and handed them to her. He was moving away when Donnie Hale sledged him with a right fist.

The blow was solid, and it dropped Kirby to his knees. Lights tilted and the humming room dissolved. Then he was shaking his head and pulling himself up. Another blow half turned him, but he had focus now. Donnie's scowling face was ahead, and he put a punch into it.

As the crowd scrambled back, Kirby tasted blood on his lips. Blocking a wild swing, he bored in and hooked Hale in the body. The blond cowboy gasped and paled; he hadn't had enough. He bulled forward again, and Kirby chopped up under his guard viciously.

Kirby's blow had thrown Hale onto the dice table. He was rolling off of it when a squad of house men moved in and grabbed both of them.

"All done?" asked Bert pleasantly.

"For a while." Kirby shook his arms loose and felt his mouth cautiously. It was bloody, but his teeth seemed intact.

"How was it, Gramps?" asked Donnie, his voice tingling with fury.

"Okay," Kirby grinned. "Like to have seen the first one, though."

"You'll get a chance." Hale's chest was heaving. One pocket was torn off his jacket.

Mills nodded. "Any time. You name it."

"Yeah? I heard you were a cowboy once," Hale yelled. "Maybe you'll bet on that?"

"Retired," Mills said, walking away.

"I thought you'd run," shouted Hale. "You're ready to grandstand it when there's someone handy to pull me off you, but—"

Kirby Mills stopped. "Hush," he said.

"I'll hush you," Hale said. "I'll do you the roping, riding, wrestling trick, if you got the guts. For, say five thousand."

It got very quiet in the gambling room. Kirby stood holding a handkerchief to his bleeding mouth. Hale had talked them past an ordinary scuffle now. He had put a hard point on the whole thing.

"All right, champ," Hale sneered. "It's your play."

Mills turned and was about to speak when a new voice spoke.

"Wait a minute!" the voice boomed. Port Canady was standing up at the dining-room table, and Hale wheeled toward him.

"Another bigmouth," shouted the blond boy.

Canady laughed. "If you got to bet, son, why not bog it in? Twenty-five grand says you are a loud-talkin' fool."

The anger drained off Hale's face. Play had stopped on all the tables.

"Who the hell are you?" asked Hale, and the stick man in back of him laughed, as at some private joke. Bert said, from the center of the crowd, that he would be glad to cash Mr. Canady's check, in any amount.

"Don't worry," growled Donnie, "I'll get the dough." He turned suddenly and bulled his way out. Canady came forward and joined Helen and Kirby. As the three of them left, the tables were beginning to hum again.

They drove along in silence, except for Canady. The commission man was explaining the unsound state of the cattle business to Helen. Nobody mentioned the bet, and Kirby was staring down at his hands when Helen turned and kissed him on the mouth. It was a fervent, impulsive kiss.

When she released him, Kirby sighed and slid further down in the seat. "I wish you'd make up your mind," he said wearily.

"My boy," shouted Port, "you're asking entirely too much."

WHEN the telephone by his bed rang, Kirby yawned, stretched, and flinched. Port Canady was at the other end of the line, brusque and businesslike. He said that Hale had deposited eighteen thousand dollars with Bert Whelan, the gambler. The rodeo officials had agreed to a match competition, to be held during the show. Would Kirby's knee hold out?

"Seems like a fine opportunity to find out." Mills stretched and winced again.

"Maybe not," Canady said. "Be in Doc Layton's office at ten o'clock. You got X rays?"

"The ones they took in Calgary." Mills groped for his watch. "I'll take 'em with me."

"Okay. If the doc passes you, it runs in three events. Roping on Sunday, riding on Monday, and the bulldogging on Tuesday. Regular association rules, winner take all. That all right?"

"Fair enough. Thanks, Port." Kirby hung up and went into the bathroom. His lips were still swollen. His whole face had a lopsided look. Won't hardly need any make-up today, he thought. Look real clownish already.

Dr. Layton made a brief examination of the knee, his fingers probing the red scar lines. Then he withdrew the X-ray pictures from the big Manila envelope. While Kirby waited, he looked them over carefully.

"Mr. Mills," he said finally, "you've got a fine result for such a bad break. But hurt it again and you will have a very bad leg."

"I see." Mills juggled his flat-brimmed hat. "Would it take routine punishment?"

Dr. Layton shrugged. "Walking to an office, up and down stairs, yes. But you're a rodeo performer, aren't you, Mr. Mills?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then the answer is no." Kirby got up and the doctor shook hands with him. When the cowboy asked how much he owed, Layton said Port Canady had instructed him not to accept any Mills money. But would it be all right if he brought his boys around, after one of the shows? Kirby grinned and said sure, he'd let them ride his trick burro.

"My family will consider that the most satisfactory fee I ever earned," said Dr. Layton solemnly. . . .

Mills was back on the show grounds, making up for the matinee, when Helen Tye walked into the tack room. As her reflection appeared on the mirror, Kirby braced himself. "Afternoon," he said, adjusting his putty nose.

"Of all the dirty, sneaking tricks." She stamped a booted foot and the dust motes clouded. "Why did you ask the arena director to drop my finale trick?"

"I didn't." Mills fitted on the wig. "I just said that if you kept doing it I was pulling out of the show. Ben decided that I was more of an attraction than you are."

"You louse," she said, angrily. "Last night you were wonderful. And now today you ruin my routine, cut out the only trick they clap for. Even Griffin doesn't do it."

"Look," said Kirby, turning to face her, "Griff can do that trick. He's the best trick rider that ever lived. Maybe you don't know it, but his brother got killed doing the over and under. So don't talk foolish."

She was past reason or persuasion. Rage had made her blue eyes smoky.

"And you're making a fool out of yourself with Hale," he continued harshly. "You're a big girl, and a pretty one. But Donnie killed a man in California last year, in a poker-game fight. The grand jury no-billed him, but it was murder just the same."

"And you weren't the same way once?" she shouted. "Just as wild as Donnie?"

"All right," said Mills patiently. "But I promised your dad I'd keep an eye on you—"

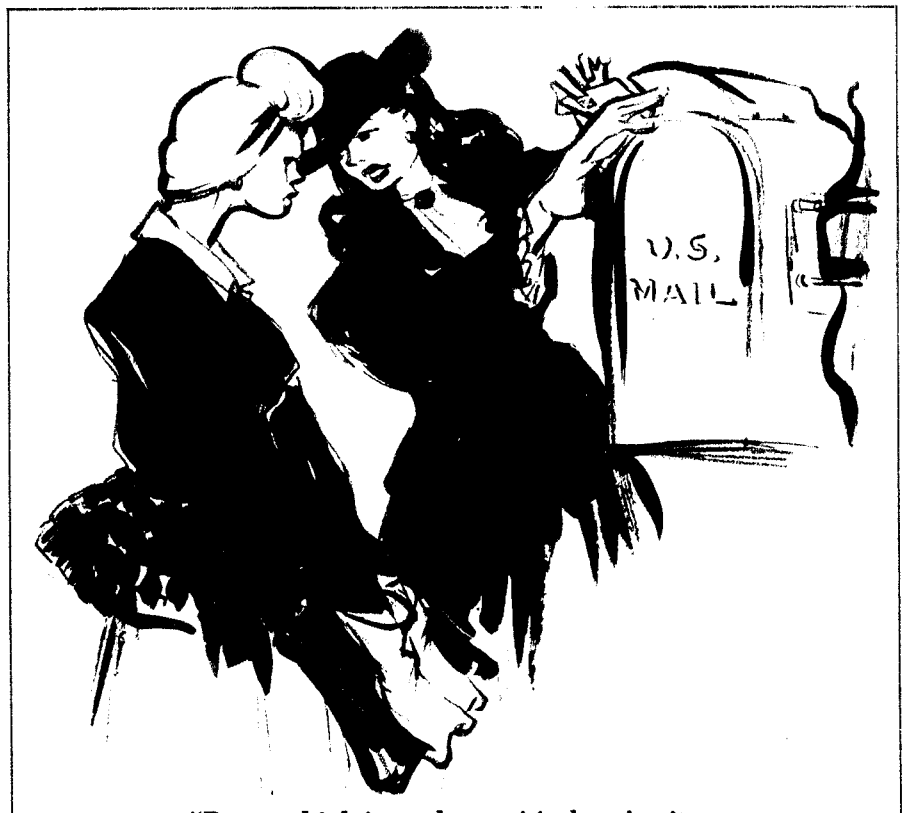
"Do it at a distance then, Galahad," she said, and stormed out of the tack room.

Kirby took a last look at his make-up in the mirror. Very funny, he thought, very funny.

A ROPING horse has a way of working; a rider has a special way, too. Between them, the two must co-ordinate their operation, by long practice, until it is flawless. Swinging up on Bo Hilliard's bay, Kirby felt slightly uneasy. The bay was a good roping horse, but he did not know it, and it did not know him. The coliseum was packed, and a steady hum floated over the crowd.

"Your attention, please!" blared the overhead speakers. "This is a special match event, a calf-roping contest between Kirby Mills, former international champion from Sweetwater, Texas, and Donnie Hale from Cheyenne, Wyoming. This event is the first of three for a side purse of $36,000, and the winner takes it all."

Kirby settled his hat firmly and leaned down to check his ropes and stirrups. Patting the bay on the neck, he pushed the crowd into the back of his mind. The flag-




COLLIER'S

**"Do you think it was hypocritical to sign it 'sincerely' when I've been lying to him?"**

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



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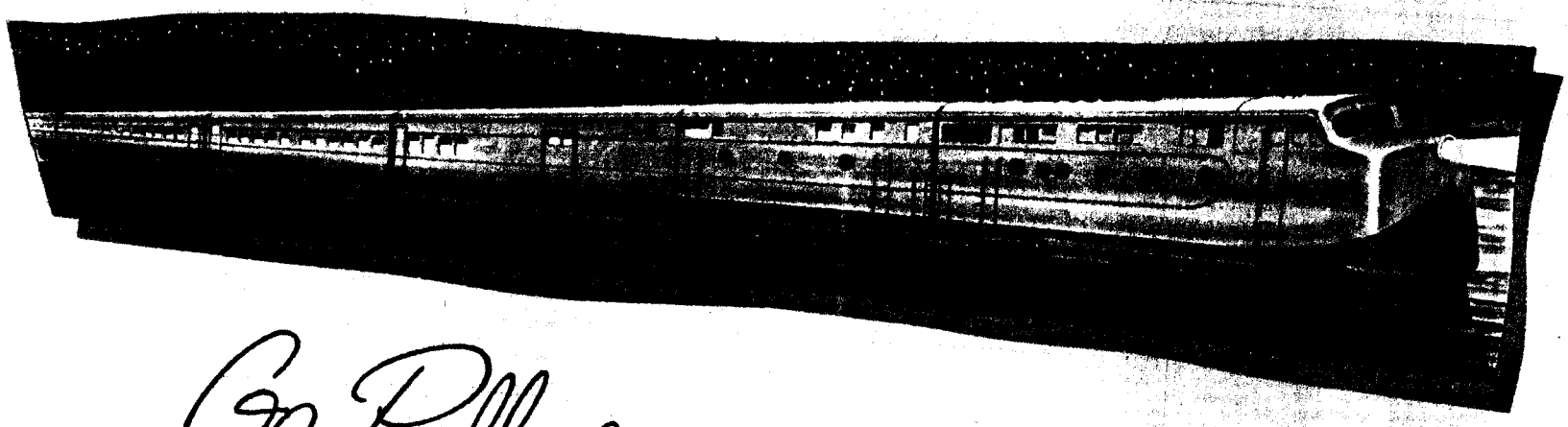

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man whipped his arm down and Kirby felt the horse unwind beneath him.

It was a dun calf, legging for the far end. The bay stretched out and Kirby snatched the right rope free. He was leaning forward, on his toes in the stirrups, when the calf swerved. Mills jerked the horse over and flipped the loop out. It flared ahead of the running calf, and Kirby braced himself as the horse took root. Swinging out of the saddle, he took the jolt of landing on his good leg and went running down the rope. The bay was backing slowly, keeping the line taut. Good horse, thought Mills, and went hustling on.

The calf had soared and landed in a solid flop when it reached the rope's end. Now it was struggling up, bawling plaintively, Kirby reached out with both hands and flanked it hard. As he knelt, one of the kicking legs caught him in the face. Cursing, he gathered three of the legs in, and snapped the tie rope on. His hands whirled in a smooth, circular motion, and then flew up.

The trussed calf flopped over and the judge waited to see if the tie would hold. It did, and cheering washed down into the arena. Kirby snaked his rope in and stood by the neck of the bay horse. He was groggy from the kick in the face and blood was streaming down his right cheek. Not very fast, he thought, fifteen, maybe sixteen, seconds. He was riding out when the horns announced his time as fourteen and three tenths seconds.

He was sprawled in the tack room, letting Shorty wash the laceration with alcohol, when a moderate burst of applause floated through the barns. A few seconds later, Bo Hilliard stuck his head in to announce that Hale had missed his first throw, and had taken twenty-one seconds.

"That's one, Kirb," said Shorty, mopping at the cut. "Twelve thousand bucks' worth."

Mills nodded, his face still tight. . . .

The next day, watching Donnie Hale edge down into the chute, Kirby remembered all the bad horses he had sat on, all the falls he had taken. It was disquieting to recall how an improperly handled mount could kill or maim a rider. He wondered if Hale knew that yet. But maybe the unexploded horse he was settling down on was good for just another ride.

"Turn this crowbait loose," barked Hale. The slatted gate swung open, and for a full second nothing happened. The young cowboy sat tensed, with his head lowered, and the shaggy horse stood braced and trembling. Then Hale's boots raked forward impatiently, and that did it.

THE bronco came out with a lunge. Tufts of dusty hair floated from its flanks as the spurs ripped a savage path. Hale's head jolted when the stiffened forelegs came down; it was a mean horse, trying hard. It sunfished and whirled and hopped; it pitched high. Donnie kept raking it with his spurs, and his free arm swung like a jerky metronome. The crowd heated up and war whoops broke loose. Good ride, thought Kirby. Hell of a good ride.

When the buzzer sounded, Hale rode the black horse right through it, as though he intended to ride the animal into complete subjection. The pickup men closed in and one of them jerked the bronco's head up. Donnie swung both legs free and vaulted over the rump of the other pickup man's horse. It was a circus finish to a circus ride, and the smoky air rolled with the solid shouting.

Kirby Mills dropped his cigarette and stepped on it. I can't beat that one, Junior, he thought. Still you had to take your turn when the price was twelve thousand dollars a ride, so he reached up for the top slat. Slowly he eased down on the horse, his left hand clutching the halter rope.

"All right," he murmured, and the chute swung open. The horse broke, viciously at first, but after that it wasn't really turning anything on. Kirby set his jaw and tried to kick its ribs in, but it mostly ran instead of pitching. When his ride ended, the applause was perfunctory and Kirby stalked out of the arena without lifting his hat. That does it, he thought grimly. Now everything rides on the steer wrestling tomorrow. One of the squatting cow hands called out, "Good ride, Kirby," but since they both knew better, Mills walked past him without answering. . . .

It was only a few minutes until pay-off time. Kirby snugged an elastic support around his knee, pulled on his pants, and then glanced up at Shorty. The stocky man was circling him like a bird dog, insisting that it was no contest, that Hale was not in his class. Since Shorty was both partisan and drunk, Kirby was not paying much attention to him.

"How much time?" he asked. Shorty peered lengthily at his pocket watch and said only a couple of minutes. Kirby was turning toward the door when Helen Tye came in, advancing hesitantly.

"Hi, Kirby." She did not seem sure of herself. He nodded and hitched on his gloves.

"Your leg be all right?" she asked.

"It's big money," he answered not smiling. "For a lot of money, I take a lot of chances."

"And that's all?"

Mills swore softly. "Have we got to start that again?" he asked. "Remember, I'm the guy that was butting into your business."

She seemed about to cry. Eyes filling, she stood up suddenly. "Good luck," she murmured. Shorty said solemnly that she was real neighborly to drop by, and Helen spun and went stamping out the door.

Mills moved toward the door and Shorty trotted after him. The cowboy kept hunching his shoulders, working the tension out of them.

The arena gateway was clogged with standees. Mills walked past them and saw Bo Hilliard sitting up ahead. Bo was slouched sideways across a ewe-necked mare, holding the reins of the bay. That sight helped.

"We drew a big scoundrel," said Hilliard morosely. Mills nodded and swung up on the bay. They sat there together, watching, as Hale's name was called and the blond boy came stampeding into the ring on a paint horse.

When they turned his steer loose, Hale closed fast. His hazer was working well, keeping the steer pocketed between the two horses, and Donnie leaned down. He was nearly out of the saddle when the steer suddenly slackened. Hale straightened up, and even in the back rows they could hear his flat cursing. Jerking the paint almost off its feet, he swerved and caught the steer against the wall. Then he plunged out of the saddle in a headlong dive.

It was a dangerous catch. His fingers barely reached the horns, but he hit the ground in possession of the steer's head. Heels jolting up plumes of tanbark, he dug in to a halt. One hand crossed over the muzzle, and he levered sharply, back muscles rippling under his maroon silk shirt. The steer's head turned and turned, and the crowd was silent. The bulk of the animal slowly followed its creased neck, and it flopped over.

"Time for Hale," boomed the speakers, "twelve and eight-tenths seconds."

It was good time. Donnie remounted and cantered out, holding his hat aloft. Mills kicked the bay forward and rode into the arena. Uncovering, he whirled back to line up by the chute. Glancing across to see that Hilliard was set, Kirby nodded.

"Turn him loose," he said. The steer bolted out and both men lashed at their horses. Mills leaned forward, launched himself, and fell toward the horns. Like Donnie's catch, it was too soon. All Kirby got was a grip on the right horn, and a shock of pain when his legs jolted to the ground. He was caught there, stranded, with an insecure grip on the horn tip.

The steer turned on him, and Mills took his matador's step and let it by, grabbing at the other horn. But he could not stop the forward rush. The steer lunged ahead and the cowboy jammed his heels into the tanbark frantically. No good. Kirby took a better grip, and when they plowed into the wall, the knee popped like a castanet.

Then he forgot them all, forgot Donnie and Helen and Port and the huge watching crowd. A crazy rage at his impaired skill overwhelmed him, and he deliberately set his weight on the ruined knee and twisted savagely at the horns. The steer's head turned until it was at full right angles with the braced legs. The stunned animal went over slowly, and the crowd let out a great roar. As the lights blurred and the shouting dwindled, Kirby knew that his time had been under ten seconds.

THE antiseptic smell worked through the darkness and wrinkled his nose. He opened his eyes. Drowsiness was still on him, and his right leg felt numb; there was a heated pressure that meant a cast was drawing snug. It was still night and when he pulled the light cord, a cone of brilliance flared around his head.

Donnie Hale was lounging in the shadows, against the far wall. He looked as if he might have been there for some time. Helen Tye was sitting beside him, and both of them were watching Kirby. Come for my blessing, no doubt, he thought, and closed his eyes again. Fine Havana smoke filtered in through the hospital smells, so he knew Port must be there too. Turning his head, he saw the commission man by the window, a bulky silhouette.

"What is it, a wake?" said Mills sleepily.

"Not yet." Canady moved forward and stood by his shoulder. "Although you tried."

"What'd they do to it?"

"Fused it." The news was bad, and Canady said it out straight.

"Stiff?"

"You can ride in parades," said Port angrily, "if somebody helps you up." The room was quiet, but outside in the hall, urgent footsteps pattered by.

"What the hell," said Kirby, "I can be a judge, or an arena director."

"Sure," answered Canady huskily, and clapped his hat on. "I'll see you tomorrow." He walked around the end of the bed hurriedly, and out of the room.

Donnie Hale hitched away from the wall and approached the bed. He was looking down at the hat in his hands. "I'm sorry about it," he mumbled.

"No need," said Kirby. "After you get off the prod, you'll be a top hand. Now how about taking Helen and leaving. I feel kind of lousy."

Hale backed away, shaking his head gloomily. "You're kind of stupid, Champ," he said. "Nobody takes her any place. She just goes places." He went out of the room as if someone had shoved him.

She had not moved or spoken. Kirby waited, with the blood hammering at his temples, but she did not stir in the big chair. He jerked the light cord and the room was dark, except for the windowed square of moonlight.

"Does it hurt much?" she asked quietly.

"Not now." Mills shifted his weight cautiously.

He did not hear her move, but suddenly she was there. Her cool hands were on the back of his neck, and then she kissed him on the mouth. It was an unbelievable warmth, and tension flowed out of him in a rush. She laughed and leaned over him, elbows propped on either side of him.

"You intend to marry me?" she asked conversationally. He did not answer, only smiled at the ceiling. When she kissed him again, he disregarded the cast, sat up and grabbed her. The nurse came in noiselessly to make a check, stared through the dimness, and went back out to the hallway. She was flourishing her thermometer like a baton and humming to herself. THE END

**SISTER**

COLLIER'S

"Some man stopped in to see you. He's in the living room"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN



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# The One Behind Him

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

and began to weep, calling his wife's name. "Latifa, oh, Latifa!" he said over and over again.

Inspector Chafik's expression combined pity and disgust.

"Shock has unbalanced him," he said to Abdullah. "However, he certainly saw somebody, or something, behind the man he met on the stairs. Did you search well?"

"Diligently, sir."

"Who occupies the apartment across the way?"

"Nobody; not now." The sergeant referred to his notes. "One named Zada lived there and was dispossessed for nonpayment of rent."

Inspector Chafik searched the card index of his brain. The dossiers of citizens of Baghdad passed in review, documented, cross-referenced; the little man rarely had to consult his filing cabinets at headquarters.

He announced, "Zada, Michael.' Young. Good family. Disinherited. Volatile and unpredictable. A painter."

"Of houses?" asked Abdullah.

"Portraits," said Chafik.

The sergeant was shocked. "It is written one shall not make a likeness of that which God formed from clots of blood. This Zada is not a true Moslem."

"Secular, not holy law, is our concern." Chafik pinched his underlip, a sure sign of vexation, and then complained, "I should have been told about Zada. I detest faulty records. When was he dispossessed?"

"Some time ago, sir. I examined the door of the apartment when I searched for the alleged second man. There is untouched dust on the knob; also within the keyhole."

"Nevertheless, you should have unlocked the door. One does not surmise—not in our work."

The sergeant looked at the door and wondered if the Inspector thought a man could have passed through the very solid panels. Wisely, he said nothing; the thin face of his superior had hardened—had become like a bronze mask, and Abdullah sent hurriedly for the caretaker of the building and the key.

Dust fell from the jamb as the door was opened. There was only one room, a studio, and it echoed with the sound of the wind beating with fists of sand. The air was long imprisoned, stagnant.

CANVASES were stacked against the walls and Chafik paused to admire them. Soon he was disturbed. Boldness of line and brutality of color said Zada found no gentleness in life, and his lack of balance was a pity—he was so obviously talented.

He does not paint, he begets, the Inspector thought. Surely these canvases are as sons to Zada. "Or mistresses," he added aloud, and grimly, looking at a picture on the wall.

The identity of the model was unmistakable; here was Talabani's wife dissected by Zada's art. He showed her shallow soul, her false smile.

"A mistress, yes—but he discovered what she was," Chafik interpreted.

An exclamation from Abdullah took his attention from the canvas. The sergeant was staring at the floor, where a layer of sand, which had filtered through the ill-fitting windows, made a thick carpet.

Two rows of footprints crossed it, one coming to the door, the other going tiptoe to a screen at the back of the room. The prints had been made within the hour.

"Merciful and Compassionate One—!" Abdullah began.

"Jinn," Inspector Chafik told him, "have been defunct these many years in Baghdad."

He darted at the screen and threw it down. Looking at the man who crouched behind it, he shook his head, and said, "Unfortunately for you, Zada, you lack the jinni's power of invisibility!"

The young man was tall, lean, and defiant. He plunged for the door, but they dragged him back, and Abdullah cuffed him into submission.

"His head," Chafik said mildly, "is not a tennis ball."

Zada, who had been forced into a chair, wept with anger, not fear. His eyes were large, brilliant; strangely remote, yet watchful. He was unkempt and the dirt of the alleyways where he had slept clung to his clothes. When he raised a hand to wipe his face, they saw the palm was torn and bleeding.

He said, aware of the interest in his hands, "I slid from the roof by a rope. I slipped—"

"You lie!" shouted Sergeant Abdullah.

THE Inspector, who had gone to examine the windows, interrupted: "He tells the truth. This one has been forced." He looked out and saw a rope dangling.

"This city is a warren," Chafik complained. "One roof leads to another, a prowling place for rapacious tomcats and men."

He lighted a cigarette, stood over Zada, and said, "Tell me why you came here."

"I came for my paintings."

"Lies!" said Abdullah. "All lies. He came for the woman."

Zada said furiously, "Do you think I would risk my neck climbing rooftops after a woman?"

"It is not a novelty to take such a risk," Chafik told him. "Why did you choose this of all nights for your rooftop scramble?"

"Because of the storm. I needed cover for what I had to do."

"To kill a woman?"

The young man stared. "What woman?"

"Your former neighbor," Chafik said softly. "Madame Talabani. She has been strangled."

Zada's expression distressed him; it was a look he had seen too often on the faces of trapped men and he could never wholly harden himself to it.

"Let the guilty find hope in confession, the innocent in courage," he said gently.

Zada stammered, "I have nothing to confess. I came for my paintings. They're my lifework, my blood—but you wouldn't understand. The door was locked and I had to break in by way of the roof."

"The roof, yes. It is also a way to the woman's apartment. We found an open window—"

"You are trying to incriminate me!" shouted Zada. He calmed himself and his round eyes studied the Inspector. "Why should I come here after I'd killed the woman?" he demanded. "Wouldn't I have tried to escape before you had the place surrounded?"

"There was a picture to be removed—an incriminating picture." Chafik suddenly turned the portrait of Talabani's wife to the light. "Not pretty, Zada!" he said. "There is violence here, hate. It tells many things. You were her lover?"

"One of many. She could no more be faithful to me than to her husband."

"When you learned what she was, you painted this?"

"I was going to exhibit it," Zada laughed briefly, bitterly. "You don't believe me. You think I took a deadlier revenge."

Chafik said softly, "The facts weave the pattern. There is Mr. Talabani, who met a man on the stairs and saw another behind him. There is the evidence of the constable who saw one man only leave the house. What, then, happened to the second man?"

"Why ask me?" Zada was defiant.

"You could have been the one whose eyes frightened Mr. Talabani and whose face was vaguely familiar."

"You try to persuade me I committed murder!"

Inspector Chafik frowned. "Persuasion," he said, "is an undulating, hissing word that suggests the serpent. I am not a serpent," he added sibilantly.

"How you hiss!" the young man said pleasantly.

"Enough! Consider the facts, you foolish young man. Let my assistant interpret them." Chafik looked at Sergeant Abdullah.

Abdullah said, in a voice like the creak of the gallows, "The woman was strangled. The window was open. This young man had a motive, also the means of descent at hand—a rope. There is evidence two men were seen on the stairs. One was a stranger. The other—"

"Who was the stranger?" the Inspector prompted.

"Sir, he was another lover who arrived inopportunely. He fled, pursued by accused, who would have killed him if Mr. Talabani had not appeared. Then it was Zada's turn to flee. He escaped by the open window, then lowered himself by the rope to this apartment to recover the picture. He was in haste, slipped, burned his hands on the rope as he has confessed."

"You weave a pattern, Abdullah, yet some of the evidence is circumstantial. I admit there is doubt," Chafik added conscientiously.

"Sir, the doubt in this case is as a grain of sand."

"The scales of justice must weigh even that grain." The Inspector's eloquent hands pantomimed a balance. "We need positive indentification to satisfy the law, and Mr. Talabani remembers only eyes."

Abdullah said, "Surely the Compassionate One has touched that poor man! But the stranger who ran could identify this Zada as the one he ran from." The sergeant shook his head and added gloomily, "If we could find him. A thousand and one strangers from the descriptions given us!"

Chafik said, "Winnow the harvest."

"Sir?"

"The wind of reason will remove the chaff. Look to your notes, Abdullah. How many witnesses say the man has a round chin? How many otherwise? If ten people describe the chin as round, and three as square, then accept the majority view. Repeat the process with each characteristic and you will have a true face. It shall not hide from us in a jungle of confusion," Chafik said sharply.

ABDULLAH detailed two men to help him and read out the descriptions given by the neighbors who had seen Madame Talabani's caller, on this and other visits. The assistants tabulated the data and Abdullah assembled their findings.

Presently he said to the Inspector, "I bring you a face, the face of the stranger who fled into the night."

"Unmask it."

"Sir, the majority of witnesses say he was light-skinned. He has a heavy underlip, a bearded chin. The cheekbones are high, the brows overhang. He wears his dark hair long and is a mature man."

"And the eyes?"

"We are without eyes. I suggest he always looked away from the witnesses. Hence—"

Chafik interrupted: "The face needs flesh. Let us take it to an expert." He went to Zada. "Make me a likeness from this description."

"What! You expect me to prepare the rope for my own hanging?"

"But if this witness fails to identify you, you are cleared," Chafik said insinuatingly. "Perhaps he was on the stairs alone. Perhaps he was the murderer."

Zada took a board, and found a piece of charcoal. "I am trapped," he muttered. "If I refuse, you will say, I am afraid, guilty."

"You are a wise young man," the Inspector told him. . . .

He admired the deft way Zada translated a bald description into expressive line. Rapidly, as the charcoal slashed, the bones were fleshed, meaning was given to characteristics, life breathed into the dust of Sergeant Abdullah's notes.

Suddenly Zada stopped and asked, "Is he blind? Has he no eyes?"

"I forgot the eyes." Chafik quoted Tala-



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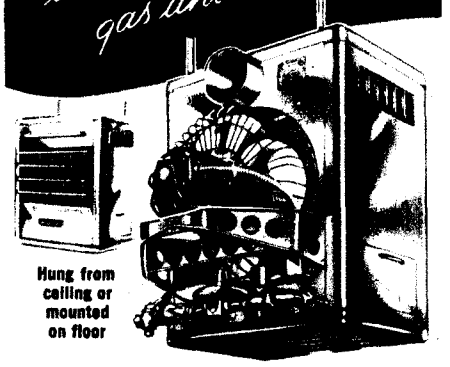


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bani's description: "Large, round like saucers, staring."

"Impossible!"

"Such eyes were seen on the stairs."

"Then they belonged to another man."

"It is only just to warn you—" The Inspector began.

Zada threw the charcoal down. He made violent gestures at the sketch. "Round eyes in such a face? Have you considered the overhanging brows, the high cheekbones?"

"But—" Inspector Chafik tried again.

"Narrow, deep-set perhaps, but never round, never!"

Chafik said regretfully, helplessly, "I tried to warn you. Only one man left this house and you have drawn his face. If these were not his eyes, then whose? Nobody else was up here when Mr. Talabani arrived—only the stranger, yourself and the corpse."

And as he signaled for the young man to be taken away, the Inspector added, "Of course, the eyes of the strangled are also large, round, staring."

CHAFIK sat in his favorite café on Al-Rashid Street, watching a fly struggle in the morass of honeycake on his plate. He had circulated the description of the stranger, ordered copies of Zada's sketch prepared, and now awaited results. He had been waiting twenty-four hours.

"It is all with the stranger," he announced. "Surely he knows who was behind him on the stairs."

The fly on the cake buzzed. Chafik was reminded of Zada, who had also trapped himself, and he pushed the plate away, but the fly went on buzzing helplessly, and finally Chafik took his fork and tenderly released it.

He tried to forget Zada and looked around the café for distraction. There were few patrons; the storm was undiminished, the streets still deserted. Sand fell continuously on Baghdad, smothering the market-gardens of Hinaidi, the palm groves of Karradah, the blue and gold domes of the city's thousand mosques. All was drab.

Drab, thought Chafik, like Mr. Talabani . . .

He wondered if the dead woman's husband would ever know how she had cheated him. There was no sense in telling the man; it would be as wanton as telling a dying miser he had hoarded counterfeit coin.

"This one hoards misery," Chafik said conversationally to a man at the next table.

His old habit had asserted itself; he was voicing thoughts, and he neither heard himself nor was aware he had an audience.

"He soaks it up like a sponge," the Inspector went on.

"I don't understand—" began the bewildered man.

"Even his soul is damp. A spark of passion touching it would be extinguished. Such a pity! He should have killed his wife; he had time before the constable came. But—" Chafik stopped, struck the marble-topped table, and glared at his companion, still without seeing him. "Devil take him!" he shouted. "Why did he have to see two men on the stairs?"

"Two men on the stairs? I don't—"

"You don't believe two men were there? Then what about the other pair of eyes? Large, round, staring eyes. Why was Talabani so terrified?"

Chafik leaned forward and asked confidentially, "D'you think it was the corpse leering over the murderer's shoulder, eh?"

His chance acquaintance got up and went away hurriedly, followed by the Inspector's hollow voice, which announced, "No, not the corpse. I do not believe in perambulating corpses."

This time Chafik heard himself. Embarrassed, he turned to a fly-specked mirror and fidgeted with his tie, trying to remember what he had said.

So I'm back to Zada, he thought. Who else could Talabani have seen behind the man on the stairs? Who else but Zada—

The hand on the tie was suddenly still. Inspector Chafik's swarthy face took on a gray tinge; he stared at himself, opened his mouth, closed it, then opened it again to say, "Merciful God! Suppose—"

There was a harsh jangle from the trip bell over the café door. Wind and sand entered, followed by Sergeant Abdullah.

Abdullah came to the table and said, "Sir, we have the man—"

"The stranger? The one who fled?"

"Yes, sir. He is named Kamil. Mohammed Kamil."

"And he resembles Zada's sketch?"

"It was inspired by the Devil. But I made certain of identification before disturbing you, sir. I rounded up the witnesses who remembered the woman's visitor. All agreed this was the man they had repeatedly seen in the neighborhood."

"He doesn't admit he was the man?"

"To God, perhaps." Sergeant Abdullah's mahogany face became unexpectedly expressive, and he said in a bewildered voice, "They found Mohammed Kamil in an alleyway near the Khasaki mosque. Dead, sir."

"We saved close to $900 last year, dear. Of course, we spent it all"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

Inspector Chafik lighted a cigarette with his usual care, blowing on the dusty tobacco to make it smolder evenly. "Death was by strangulation?" he asked casually.

"It was."

"What else?"

"We have a witness, a beggar who saw the alleged murderer of this Kamil. The description he gives is poor—the sandstorm obscured most details—but he does insist on one point."

"On eyes," Inspector Chafik said, and made it a statement. "He insists they were huge, round and staring, as Mr. Talabani saw them."

"Defend us, yes!" Abdullah exclaimed. Then he added, "It would appear that the grain of doubt concerning Zada's guilt has a mountain's weight. Zada has been in jail since—"

"It would also appear," Chafik interrupted, "that one can dazzle oneself with one's own alleged brilliance."

"Sir?"

"Yesterday I chided you for poor observation, glorified myself by remembering details of the stairway in Mr. Talabani's house. But I did not perceive one detail was the master thread."

HE PUT money on the café table and they went out. The storm was in its final throes; thunder made the buildings rock and soon rain would change the falling sand into showers of mud.

They drove to the Nassah quarter. The constable on duty outside Talabani's house shook his head when Chafik asked if the druggist was home. "He has not returned from the funeral, sir," the man said.

The Inspector nodded, went in, and climbed the stairs. He stopped on the third flight and looked up as Talabani had done the previous night. Conditions were similar—the same dim light at the turn, the same haze of dust which magnified and distorted things.

"My imagination," confessed Abdullah, "is active."

Chafik said, "Then imagine you are Kamil, the lover, and you are face to face with a wronged husband. What is your reaction?"

"Fear, sir. I stop, hesitate, even turn back—"

"Do you speak from experience?" The Inspector patted his assistant's arm. "You will play this part," he said. "We are going to reconstruct what happened here. Presently, when Mr. Talabani returns, I want you to walk down as Kamil did. Do not speak to Mr. Talabani. And do not look behind you."

"No, sir." The sergeant stared up the stairs. "No, sir," he said again, this time less confidently, and then he asked, "There will be one behind me?"

"I shall be with Mr. Talabani and will observe if there is one behind you," Inspector Chafik told him.

Leaving Abdullah, he went down and dismissed the constable guarding the house. The man went off thankfully and Chafik took his place.

Half an hour later, Talabani appeared, walking with his head down to avoid the driving sand, his feet dragging wearily. Twice, in the short length of street, he stopped to rest, and again when he reached the doorway.

As the druggist fumbled with his key Chafik came up behind him and said, "Good evening," in a brisk voice.

He had to repeat the greeting before the man heard him and turned. Talabani had developed a nervous twitch on one side of his gray face. His tear-swollen eyes peered nearsightedly, and finally he recognized the Inspector.

"You should be resting," Chafik chided him. "It is such a long time since the funeral."

"The funeral?" repeated Talabani. He had a blank look and he put a hand to his head. "Ah, yes, I walked after the funeral. I don't remember where I went. Yes, I should have come home. I am so tired, and you are so kind, so kind—"

He allowed himself to be helped, and leaned heavily on the Inspector as they went up the stairs. His breathing was harsh. When they were at the top of the second flight, he stopped and pulled himself free.

"It was here," he whispered, "I saw them—"

"Them?"

"The eyes," Talabani said. He buried his face in his hands and added in a muffled voice, "Such frightening eyes! I still dream about them. If only I could remember whose eyes they were! If only I could remember!"

"You saw them behind the man on the stairs?"

"Yes—yes—behind him—glaring—"

"Come," Chafik said.

He helped the druggist to the first step of the first flight. At that moment, Sergeant Abdullah, alert to his cue, appeared at the bend in the stairway.

The sergeant wore his raincoat draped cape-fashion, and the raised collar muffled his face. When he saw Talabani he backed to the wall as Kamil must have done.

Talabani stiffened, stared.

"No!" he cried in violent protest, and caught at Chafik's arm. "You see him?" he whispered.

"See who?" The Inspector made a pretense of looking.

"Kamil."

"Who is Kamil?"

"My partner, once." Talabani spoke from a trance. His body was still rigid; every muscle was taut, and his pale face glistened with sweat. "Kamil!" he said again. "He cheated me, robbed me—they warned me that he and my wife—"

"You didn't believe it, eh?"

"I didn't believe it."

"But now you know they were right," Chafik said in the firm voice of a hypnotist. "There he is—your wife's lover."

"Her lover! Oh, shameless woman!"

Talabani's body jerked as if it were controlled by a puppet's strings and he started up the stairs, driven by some powerful force. His lips were drawn back, exposing clenched teeth; he moaned like an animal.

Suddenly he stopped, pointed, and shouted, "There! You see them?" He was looking at something behind Abdullah. "The eyes! The eyes!" Talabani howled.

Inspector Chafik, from the step below, also saw them. He took the man by the elbows and maneuvered him past Abdullah, saying roughly, "Yes, look at them! Do you know whose eyes they are now?"

And he halted Talabani before a mirror that hung tilted from the wall at the bend in the stairway. The light shone on the druggist's face, which emerged pale and disembodied from the haze of floating dust.

Talabani looked into a pair of round eyes, the pupils dilated—wide-open eyes glaring with hate. The eyes of a homicidal maniac set in his own gray, frozen face.

In a flicker of sanity he understood and fell back, crying, "God the Merciful, have pity! No! Oh, no!"

THE spark of sanity died and the madman tore from Chafik's grip. He moved quickly, and the hands that closed on the Inspector's throat were no longer soft or flabby. "*My* eyes!" Talabani shouted with triumph.

The wrists, once so weak, now had superhuman strength. Chafik was forced to his knees and could not break the grip. He beat at the maniacal face with ineffectual fists. Talabani's voice came to him as though through a megaphone and he wondered whether the condemned, when the trap was sprung and the noose snatched, also had a last moment of magnified perception.

The madman was saying, "I went up and killed her, the sinful woman! I remember how she looked when my hands took her. I remember how she looked dead. The wind was with me. It tore open the window and shrouded her with sand. My Latifa!"

His grip slackened a little and tears gathered in the staring eyes.

"I buried her. I remembered Kamil, my enemy. He, too, died. What strength my hands have! Yes, I am strong—strong—"

The grip tightened again and pain stabbed Inspector Chafik's neck. Briefly, he was unconscious.

When he recovered he was alone on the step. Above, Abdullah bent over the huddled body of Talabani.

"Three times I hit him!" the sergeant said in wonder, and he showed a clubbed gun. "Three times, sir—and even then I had to break the fingers from your throat!"

Chafik discovered his voice. "He who experiments with gunpowder should not smoke," he announced.

"Sir?"

"I experimented with Talabani and was careless." The Inspector tried to adjust his tie, and winced.

"What led you to suspect him?" Abdullah asked.

"I saw myself in the café mirror. Then I remembered the mirror on the stairs, and all was made clear. Talabani has two personalities—one meek, one violent. The deeds he committed when possessed by violence were not remembered by his everyday self. To make him remember, I had to jolt him back to madness, God forgive me."

Inspector Chafik looked down at the pathetic heap on the stairs.

"A split personality," he said. "A new phrase for a terrifying phenomenon, Abdullah. But I am old-fashioned. I have felt the iron in the limp glove that was the hand of the meek Talabani, and it is clear to me this man is possessed of an old-fashioned devil." THE END



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# The Great Brink's Robbery

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

Lloyd was wearing glasses. Fallon looked around at the other employees. "He didn't take yours," he observed. "Four out of six men in this cage are wearing glasses; yet he took the glasses of the only man who would be blind without them." Fallon sensed a lead. "The man who took Allen's glasses knew his way around here. He knew Allen. He knew you. He knew everybody in this cage. Who was he?"

"I don't know," Lloyd said.

"You must know."

"I couldn't see his face," Lloyd protested. "His voice must have been familiar."

"I don't remember hearing his voice."

### No Clue to Man's Identity

Neither Allen nor the other victim-witnesses in the cage could associate the man who took the glasses with anybody they knew. They could not see his hands. He wore gloves. The way he stood or walked recalled no one familiar to them. Allen's spare glasses were at his home. A messenger was dispatched to get them.

Fingerprint men dusted the vault, the doors of the counting-room cage and the walls by the gunrack. They found no prints. The clues assembled were 32 pieces of white cotton line, used to tie up the employees, and a visored cap found on a moneybag. The label had been torn from it. Only 12 cords were needed. Nobody could figure out why there were 32. Cap and cords were sent to the FBI clinical laboratory; nothing could be learned from them.

At least 1,500 persons lived in the tenements, apartments and flats facing the garage on three sides. It was impossible that heavily traveled streets would be entirely deserted, yet more than 100 men, climbing stairs, ringing doorbells, going into shops and basements, stopping people on streets, could learn nothing. A fast-moving car could not easily go through such streets. Nobody had seen one.

At eight thirty Detective Hazen Chalmers, attached to Division One, reported: "I've got a woman who says she saw a big black sedan parked at the Prince Street door at about six thirty; says she saw six men walk around the corner from the playground adjoining this garage and come in here Indian file. That's all she knows."

"Is she reliable?" Fallon asked.

"I'd say so," Chalmers answered. He had been working in the district for 16 years.

Fallon got the radio dispatcher on the phone. "Stop all cars with six men or more, but be on the watch particularly for a big black sedan."

At eight thirty-five the police messenger returned with assistant cashier Allen's glasses. Fifteen minutes later he made his estimate, and again Fallon called the radio dispatcher to say: "Put it on the air that the Brink's bandits got a million dollars." He listened to the dispatcher's incredulous repetition. "That's what I said—a million dollars." A later, more accurate check upped this to $1,600,000.

Throughout the police force, days off, nights off, leaves and absences were immediately canceled. Dayside men were ordered to night duty at once. Within an hour more than 900 men were fanning out from the garage. The trail still was hot, although broadcasts had reported the robbery, and the bandits no doubt had been warned. Traffic was damming up behind Boston's road barriers. Already complaints were coming into headquarters from doctors, ambulance drivers, shippers trying to make ships and trains. Busses were far off schedule, and in the newspapers, there was the inevitable headline: "Stork Foils Police Net."

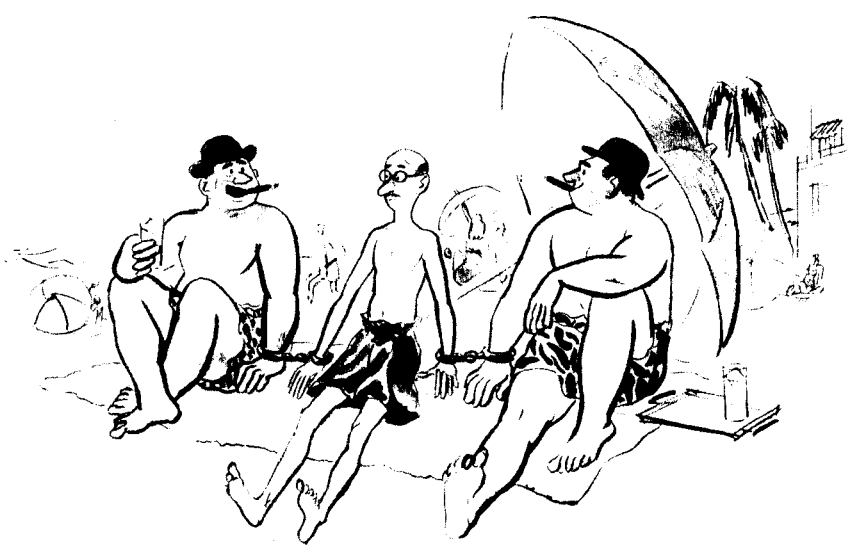
To the east lay the harbor and the Atlantic. Sullivan and Fallon were reasonably confident of the barriers to the south and west. That left the road to the north, not an easy one to trap. Less than 500 yards from Brink's is a high, wide bridge across the Charles River. Once across it, a getaway car could be lost easily in a long series of narrow tributaries leading to Maine and New Hampshire.

### Police Get Plenty of Advice

Never in history was Boston's North End so thoroughly combed; and never did so many policemen receive so much advice from so many interested bystanders. The police went into funeral homes, disturbing mourners and examining caskets. They created panic when they interrupted friendly poker games with the semblance of a raid. They awakened children, poked into dark cellars and cobwebbed attics. Brink's is hard by Copp's Hill Burying Ground, where the gravestones date back to 1659. The tombs were searched.

At midnight the scent was cold. All Brink's employees were then picked up at their homes and taken to police headquarters for exhaustive questioning before stenographers. Police were sure it was an inside job, or an outside job with inside control.

Quick capture had failed. Now began the slow drudgery of isolating suspects among immediate and remote witnesses; of pulling in ex-convicts, parolees, known gangsters, gamblers, racketeers; of going over the file of the Bureau of Criminal Identification for any person charged at



COLLIER'S

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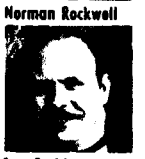

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any time with armed robbery, regardless of court disposition; of questioning, cross questioning, comparing contradictions and inconsistencies, and re-questioning.

Special officers and plain-clothes men accounted for every big black sedan in the North End. Most of them belonged to undertakers. Detectives awakened owners of all costume and joke shops to ask if they could remember selling six or more plastic masks to one customer. None could. As the night wore on, at the Bureau of Criminal Identification, a table was covered with sample masks. Detectives tried them on.

"The eyeholes are too small to see through easily," Deputy Superintendent James F. Daley of BCI was told. "It's like looking through a telescope. You can't wear them over eyeglasses—too tight."

Daley nodded. "If the witnesses are telling the truth, we must find six or seven men between forty and fifty years old, all the same size, height, shape and none wearing glasses. They ought to be as easy to find as a horse in a telephone booth."

### Boston Bans "Third Degree"

Lie detectors are not used by the Boston police. Massachusetts judges won't admit them in evidence. Also, state law prohibits subjecting suspects and witnesses to an overlong or tiring inquisition. They cannot be placed in bright light while questioners remain in the dark. They cannot be browbeaten or badgered. The witness or suspect must volunteer to answer questions; and the stenographic record must show that all of these ideal conditions exist. A suspicious person must be charged or released within a reasonable time. An arresting officer is personally responsible in a civil suit for false arrest, and if judgment is against him he may lose his home, automobile or bank account.

Questioning on the night of the Brink's robbery established that:

(1) Two turrets guarding Brink's main entrance and the passage to the counting room were not manned. Guards off that night had not been replaced.

(2) Floor man William Manter, 22 years a Brink's guard, separated from the six men in the counting room by a white tile wall and unlocked door, had pressed a buzzer during the holdup to ask Allen a question. Getting no answer, he had gone to a part of the garage farthest removed from the counting room to eat the lunch he had brought to work. There was a plate-glass window six feet from the buzzer. If Manter had looked in the window, he would have seen his companions on the floor tied up and the robbers in action. He had not thought it was unusual when he got no answer to his buzz, assuming that they were counting.

(3) There was a passkey missing.

(4) When the counting-room victims removed the tape from their lips, no skin came away with it as it does even with a dry cigarette.

(5) Employees had had a feeling for a week or 10 days that something was going to happen but nobody would get hurt.

(6) A Brink's truck was in the repair shop. It was to ask Allen when it would be returned that Manter had pressed the buzzer.

Daley's questioning at one point went like this: "You say six men came into the counting room?"

"I'm not sure whether there were six or seven."

"Well, six or seven," Daley resumed. "Anyway, they came up two flights of stairs. They walked through a corridor, through five rooms and opened five doors with a passkey, and you didn't hear them. They didn't make a sound?"

"That's right."

(A Boston detective sat in the room during the same hour the following night and could hear the clock tick.)

"You can describe only two?"

"Those were the two in front; the guys with the guns."

"But they all had guns, you said?"

"They did. But the two in front are the ones who stay in my mind. All I can tell you is what I remember."

Daley said, "There were six of you in the cage and you were caught with your pants down. You didn't have your guns. You made up this story about six or seven men to make it look as if you were overpowered. I don't blame you for trying to save your jobs."

"I saw six men," the witness answered. "I'm not kidding."

"Why don't you come clean?" Daley persisted. "This is an inside job. It sticks out all over. Somebody in that cage was working with these guys. Who is it?"

"Nobody was working with them. We're honest. None of us would take a wrong dime. Look! It's three o'clock in the morning. I'd like to get some sleep."

"You can go home. We'll talk later."

A canvass of manufacturers, jobbers, wholesalers and dealers in novelties showed a total distribution of 1,400 plastic and rubber masks of the type described and a sale of 300 within the area in four months. Tracing them was abandoned as hopeless. Pea jackets as clues led nowhere. Army and Navy surplus stores were heavily stocked with them.

Within 48 hours after the robbery, 12 moneybags found here and there were turned over to police. Moneybags are used in business as commonly as milk bottles in households, and for purposes just as varied: carrying skid chains, tools, small parts, toys, blocks. As clues they proved worthless.

Brink's president, John D. Allen, offered $100,000 for the gunmen dead or alive. To this Brink's insurer added 5 per cent of the money recovered. The offer, broadcast and publicized from coast to coast, created overnight a strange plague.

Fiction writers, professional and amateur sleuths, radio detectives, junior G-men and hunch-workers poured into the city by plane, train and bus. Boston itself spawned a phenomenal number of them. They got underfoot and in the hair of hard-working detectives and uniformed police. Headquarters received more than a hundred calls an hour, local and long-distance. Telegrams began to arrive and, in the days following, the first sacks of what turned out to be 10,000 pieces of mail. Everybody had a theory and wanted to get it into the hands of police, apparently with a time-postmark—as though this were a radio contest.

To add to police discomfiture, the crime they were trying to solve became a national joke—a natural for radio and TV comics.

The ribbing from the side lines went like this: "Did you hear what Arthur Godfrey said: 'Why do I work so hard at this job for the money I get? Why don't I just go up to Boston and get a pea jacket and mask?' That guy kills me. He says: 'If the gunmen are going to Miami, they'd better go back and get the rest of the Brink's dough. They'll need it.' "

Police felt that critics and comics had confused their targets. Guarding Brink's money was not the responsibility of the Boston police, but of Brink's armed guards. City cops felt they were now called upon to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for a private protective agency, although they placed no blame on Brink's guards, admitting that any policeman might be caught without a gun in his hand.

Every robbery is the result of (1) carelessness, (2) transient or planned opportunity, or (3) is an inside job. At least two such factors were present in the Brink's holdup.

On the count of carelessness, Boston police made these findings:

(1) Access to Brink's was inadequately guarded.

(2) As a depository for $5,000,000, the amount on hand that night, the garage did not measure up to Brink's standard in other cities.

(3) The grille separating money and the employees handling it from those who came in the outer door was little stronger than chicken wire. A policeman of ordinary strength was able to tear it apart.

(4) The grille was too low. A policeman of average height could reach over it or vault over it.

(5) The catch on the door to the money enclosure was an ordinary lift-hook type—easy to reach from the outside.

(6) A finger alarm button was three feet away from the nearest employee. There were no invisible foot-operated or kick alarms.

(7) There was no standard drill routine among employees to be put into operation in an emergency.

(8) Bills of all denominations in straps, packages and buckets were piled on the floor in the manner of hastily delivered merchandise. Sacks of bills were stacked like bags of flour. The paper alone in millions of dollars was a fire hazard in a garage in which hundreds of gallons of gasoline were stored.

In the second factor, transient or planned opportunity, the first qualification was eliminated. This was not the work of a group of adventurers passing by in a black sedan suddenly seized by an impulse to hold up the place. They planned it that way. They knew all about the garage, its employees and their habits. They dressed for it. Without Halloween masks and with side arms showing, they might have passed for Brink's employees. Pea jackets of a lighter hue and visored caps are the customary wearing apparel of drivers and guards. Their appearance and the manner in which they executed the job were consistent with the theory that it was done by men, or plotted by a man, who studied the depot from the inside—not the outside.

COLLIER'S

**"It's impossible to be romantic with him . . . did you ever try to run your fingers through a crew cut?"**

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

### Passkey Theory Challenged

The victims told police during their questioning that the leader of the gunmen had a passkey to open all five doors. Captain John D. Ahern of the special service squad reported after an examination of the premises that in the presence of head cashier Thomas Lloyd he had picked all five locks easily and silently with an ordinary nail file. He ordered Lloyd to install new locks. Lloyd did install new locks. The following day Captain Ahern returned to Brink's, picked all five new locks easily and silently with an ordinary nail file—and this time ordered Lloyd to install locks that could not be picked.

When the first audit showed that Federal reserve money and veterans' checks were among the loot, J. Edgar Hoover's ace trouble shooter Myron G. Gurnea (who half a year later was to lose his life in a drowning accident) flew to Boston. Within the next several hours, 75 to a 100 FBI men converged upon Boston and Brink's. Within 18 hours after the holdup the FBI, state, Metropolitan District and Boston police, and the separate departments of 19 cities and towns in the metropolitan area, were at work on the case—about 8,000 men in all.

Bank and currency experts figured that if the bills and silver coin taken were approximately equal to the average Tuesday collection, the loot could be packed, expertly into not less than 16 cubic feet of space and would weigh at least 350 pounds. Treasurers of the Rockingham and Suffolk Downs race tracks told police that chiefly because of its bulk it took guards at parimutuel windows an hour to an hour and 15 minutes to load an equal sum in the take. The gunmen loaded it in 20 minutes. The black sedan was chalked off as a false clue. It had to be a truck.

Commissioner Sullivan asked the FBI for a record of any serial-numbered bills the Federal reserve bank might have on shipments consigned to Brink's. It was



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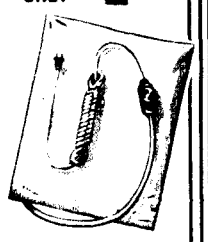

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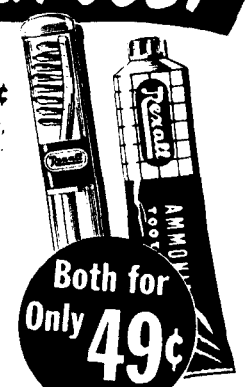


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**Stag Brushless Shave Cream,** Jumbo tube . **49¢**
**Stag Shave Cream,** Coolated or Bay Rum . . **39¢**
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furnished and published, but accounted for only $90,000. Meantime, Sullivan fell back on standard police practice. He ordered all known gangsters, racketeers, numbers-pool operators, probationers and ex-convicts picked up for questioning.

Police vans rolled up to headquarters with cargoes of hard and shady characters, from the well-dressed and well-heeled to those in leather jackets and overalls. Each had an ironclad alibi. One phenomenon to police was the complete absence of stool pigeons and tipsters. Ordinarily, with even a fraction of such a reward as bait, informers would be tripping over themselves to get to the police.

Instead Boston's underworld was in a dither. They were just as anxious as the police to find out who did the Brink's job. From their point of view, the robbery was one of the worst calamities to befall them in years. They were sure no gangster in the city had the imagination to conceive or the brains to organize and carry through such a raid. Boston gamblers and numbers-pool operators are allergic to murder, armed holdups and gunplay; spectacular crimes are bad for the gambling business.

### Manhunt Panics Racket Boys

The Boston branch of the national gambling syndicate accounts for the take of the entire northeast. The police blitzkrieg following the Brink's holdup cost the syndicate from a quarter to a half the total of the Brink's loot. The blue-coated and plain-clothes locusts swarming from Brink's garage created panic. Horse rooms were closed up, wires and telephones ripped out. Numbers-pool agents and bookies were afraid to work; a cop might be at their elbows any minute. Coin and slot machines, one-arm bandits of all kinds, expensive gambling equipment had to be moved quickly and hidden. Racket boys wanted on such charges as nonsupport skipped town. The paradox was an astonishing one. The usual quarry of the police became its most potent ally. They, too, wanted to turn in the Brink's gunmen—to shut off the heat.

All 35 trucks in Brink's fleet were examined, some partly dismantled to see whether the money was in the spaces between the inner and outer bulletproof shells. Special treatment was given the truck in the repair shop to make sure it was not used that night. Painters and tin-knockers who worked on it were examined; 114 employees and former employees were interviewed. The testimony of witnesses filled 1,300 pages.

Hotels, pawnshops and jewelers are covered regularly by beat detectives in Boston, just as subways, train, bus and plane terminals are covered by the pickpocket squad. To these was added on the day after the holdup a special squad of men who were assigned to furriers, specialty shops and department stores to watch for flash money.

An innocent and unoffending driver of a newspaper circulation truck, who told a white lie, was caught in the web and was rushed to police headquarters. So far as his family was concerned, he had been working that night—driving a truck that could ride freely through the barriers. When a group of his companions showed up sheepishly at police headquarters, protesting that they did not want him to be locked up on their account although he would probably have to face the music at home, it was revealed that he had been shooting craps with them. A woman who tried to change a $100 bill in a corner store spent a bad three hours with police.

Two detectives working in separate teams found three persons, unknown to one another, who had seen a truck parked at the entrance to the garage that night. Separately, they were shown illustrations in color of all makes of models; each picked a 1949 Ford truck with rack body. Such a truck had been reported stolen from the lot of a Commonwealth Avenue auto dealer three months earlier.

Three weeks after the holdup, two children playing on Mystic Shore Drive beach in Somerville, five miles from the garage, picked up a pair of unloaded revolvers. They played cops and robbers, destroying whatever fingerprints, if any, were on them. When they got home that night, Michael Ciampa showed his gun to his hairdresser father, who forthwith gave his son a lecture, opened a rear door, tossed the revolver in the general direction of a rubbish barrel, and missed. Patrolman William Heafey, making his rounds, found it at two o'clock in the morning.

Tony Pagliuca's father reacted much the same way, except that to make sure that no other child would pick up a real revolver, he tried to shatter it with an ax before throwing it in the rubbish barrel. The sanitary department emptied the barrel after a regular collection and it could never be found again. The serial number of the gun picked up by Patrolman Heafey was teletyped to all departments.

The local press and radio played up the finding of the gun with this result: Genuine and pseudo private detectives, an invading army of treasure hunters and thousands of curious—certain that the Brink's loot was hidden in Somerville—descended on the city in everything from chauffeur-driven limousines to jalopies and motorcycles, as well as by streetcar and bus. Men in fur-lined coats rubbed shoulders with men in denims, speculatively inspecting lines of tenements. Smartly dressed women walked, bright-eyed and intense, through alleys where normally they would shudder to find themselves.

Treasure-trove traffic became a greater problem to Somerville than the Brink's case. Flagrant trespassers were everywhere. Utter strangers were walking through apartment houses and dwellings, prowling in cellars. Residents locked their doors and found the hunters coming through windows; then they locked the windows. Private garages were jimmied open. The treasure fever got so bad that the people of Somerville stayed indoors and would not permit their kids on the streets.

Children at play and on their way to and from school were stopped by strangers. An eight-year-old boy complained to a traffic cop: "Two guys came up to me and Eddie and asked us if we found anything down by the river. We said no. They said we better not lie to them 'cause they were private detectives; but they weren't private detectives. One had pimples on his face. So we ran away."

The owner of a house hard by the Charles River had this to say: "If you drop a dime and stop to pick it up, you can start a riot. A couple of hundred people will rush you to see what you've found, and if they don't trample you to death, they'll push you into the river."

City and state police began interviewing every Somerville resident. The Army and Navy furnished mine detectors and salvage barges with powerful electromagnets. High-power floodlights illuminated the river. All the metal ever dumped into it was pulled out—but no more guns. The FBI crime lab could do very little with the one it had.

### Found in a Car Graveyard

On a bitter cold day two months after the holdup, John Gonzales, owner of an automobile graveyard and licensed to pick the dump in Stoughton, 16 miles south of Boston, made a find. At the bottom of a ravine of cinders, ashes and trash, he came across new metal cut into small pieces with an acetylene torch. He knew it had not been there the day before, recognized the gears, head lamps and parts of an automobile and, from the nature of its dismemberment, concluded it must be the hottest car in the world.

Alec Revnoff, son of the owner of the dump, ordinarily shoves rubbish into the ravine in a bulldozer one morning a week. There was plenty of it on hand, because Stoughton was in the middle of a "clean up and paint up" drive. But it was too cold that morning to operate; too cold to get the bulldozer started. Had it not been for the cold snap, Alec would have covered up the junk—and the cut-up car.

Every letter and number on motor and chassis had been burned out, every identification mark had been obliterated. It was a craftsmanlike, thoroughgoing job but for one little mistake—a chalk mark on a key plate that could have been erased by a wet sponge or damp cloth. It was the stolen truck.

A wartime instructor in welding at Norfolk Prison Colony thought he recognized his welding-school technique. It looked like the work of the Norfolk Prison Torch Boys, who made quite a name for themselves after the war here and there, particularly in cutting up safes and vaults. Out of 300 convicts who had learned the trade there, 35 were accounted for in jails and penitentiaries; five were in legitimate business. This left 260 to be traced, a monumental drudgery in detection.

COLLIER'S **"I'm expecting to bump into someone accidentally and I'd like to look sort of radiant"** LEONARD DOVE

Dr. Willen J. Pinard, Boston University psychologist, reasoned this way:

"Sudden acquisition of $1,600,000 would have no psychological effect upon a man accustomed to the possession of that much money, but it would have an effect upon a man or group of men not accustomed to so much money. They could not for long conceal either the money or themselves. Without previous training, they could not handle it, and their inability to do so would be their undoing.

"Sudden acquisition of so much money would be like the blow of a hammer to the average man. It would be a matter of days or weeks before a group of average men could comprehend it. In some cases it would act as an intoxicant and go to the head. Untrained for the possession of it, they could not stand it.

"One man hardly can discipline others in its common possession unless he is able to play parent to them, telling them as he would children: 'Father knows best. I will not give you your share of it at once, because you might do something rash or foolish with it and that will be bad for all of us; so I will dish it out to you a little at a time.'"

J. Edgar Hoover told a Congressional committee that his agency had been looking very carefully for evidence linking the Communist party with the Brink's robbery. "It would be a very fine sum of money to have available for subversive purposes," he said.

The suggestion has been scoffed at and scorned by many. Communists, they point out, have been meticulously careful not to become involved in this kind of lawbreaking, are rarely brought into court for the common crimes on police blotters.

Seven men have kept complete silence. According to the psychologist's analysis, this is all but impossible unless the men were accustomed to the possession of so much money or unless they would submit to the discipline of "Father knows best."

There has been no evidence connecting the Communist party with the holdup. Detectives examine it as a theory and find that it fits better than most.

### Red Plot Isn't Implausible

They speculate that here is one reservoir of men able to furnish six or seven men of the same height, weight and general appearance. Within it would be found the imagination and brains to plan such a coup, and the discipline to keep quiet about it.

The robbery threw thousands of checkbooks out of balance, confused business bookkeeping for a month, and compelled department stores to declare a 30-day moratorium on credits to give customers whose checks were lost a chance to repay their bills.

Eight months after the holdup, the Commercial Union Assurance Company, Ltd., of London, had paid out $1,540,000 in claims upon satisfactory proof of loss, leaving $60,000, more or less, to be claimed.

Commissioner Sullivan and Superintendent Fallon foresee a long search for the robbers. Fallon observes: "The only existing live clue is the $90,000 in serial-numbered money. It may now be dead. Six or seven men who have been able to keep quiet about $1,600,000 may have had the courage to burn $90,000 of it; but if it still exists, you must remember that the marked money in the Lindbergh case did not turn up until two years after the kidnaping."

A year after the holdup, the Brink's case has cost all agencies, public and private, an estimated $350,000. Boston may have had its money's worth in by-products: a clarification of police jurisdictions; a complete revision of the city's public enemies, an up-to-the-minute census of 1,200 badmen with pictures of them as they are today for the rogues' gallery; hundreds of new fingerprints added; game rooms and gambling places wiped out, at least for a time.

For a thorough city cleaning, nothing can touch a $1,600,000 robbery—and there still is $180,000 to be paid to anyone, anywhere, who solves it. THE END



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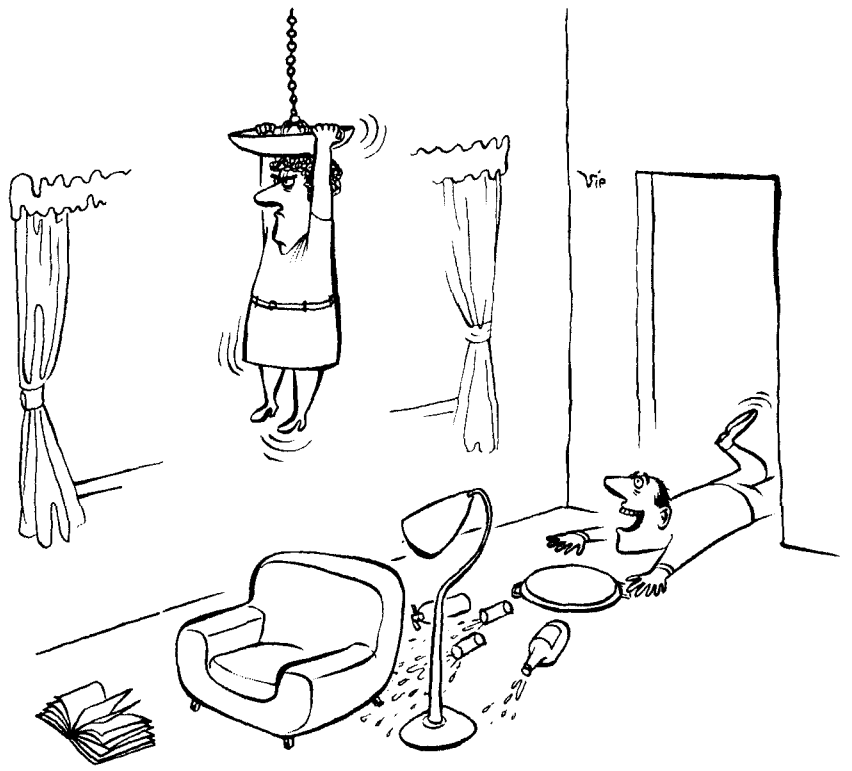
# They're Balmy Over Basketball

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

The Bradley plane—already delayed two hours by fog—had to circle the field for 30 minutes while police cleared landing room on the runway.

"If they turn out like this when we lose," Chief of Police John McAllister wondered apprehensively, "what's going to happen if we win the NCAA next week?"

Perhaps fortunately, the Peoria police force was not called upon to meet the challenge of a Bradley basketball team returning in triumph from the National Collegiate Athletic Association tournament. The Braves went through to the finals—beating Kansas, UCLA and Baylor en route—but lost their return bout with CCNY in the wildest and most controversial windup in NCAA history. With 20 seconds to play in New York's Madison Square Garden, CCNY led 69-68, but Bradley had the ball.



COLLIER'S "Did I give you a start?" VIRGIL PARTCH

Gene (Squeaky) Melchiorre slashed goalward for what might have been the winning basket. Then—as Melchiorre poised to shoot—he was swarmed over by three City College defenders.

"Melchiorre's fouled," shouted Clair Bee, the Long Island University coach, who was providing the network television commentary. Melchiorre went down sprawling and the ball rolled loose. Floyd Layne grabbed it and fired a floor-length pass to Norm Mager, who sank a close-in shot for City College's 71-68 victory margin. In reviewing the play, commentator Bee stood by his foul pronouncement. "I guess," Bee said, "the officials must have been out of position and missed it."

### Newsreels Prolong Season

The furor over Melchiorre prolonged the Peoria basketball season two more weeks—until April 15th—while downtown and neighborhood theaters exhibited newsreels of the alleged foul play. The marquee of the Madison carried the titillating caption:

WAS SQUEAKY FOULED?
You Be the Judge!

In Peoria, Melchiorre is known by no other name than "Squeaky," a sobriquet he acquired by shouting for the ball in a high-school game at that precise moment in life when his voice changed. Squeaky stands only five feet, eight and one half inches tall, a dwarf among modern basketball giants; but he possesses amazing acceleration which carries him around and under taller opponents. Oracular Adolph Rupp, the Kentucky basketball coach, calls Squeaky the greatest little man he's ever seen.

Squeaky is also an adept long shot. Against Wichita last February, Squeaky terminated the first-half scoring with a stratospheric 64-foot, four-inch basket. Enthusiastic Bradley students, who may have felt that his prodigious feat ranked with the historic joining of the East and West terminals of the transcontinental railroad in 1869, immediately proposed that a golden spike be driven into the fieldhouse floor at the exact spot where Squeaky let fly.

The proposal was not acted upon favorably by the Bradley Athletic Council, but Squeaky's glorious deed was preserved for posterity in almost iambic tetrameter by Bob Janssen in the February 14th Peoria Journal. Wrote Janssen:

*When tales are told in future years*
*Of athletic feats of glory*
*No deed of court can ever outshine*
*The shot of Gene Melchiorre . . .*

*No time was left to screen or cut*
*No time to fake or pass it*
*So bending low and straightening out*
*He let fly for the basket*

*Three fourths the length the court, it spun*
*And if you were to bet*
*You'd say the odds were thousands to one*
*Of the spheroid slipping through the net*

*But up and up and up it went*
*And 'gainst such odds in betting*
*It never faltered as it bent*
*And swished right through the netting.*

*Stunned at first—then with a roar*
*The fans their tribute paid*
*They whistled, shouted, stomped the floor*
*As "Squeak" his legend made*

*For men may sing of others' fame*
*When telling the basketball story*
*But Peoria's hero will e'er remain*
*"Squeaky" Gene Melchiorre.*

Disappointment over the two postseason losses to CCNY was partially assuaged by the knowledge that 12 Braves—seven letter men and five squad members—were returning for the 32-game 1951 season, including Peoria's Hero, Squeaky. Despite the loss by graduation of Paul Unruh, the six-foot, four-inch son of a Baptist minister, who came to Bradley on a clerical half-scholarship and developed into an All-America basketballer, the Braves shape up as the team to beat for national honors this season. Kentucky and CCNY please note.

Indeed, 1951 should set an all-time high for Peoria basketball hysteria. Four Peoria stations, WWXL, WMBD-FM, WIRL and WEEK, are broadcasting the games, and a newly formed Bradley network—which links Quincy, Mattoon, Bloomington, Moline and Springfield, Illinois, and Washington, Indiana—has raised the Braves' potential radio audience to more than 1,000,000 listeners per game.

Oddly enough, until recently most Bradley basketball broadcasts went on the air *after* the game was over, because Peoria stations—tied down by prior network commitments—frequently were unable to clear time for direct play-by-play reports. When this happened, games which started at eight-fifteen were transcribed for rebroadcasting at ten-fifteen.

### The Score Is a Top Secret

Consequently, mentioning the final score of a Bradley game prior to the close of a transcribed broadcast was considered a grave social error. People unfortunate enough to learn the winner prematurely were supposed to keep quiet and let their neighbors enjoy the recorded suspense.

Even the radio stations co-operated in this conspiracy of silence, which invariably startled newcomers to Peoria. Take Tom Gavin, for example. Tom moved in from Duluth in January, 1949, to take over as station manager at WIRL. First night in town, Tom was sitting in the coffeeshop of the Pere Marquette hotel, listening to WIRL's ten-o'clock news, when announcer Jim Johnston interrupted a Washington dispatch for a special sports bulletin:

*—Here's the final on that Bradley-Carnegie Tech basketball game—but before we give it, we want to remind you Bradley fans that Hank Fisher's transcribed play-by-play of the game will be heard over this station in just seven minutes—so you Bradley fans who DON'T want to know the final score while listening to Hank's exciting play-by-play better TUNE US OUT for the next thirty seconds.*

Gavin's waitress reached for the counter radio. Click. "Hope you don't mind," she said, "but we close in a couple of minutes and I want to hear the second half when I get home."

"You always tune out WIRL that way?" Gavin asked.

"Sure," the waitress said. "Everybody does—no fun listening to the game if you know who won."

Bradley's officials, caught up in the vortex of Peoria's basketball hysteria, can be pardoned for occasionally looking back fondly on the good old days—meaning 1935. That was the year the Braves won a total of one game and lost 13. They were beaten by Illinois, Millikin (twice), Eureka (twice), Augustana, Carthage, Illinois Wesleyan (twice), Monmouth, Knox (twice) and Western Teachers. But they bounced back to win their return match with Monmouth, 33 to 31, before the largest home crowd of the season—147 net paid.

During the almost equally unsuccessful '36 campaign—when the Braves lost their fifth and sixth consecutive games to Eureka—two men and a dog went to work on a program designed to boost Bradley into the Basketball Big Time.

One of the two men was Dave Owen, a young English professor on the Bradley faculty who doubled as the Braves' sports publicist. The other man was A. J. (Robbie)

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Robertson, the Braves' balding, taciturn basketball coach. Robbie also owned the dog, an Airedale named Skeezix.

Robbie's part of the program was to muster enough topflight personnel to handle the major-league schedule which Owen hoped to arrange. Night after night, driving a battered sedan with Skeezix dozing in the back seat, Robbie canvassed high-school games in the small towns around Peoria—Manlius, Dundee, Marengo, Canton, Metamora, Neponset, Brimfield, Lewistown and Toulon.

By straying off the beaten scouting paths, Robbie picked up obscure players the big schools either didn't want or couldn't find. Some people around Peoria now insist that Robbie had a sixth sense for spotting seemingly awkward players with a high future-development potential. Other folks insist Skeezix was Robbie's sixth sense. There is a persistent story that Skeezix pointed like a bird dog in the presence of promising prep material.

In 1937, Bradley beat Eureka twice, 40-23 and 70-26! "Next year," Robbie informed Owen, "we're going to have a tough ball club."

"We'll need it," Owen said, "because we're going to have a tough schedule."

### Big-League Schools Sign Up

Working quietly, Owen had lined up a 19-game card which included such big-league basketball names as Western Kentucky, St. Louis University, Indiana, Nebraska, Utah and Northwestern; and looking ahead to '39, Owen had scheduled Pitt, Nebraska, California, Oregon, Southern Methodist, Duquesne, New York University, City College of New York, and Yale.

"Think we can handle them?" Owen asked.

"We'll do all right," Robbie promised. "You keep lining them up."

Lining them up was not a particularly difficult assignment for the enterprising Owen, who had invented an unorthodox but enormously successful system of scheduling big-name schools. When Owen decided to sign an attractive opponent—let's say Indiana—he looked around Peoria for an Indiana alumni club. If the Indiana alumni weren't organized, Owen helped organize them. Then he would suggest that the club members petition their alma mater for a basketball game with small but up-and-coming Bradley. (Enrollment was 1,000 at the time; currently it's 3,250.)

Once the petition idea was approved, Owen stepped in to take care of the onerous distribution and mailing details. He also provided—at Bradley's expense—a variety of urgently worded telegrams which individual club members might send to their alma mater to lend added weight to the petition.

At the conclusion of this softening-up campaign, Owen would invite the petitioned university to fill an open date on Bradley's home schedule for a lucrative guarantee, plus expenses. Several schools ignored Owen's overtures, but the acceptance rate was gratifyingly high. At one time, Owen was an honorary member of 11 alumni clubs in Peoria.

True to Robertson's promise, the '38 Braves were a tough ball club. With Skeezix lying under the bench, near Robbie's feet, they upset Indiana's perennial Big Ten title contenders, 50 to 39, and concluded their first major-league schedule with 18 victories and only one defeat—a 28-26 heartbreaker inflicted by Northwestern.

Their reward for this sudden success was a summons to the National Invitation Tournament in New York. Temple destroyed Bradley's championship hopes in the first round, but the Braves had achieved their objective: They were on Basketball's Big Time Circuit. They've been there ever since.

The phenomenally successful team of Robertson and Owen was broken up temporarily during the war. Owen entered the Navy and worked up to the post of education officer for the Pacific theater on Admiral Nimitz' staff. Robbie continued to coach as long as the supply of players held out, but Bradley finally abandoned basketball for the 1944-'45 seasons.

When the forty-two-year-old Owen returned to the campus in 1946, he was named president of Bradley. Ironically, one of his first presidential tasks was to begin a search for Robbie's successor. Robbie was fifty-eight. He had been coaching Bradley teams for 27 years, and his health was failing.

"One more year—maybe two," Robbie told Owen. "Then you'll need somebody else."

Robbie had two more good years. His '47 Braves won 25 and lost seven; the '48 Braves finished 28 and three. When the '48 season was over, Robbie stopped by Owen's office. "There's a young coach named Forddy Anderson at Drake," Robbie said. "You better get him."

Anderson, an all-Pacific Coast forward at Stanford in 1939-'41, was only 29, with three years of coaching experience, but Owen signed him on Robbie's recommendation. Robbie died four months later.

Under Anderson, the Braves are still playing Robertson-style basketball. They run fast, break fast, shoot fast and concentrate on outscoring the opposition. In the quarter-finals of the 1949 National Invitation Tournament, they helped set the Madison Square Garden scoring record for a single collegiate game (181 points) by whipping Western Kentucky, 95 to 86.

When the Braves execute a perfect fast-break play (Anderson style), the ball never touches the floor. After the opponent's shot misses, a Bradley guard seizes the rebound and makes an *outlet* pass to a forward along the side lines. Then the Braves break down the middle—cutting and passing—until somebody works free for a shot under the basket.

"And you don't run downcourt," Anderson warns his players. "You explode. If you just run—you'll never get there."

### A Warning About Dribbling

"How about dribbling?" a sophomore asked last season. "Aren't we allowed to dribble?"

"Only when you can go all the way into the basket," Anderson explained. "Dribbling is like candy. It's good for you, but too much makes you sick."

The Braves start running outdoors early in October—three weeks before they are permitted to touch a basketball. "Legs are like a new car," Anderson says. "They have to be broken in gradually. So we run our kids on turf for a while—then move them onto the cinder track—and finally take them inside onto the wood. Maybe we're too careful, but so far we've been able to avoid those pulled muscles and shin splints that can cripple a ball club."

Anderson is a firm believer in the theory that anything is worth trying once. His '49 Braves, who won 27 games against eight defeats and finished fourth in the National Invitation Tournament, had one weakness. They lacked height, Paul Unruh, at six feet, four inches, was their only consistent rebounder. Surveying 1950 prospects, Anderson decided that something would have to be done to improve Elmer Behnke and Jim Kelly. Behnke (six feet, seven inches) and Kelly (six feet, six inches) were the only tall men on the squad and it was a tossup whether Elmer or Jim was the more awkward. Kelly hadn't even played high-school basketball. When this tangle-footed twosome failed to show any improvement in spring training, Anderson gambled on a rather improbable remedy.

"What you kids lacks is co-ordination," he told them, "so we're going to try something new. I've arranged for you to take some ballet lessons."

Although neither Behnke nor Kelly has yet mastered the *entrechat,* the lessons helped. Behnke upped his 1950 point production 100 points over '49 and finished fifth in team scoring. Kelly broke up the all-important DePaul game in Chicago Stadium with two left-handed hook shots. Over-all, Anderson estimates the ballet lessons added at least five games to the Braves' victory column.

The Braves concluded five months and 20,000 air miles of basketball last season by hopscotching from Peoria to New York to Kansas City to Peoria to Kansas City to Peoria to New York and back again to Peoria to compete in both the National Invitation and the National Collegiate Athletic Association tournaments. It was ironical that after gaining the finals in each event they were beaten by CCNY, a team which did not venture south of Philadelphia or west of Buffalo during the entire season.

Probably the Braves' most spectacular traveling accomplishment occurred late in the 1949 campaign. After beating North Dakota, 72 to 45, in Peoria on a wintry night with the temperature at seven below zero, they skidded to the airport and took off for Los Angeles. Next afternoon, the whole squad was playing golf on Catalina Island.

Owen, who makes most of the trips with the team, believes in lots of basketball travel, providing the players have some fun and learn something en route. The Braves are never permitted to sit around a hotel on the afternoon of a game. When two or three hours are available for recreation, Owen hires a bus and off the squad goes on a sight-seeing tour.

As a result, the Braves may be strictly small-town youngsters when they enter Bradley, but they are cosmopolites when they graduate. Paul Unruh, who came to Bradley from Toulon (pop. 1,170), 45 miles northwest of Peoria, is an excellent example.

Over four seasons (Unruh played as a freshman in 1946), Paul traveled approximately 60,000 miles. He saw the Old North Church in Boston, the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C., and the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. He walked through the stock exchange in New York and the stockyards in Kansas City. He played in 136 games against 81 different colleges and universities, including Hawaii, Ecuador and Western Ontario. He visited Niagara Falls and the redwood forests of California. He dined on shrimps Arnaud in New Orleans and ate hot dogs in Times Square. He bought an Indian blanket in Albuquerque and a beige sport shirt in Hollywood. Paul even became so fond of traveling that he bought a jalopy and drove all the way to Nova Scotia during the 1948 summer vacation.

Of course, talented young basketball players such as Unruh and Squeaky Melchiorre do not wander into Bradley unsolicited. Bradley scholarships and part-time job offers are as liberal as the inducements offered to athletes at Notre Dame and Big Ten universities whose scouts work the downstate Illinois territory.

### Scouts Favor Local Talent

However, Bradley's scouting bills are almost ridiculously low compared to some of its competitors. Anderson, who now does most of the scouting personally, seldom ventures farther than 100 miles from Peoria. Every member of this year's varsity lives within 150 miles of the campus.

Actually, Bradley's recruiting program is a triumph in low-pressure salesmanship. Here's how it operates: A promising high-school player is invited to one of the Braves' home games. Then his attention is called to a group of prosperous citizens sitting down front in the mezzanine section.

"They're all members of the Bradley Boosters," the promising young player is told. "That's a club composed of local businessmen who are interested in the Braves. There's Carl Slane, publisher of the Peoria Journal . . . Louis Neumiller, president of Caterpillar Tractor . . . Harry Blanchard, president of Block & Kuhl, biggest department store in town . . . Val Jobst, biggest contractor this part of the country . . .

"Over there is J. D. Roszell, president of our biggest dairy . . . Reuben Sommer, president of the Keystone Steel & Wire Company . . . George Luthy, president of the Commercial National Bank . . . Russ Coulter, president of the Toledo, Peoria & Western Railroad . . . and over to the left is Ben Koch . . . Ben owns the big candy business downtown . . ."

Then comes the clincher: "Of course, you'll have to make up your own mind where you want to go to school here, but it seems to me a young fellow who makes good at Bradley ought to have a fine future in this town."

That's all there is to it.

Judging from the way the material keeps flowing in, there's no immediate danger of the Bradley Basketball Boom going bust. Certainly, Bradley supporters view the future with nothing but optimism.

There's Bill Wittick, for instance. Wittick is Bradley's oldest and foremost fan. He bought one of the three season tickets the Braves were able to sell when they first moved into the old armory in 1924, and he's been a season ticket holder ever since.

Wittick was eighty-nine when the five-year ticket sale for the new field house was announced.

"Count me in," he told Owen.

"You're already in," Owen said. "We've renewed your ticket for another year."

"Who said anything about another year?" Wittick wanted to know. "Put me down for five." THE END

COLLIER'S **"I'm down here cleaning out the ashes. Why?"** ROBERT WILSON



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# Olivia's World is the Stage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"Of course, she has a lot to learn and she's quite handicapped by being unselfish. I practically had to crawl into the footlights to force her to take the center of the stage. On opening night a hard-bitten professional crowd came to Westport from New York to see her and she was a great success. The applause rolled on and on and that wonderful child insisted on taking curtain calls with the entire company. Finally, in the wings, the director told her in great exasperation, 'Olivia, you are the star, you know. It's you they want. Now get out there and take your bows.' Unprecedented advice to have to give an actress!"

### Claude Rains's Lyric Flight

Miss Brown's comments on "that wonderful child" are reasonably restrained, compared to the eulogistic tide of rhetoric usually encountered when Olivia's name is mentioned. Claude Rains's offering is, perhaps, more typical. He says, "If I may be permitted a touch of lyricism—the California smog may blot out the sun, but you never miss it in Olivia's presence. She is a shining, glowing idealist."

This dazzling speech was evoked by a woman who, admittedly, has no close personal friends. And no one even pretends to know her intimately. Nevertheless, this elusive, complex, introverted personality, by some strange alchemy, wins love and adulation as easily as a puppy.

People have called this author in the middle of the night to sing her praises. At 12:40 A.M., Celeste Holm, of the stage and screen, returned my telephone call to say, "Oh dear, I woke you up, didn't I? Well, I want to talk to you about Livvie. She's such a truly wonderful person and . . ."

My morning mail strikes the same note. Millen Brand, coauthor with Frank Partos of The Snake Pit script, writes to describe an incident from the making of this picture that greatly impressed him. The afternoon the first rushes were shown in the projection room, the staff and cast were understandably tense and worried. The rushes, he writes, were breath-taking. Olivia was playing with an art that left everyone stunned—so stunned that, at the end, they left the projection room without saying a word.

The next morning he saw Olivia in her dressing room and told her what he'd felt, and that everyone else had felt the same way. She began to cry. It seemed that all night she had been afraid that the silence meant that she had failed. Brand ends his letter on the inevitable note of adulation: "To me it sums up why she is so great an actress. I can only conceive of a good and sincere and modest person feeling like this. And I feel there is nothing either of us could do that would be too good for her."

This sort of thing goes on and on—whether you're talking to actors, technicians, lawyers, publicity people, doctors, writers, her rivals, or to a man who, in his youth, carried her schoolbooks home.

It seems that everyone who has ever known Olivia is carrying on a love affair with her in his mind.

A mass reaction of this nature can be very frustrating to a reporter in search of copy rather than adjectives.

It is impossible to find the someone, somewhere, who wants to boil her in oil.

Most people even go on guard when they are approached about Olivia, as if they felt they had to defend her from some nameless threat. And it is true that she is possessed of a childlike simplicity and innocence that gives her an air of helplessness and gullibility. Her tendency to believe that people always mean and do what they say has led her into acts that aren't ordinarily considered "adult."

As a child she entered into a standard childhood pact with six of her companions. It involved signing the usual sacred document which bound them all to forgather in 10 years at an appointed spot. In 1944, wearied from playing Army hospitals while battling influenza, Olivia flew back to Hollywood and then proceeded by train and bus to her home town of Saratoga, California, in the Santa Clara foothills. She arrived at the town fishpond at 1:45 P.M., 15 minutes before the appointed rendezvous. She waited until 4:00 P.M. before she gave up hope and began her long trek back to Hollywood, bewildered by the realization that she was the only one who had remembered the pact.

Along with her naïveté, Olivia has a fragility of physique and spirit that enhances the impression she gives of being a particularly vulnerable person. She has, however, clearly demonstrated that she can take care of herself when the going gets rough and the issues at stake are important to her.

### Oral Agreement Was Ignored

Olivia was offered a seven-year contract with Warner Brothers in 1935, when she was nineteen; at the same time she had the opportunity to take the ingenue role in Zoë Akins's play, The Old Maid, which was to win a Pulitzer prize. She signed with Warner only because Reinhardt insisted she must again play Hermia in his screen version of Dream, and because she was innocent enough to believe the oral assurance that she would be given time off from pictures each year to do a play.

By the time she had discovered her error the studio began rewarding her for her overnight screen success as Hermia with a series of roles that are best forgotten. She begged for worthwhile parts and was ignored, even told, "We hired you because you photograph well. You don't have to act." The sequelae of this brush-off were to have lasting importance in the film industry. She decided to fight Hollywood for a place as an actress.

Olivia was intelligent enough to realize that she would need both money and experience for the fight. She knew that she would encounter retaliation in the form of suspensions and that she'd have to have money

PAT ROONEY

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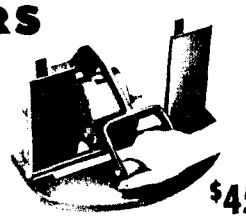

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to live through those periods. So, at twenty, she worked out a five-year plan. She told herself, "I'll take everything they give me for five years, get all the experience I can, and save my money. Then I'll show my claws."

During that half decade she played some sad and sorry roles, and, even so, rose to star billing. But she continued to drive the same old car, and what clothes she did buy during those years came off the rack. She lived in a modest house in a modest section of town and budgeted living expenses for herself and her mother at $100 a week.

Finally, in 1940, she declared war by refusing to appear in something called, Married, Pretty and Poor. She turned down five more bloodless roles in succession and was given the anticipated series of suspensions. When her contract eventually came to an end, the studio informed her that, as was the custom, they were adding the 25 weeks she had been suspended to her contract time. They ordered her to report to Columbia Pictures on a loan-out. Again she refused, and, on August 13, 1943, against the advice of her whole profession, she took the matter to court.

Olivia was the first person to challenge singlehandedly the supremacy of a major studio, and had she lost her case her movie career would have been ended. The fight went through three courts, lasted 18 months, cost her $13,000 in cash and, since no one would hire her at that time, deprived her of a potential $375,000 in earnings. She was on Adak entertaining the troops when she learned that the superior court had ruled against the studio.

The ruling declared that a studio could not discipline a player by suspension and then add the time to the end of the contract, adding that such a practice meant "virtual peonage for employees, or even life bondage." Olivia's lone fight thus altered the status of every employee of any sort who was under contract to a studio. As a result of her stubborn battle she has been called "Hollywood's Joan of Arc."

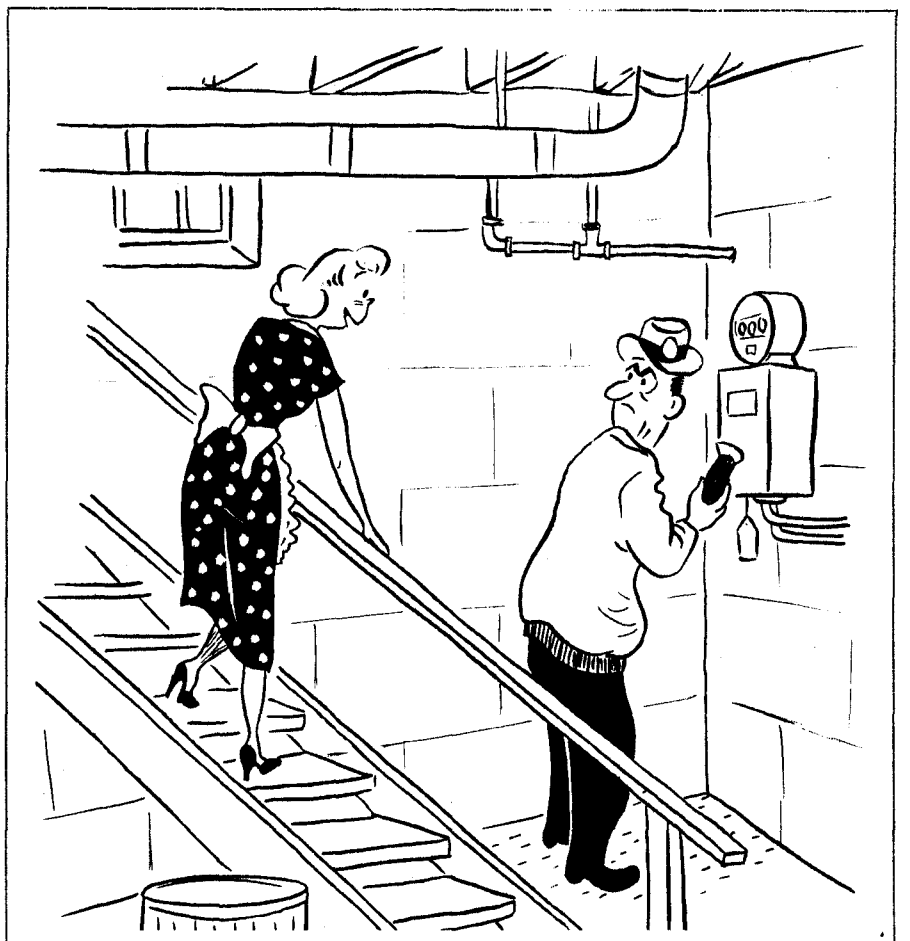
### Girlhood Plagued by Shyness

There was nothing in Olivia's past history to prepare anyone for her determined stand. She was born in Tokyo, in 1916, of English parents and brought to this country when she was two and a half. Olivia developed into an extremely insecure girl, given to self-doubt and plagued by a neurotic shyness. She spent her youth fighting her timidity and came to take pride in her ability to act calm and poised.

In high school she played the role of the all-American girl to perfection, although she says, "Every day I was sure the next day my classmates would begin to see through me."

She was always at the top of her class, academically. She was on the debating team and won a cup for oratory, earned her emblem in field hockey, held various student offices and edited the yearbook, The Wildcat. She also discovered, in school plays and plays given by the Saratoga Community Players, that she was happiest in the illusory world of the theater.

As a result of her performance as Puck in a local production of A Midsummer Night's Dream, a friend arranged an interview for her with Felix Weissberger, casting director for Reinhardt. She hoped to be given permission to sit through the rehearsals of Reinhardt's Dream, so that she could learn from his directing.



COLLIER'S **"You won't have to come here any more— my husband arranged something with a long piece of wire and the street lamp"** JOHN G. WATTMAN

Instead, she was chosen as a member of the company, in the usual capacity of Hermia's understudy's understudy. Then destiny shamelessly proceeded to surpass one of the most hackneyed plot clichés in the fictioneer's kit. The understudy's understudy got the job.

Gloria Stuart, who had been cast as Hermia, had to fulfill a picture contract. Jean Rouverol, the understudy, left to take a part in a W. C. Fields picture. Five days before the Hollywood Bowl opening Olivia was told that she was to play Hermia.

On opening night Reinhardt took his "discovering" in his arms, muttered an incantation in German, spat over her left shoulder to drive away any demons lurking in the vicinity, and told her, "There are 26,000 people here to see you." Olivia gasped, turned faint, and fled for a door in search of air. She vaguely recalls being literally pushed on stage when her cue came, and remembers her surprise when words began issuing from her mouth without conscious effort on her part. She has, however, a very vivid memory of what happened after her first exit. "There was all that wonderful applause and, just like that, I wasn't nervous any more and couldn't wait to get back on stage."

She toured briefly with the Dream company and then signed the picture contract that led to her historic court battle. After she had won her independence, she announced that she would choose her own roles, her own scripts, her own directors. She seldom appeared on the radio and met the press only occasionally. This is the first magazine interview she has given since 1944.

And Olivia quickly proved that she was capable of shaping her own career. Her first independent choice of a picture was To Each His Own, which won her the 1946 Academy Award. This was followed by The Dark Mirror, The Snake Pit and then The Heiress, which won her last year's Oscar.

One event occurred which she had not, in her new-found freedom, planned on. She was married in 1946.

Her marriage to Marcus Goodrich blew up a storm of speculative comment. Eighteen years her senior, he has had four previous marriages and a varied career as an able seaman, journalist, advertising man, stage manager, Bohemian, naval officer, screen writer and novelist. A tough-minded man, he has a rigid set of values and a fluency in expressing his contempt for the more mercurial personalities.

He is scornful of Hollywood pretense, and unalterably of the opinion that the town is too thickly populated with characters who have grown rich by a heartless exploitation of its talented women. He cites a number of instances wherein Olivia has not, apparently, been too charitably treated. These are matters which he seems to have corrected, while having crunched a few toes in the process. He says, with a grin, "I've got a high unpopularity rating."

A certain number of Hollywoodians insist that he is a Svengali, that he knows a good thing when he sees it, and that he is ruining Olivia's career—despite the fact that she has done her best work since her marriage. They can't understand what she sees in him; he isn't smooth, by Hollywood's definition. The possibility that they are in love is occasionally mentioned.

### Not Unhappy Over Gossip

If Olivia is a Trilby she is an obviously happy one. She shows her adoration of her husband as openly as a schoolgirl. She isn't at all happy about the way her marriage has been maligned, but, since she has always been a lone wolf, she appears to take the disparagement better than a more socially conscious person might.

She says, "Mark's the first man I could ever trust." It is certain that, after years of fighting her shyness and trying to force herself to deal with the many problems that confront a star, Olivia is delighted to sit back and let her husband take over for her. Dreams aren't built out of dealings with lawyers, agents, producers and income-tax examiners.

Marc Goodrich seems no more perturbed by the whole matter than he is by the fact that Olivia's domestic talents are pretty well limited to flower arranging. He continues to work on a new novel while, at the same time, he sees to it that his wife suffers no unnecessary interference with her work. And when her intense nervous drive gets out of hand and she becomes overexcited, he checks her with a firm rein.

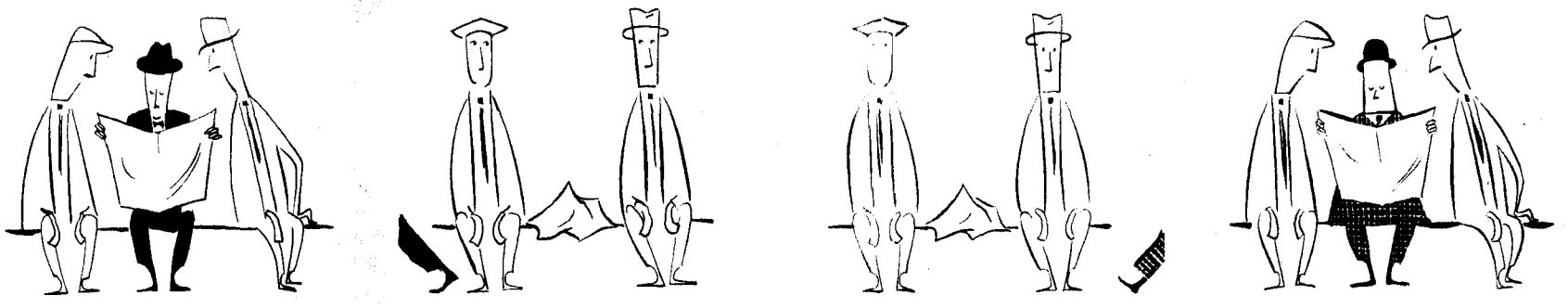
Her work, aside from her family, is the only thing that matters to Olivia. For two years she has talked of nothing but Juliet, and since last April she has been steadily engaged in research into the play. She has studied costumes, sets, fourteenth-century coiffures; anything and everything having to do with the play.

She has checked the sources that Shakespeare used, including Arthur Brooke's narrative poem Romeus and Juliet and the tale as told by the Italian poet Luigi da Porto. Olivia has discovered that Brooke credited Juliet with being sixteen years of age, and da Porto even older, whereas she is fourteen in Shakespeare's version. She has evolved an ingenious theory to explain this: She contends that the Bard made his heroine fourteen so that his audience could actually believe in her innocence. "When an Elizabethan girl was sixteen or eighteen she was more likely to be a mother or somebody's mistress than a maid," she says.

When she talks of Juliet, Olivia's face—of which the late Ernie Pyle wrote, "It was so beautiful I couldn't do anything but stand and stare at her"—lights up and her brown eyes sparkle. "I think every actor has that *one* role they've got to play," she says, "and Juliet is mine."

Then, someone suggested, if her Juliet was a success the dream would be ended.

The emphatic answer was, "Heavens, no! Just beginning." THE END



COLLIER'S AL RAMEE



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# Dorcie Calhoun Struck It Rich

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

bunch of yokels," he said (in the hearing of Gerald Ransdorf, then president of Calhoun's corporation), "with that rig they couldn't even dig a water well!" And he went back to Pittsburgh. After the well came in, he flew to see Ransdorf again and begged him to sell just four or five shares. "Sorry," said Ransdorf, "the stock has gone up from $100 to $1,500 a share. Besides, there isn't a share to be had."

On the other hand, there are many of the good people of Renovo to whom January 8, 1950, is, as Dr. R. A. Werts put it, "a second Thanksgiving Day." Among these is Delos Schoonover, who for years wrung out a living for his wife and six children by hauling coal on a contract basis in his battered old truck. So great was Schoonover's faith in Dorcie Calhoun's dream one night, just like I always know it in a dream when one of my good friends is going to die." His colleagues dismiss this with cynicism. "Why, he's been a student of this thing for years," says Dr. R. A. Werts. "When he was a boy and went fishing, he spent more time putting matches to the gas bubbles coming up from the bottom of the creek than he devoted to pulling in the trout." Calhoun's sharp, octogenarian mother also rejects her son's dream theory. She regards his success solely as an unaccountable offshoot of his lifelong failing, to wit: "poking his nose into other people's business."

When young Dorcie was fourteen, he went to work operating a cutting machine in a now-abandoned coal mine at Bitumen, a few miles away; and three years later, he

COLLIER'S

"No more for *me*, thanks. I may have to get out and walk!"

GARDNER REA

project that he got a $100 loan—using his coal truck as security—to buy a single share in the gas well. According to today's estimates, Schoonover's single share will pay him a minimum of $200 a month in dividends—for as long as the 100,000,000,000-cubic-foot gas field holds out.

With nine other major wells now tapping this vast reserve, and 29 more being drilled in the beautiful woods and mountains and hunting preserves of the Renovo area, Calhoun's story has become a dramatic reminder that ingenuity and enterprise still pay off in America. The local hero's full name is Aquila Dorcie Calhoun (he was named after a preacher who spellbound the ladies of the neighborhood around the turn of the century) and he is descended from a branch of the same family that produced John C. Calhoun, South Carolina's great statesman of the pre-Civil War period.

### His Boyhood Dream of Wealth

Calhoun was born on the farm where he still lives with his eighty-three-year-old mother (he himself is a widower with two school-age children—Dewey, nine, and Daisy Belle, nineteen), and from the time he was a boy he was possessed with the idea that there was priceless mineral wealth deep down below the pleasant cornfields flanking Kettle Creek, a nationally known trout stream that ran past his father's farm. Today, probably in an attempt to throw competitors off the scent, he attributes this foreknowledge to visions, hunches and other occult assists. He says, for example, "This notion about gas come to me in a almost burst with excitement when an outfit called the Clinton Natural Gas and Oil Company leased an acre of his father's farm and commenced drilling for gas. Like all the other attempts in this north-central section of Pennsylvania, the operation hit nothing more than a shallow, commercially worthless pocket—and shortly thereafter the company went bankrupt. However, Dorcie's father bought the gas well at a sheriff's sale for $500. Then he picked up 1,500 feet of pipe somewhere; and the Calhoun household literally began cooking with gas. The constant sight of the pipe leading into the farmhouse's stoves kept whetting the youth's curiosity. He took to speculating about whether the gas in the shallow pocket might be seeping up from a much larger pocket a mile or more down—a fascinating but scientifically improbable theory.

It was a long time before Calhoun could put his theory to the test. His father died, and then came the depression. The farmers of the Kettle Creek area, some 18 miles northwest of Renovo, became even poorer working their sparse mountain soil, and the term "Kettle Cricker" came to be a local form of derision equivalent to "hillbilly." But soon Renovo itself was hard hit by the depression.

The little town of 3,800 people lies about halfway between Philadelphia and Erie on one Pennsylvania Railroad route—and for this reason the line established repair shops there in the Allegheny wilderness in 1864. The town grew up around the railroad yards, and most of the men in Renovo work in the shops. Accordingly, when the railroad was forced to curtail operations during the depression, mass unemployment followed. It was so bad in Renovo in the 1930s that both banks in the town at that time went out of business. It was almost as bad in the post-World War II years when the long series of coal, steel and railroad strikes shut down the repair shops and nearly wrecked Renovo again.

It was against this background that Dorcie Calhoun decided to try his great experiment early in 1949.

### A Bulldozer on the Cuff

Calhoun had come through the depression periods fairly well. He had developed an amazing knack for handling machinery, and by going in hock to buy a bulldozer he had become the official road builder and tree uprooter of the county. For falling behind in his payments, Dorcie kept losing the bulldozer regularly, but he did manage to recover it often enough to make a living for his family.

One day last February, during a slow period in the road-building business, he burst into the office of Jack Smyth, a handsome thirty-five-year-old ex-GI who is editor and publisher of the Renovo Daily Record. "Jack," said Calhoun, "I've made up my mind. They've been laughing at me for 15 years because I said there's gas under Kettle Creek, but by Heaven, I'm going to find out now once and for all. I've located a secondhand drilling rig, and I'm trying to line up some fellows in town to back me with the money. How about you?"

Smyth thought it over. "The only way this town can get on its feet," he said to himself, "is to spread out its economy. Dorcie may be crazy, but they did find gas elsewhere in the Alleghenies—and gas would bring other industries to Renovo."

Smyth said to Calhoun, "It's worth considering. I'll let you know." Then he sent to Harrisburg for the state's latest geological survey, a pamphlet with the formidable title, "Geologic Structure in the Plateaus Region of Northern Pennsylvania and Its Relation to the Occurrence of Gas in the Oriskany Sand," by state geologist S. H. Cathcart. The pamphlet arrived a few days later, and it became one of the most bizarre chapters of the story. For Smyth misinterpreted the technical information.

A map in the pamphlet did show Leidy Township (where the Calhoun farm is situated) astride an underground geological formation called an "anticline" in which natural gas often is found. But Smyth did not notice that most of the segments of this anticline already had been drilled and found to be dry; and he missed the flat warning that "we can say with assurance that the chances of finding . . . gas fields decrease rapidly with distance east of the 30 isovol (an imaginary geological line which, in this case, runs from the southwest to the northeast through Pennsylvania)."

Leidy Township is several miles east of the 30 isovol—but thanks to the trick of fate that caused him to overlook this, Smyth put the stamp of approval on Calhoun's venture by buying several shares. This was the turning point for Calhoun's newly formed Leidy Prospecting Company, Inc. Impressed with the respectability of Smyth's opinion, some 26 Renovo citizens met in the Odd Fellows Building. They contributed $3,500 to the corporation, which already included trucker Gerald Ransdorf, hotel owner Ted Lombardo, and Calhoun's physician, Dr. R. A. Werts. Calhoun himself was named "field director" of the enterprise.

Two days later, armed with all of the corporation's funds, Calhoun and Ransdorf took off in several of Ransdorf's trucks to pick up the drilling equipment in Bradford, Pennsylvania, 125 miles away. The venture nearly fell apart then and there when Ransdorf took one look at the ancient rig and turned pale.

"Dorcie," he said, "you've bought a lot of




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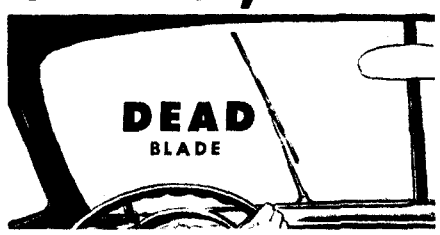


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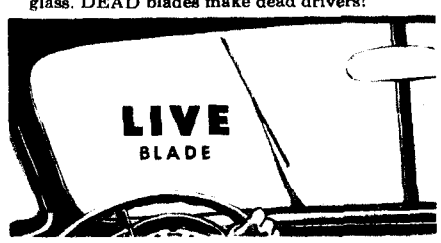


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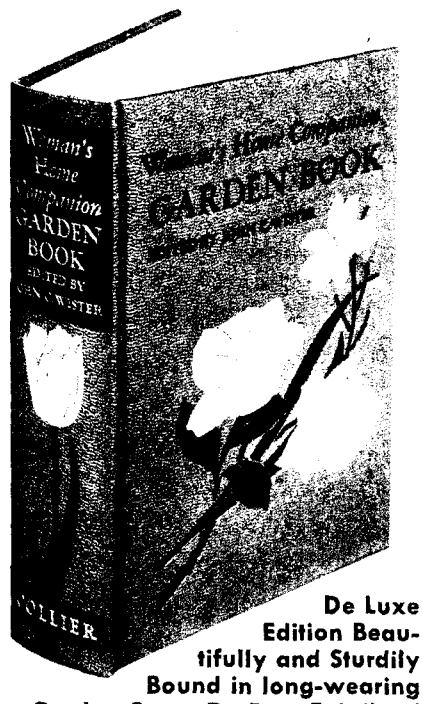


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junk." He was overruled in this opinion by Howard Bluhm, seventy-year-old shallow-well driller from southwest Pennsylvania (the only gasman who did not burst out laughing when Calhoun asked him to supervise the job), and the rig was hauled in the trucks directly to the Calhoun farm.

It was raining that day, and the lead truck stalled in the mud less than halfway up the hill to the site Calhoun had chosen. The men struggled with the truck, but it wouldn't move. Finally Calhoun said, "Ah, the devil with it. Let's just set up the rig here. It's as good a place as any."

Geologists still wince at this refutation of the principles of scientific accuracy.

Thirty-three days later, the rig was erected on this site and the drilling began. On the 34th day, the machinery broke down and had to be repaired. This was the pattern for the next eight months. Four professional drillers tended the rig 24 hours a day, seven days a week, but more often than not the local stockholders had to be summoned to help avert a crisis.

When the rickety framework split and the entire rig was in danger of toppling over, a railroad blacksmith named Chauncie Summerson worked with a forge on the spot and welded the frame together again. When one of the huge bull wheels shattered, Gerald Ransdorf drove one of his trucks all night to pick up a new one in Bradford. Almost every day a plate broke or a cable snapped, and all work stopped for heartbreaking repairs.

Once, the 40-foot bailing device got stuck in the shaft, and for two weeks the stockholders worked in relays of twos and threes fishing for it.

They worked days and nights and Sundays, munching sandwiches and beans, until Chauncie Summerson finally latched a hook onto the bailer and hauled it out.

### Ma Reaches for Her Rifle

An additional hazard was eighty-three-year-old Mrs. Calhoun, Dorcie's mother. She watched the drilling with an eagle eye from the farmhouse, and several times when she thought the men were loafing she had to be restrained from seizing a rifle from the wall and driving them off the property.

After the first two months, the corporation's $15,000 ran out and the stockholders went around trying to sell another $35,000 worth of shares to the townspeople. As Dorcie Calhoun says, "That's when they *really* began treating me like I was a hobo." Dr. Werts says, "Our own brothers and sisters wouldn't speak to us, and we became such social outcasts that we had to hold our stockholders' meetings in a freight house at the railroad yards."

But miraculously, the money trickled in. Calhoun's brother—a physician in Clairton, near Pittsburgh—suddenly bought a fistful of shares for himself and his neighbors. Then Dr. Werts and others who had respectable credit ratings signed notes and got personal loans at the bank. As tavern owner William T. Longe, another pioneer in the corporation, put it, "It was like saving a patient with a new blood transfusion every other day."

After three months of drilling, a gas company man came over to take a look and shook his head when he saw the rig. "Why, that thing," he said, "isn't designed to go down below 2,000 feet."

Howard Bluhm looked at the man in disgust and spat. "That's funny," he said, "we're down to 4,000 feet already."

How this was accomplished is one of the engineering miracles of modern times. Actually the rig wasn't designed to dig anything deeper than a shallow 2,000-foot well. But Dorcie Calhoun practically lived at the site, and every time a part began to wear out under the strain, he replaced it with a heavier part.

"When a wooden part broke," he says, "I substituted iron. When a 1½-inch iron part broke, I substituted a 2½-inch iron part." As a result, the machinery became heavier and heavier as it went along. It also became weirder and weirder in appearance. The mast, for instance, originally was supported by four guy wires running from the top to the ground. As Calhoun added weight, however, more and more guy wires were needed. He added four in the middle and four more near the ground. "By December," says Gerald Ransdorf, "the darned thing looked like a spider web."

But as Christmastime approached, the sight-seeing crowds who came to scoff were no longer laughing—and observers from the big gas companies watched soberly at the site every day. No one could believe it, but Dorcie Calhoun's incredible rig was down to 5,600 feet—more than a mile below ground—and the bailer was bringing up Oriskany sand, the first telltale sign of natural gas.

On the quiet Sunday afternoon of January 8th, Howard Bluhm suddenly heard a faraway rumble deep down in the earth. He slammed the bull wheels' engine into top speed to retrieve the mile of cable from the hole. *But the cable began snaking out of the hole faster than the wheels could wind it in!* Bluhm yelled:

"Get the hell out of here—quick!"

The men took cover some 50 yards away—and none too soon. With an ear-shattering blast, the broken end of the cable whipped out of the hole and nearly demolished the rig. The roar was so loud it was impossible to talk to anyone more than a foot away. Dorcie Calhoun was the first to raise his head from behind the pile of planks where they had taken cover. A thin bluish vapor was spurting steadily from the hole. "Is that gas?" Calhoun screamed at Howard Bluhm.

"That's gas," said Bluhm.

The well was in.

The men danced around and beat one another on the back, while old Mrs. Calhoun smiled on her porch, complaining, nevertheless, about the noise. The news reached three of the principal stockholders—Dr. Werts, Jack Smyth and J. W. Gullborg—in New York, where they had gone to negotiate for a new shirt factory for the town. Ironically, they "knew" before anyone else, because that very morning a group of wags in the town had sent a fake telegram telling them that the well had come in.

Within a few days of the big news, Renovo swarmed with representatives of the big gas companies; and the geologists arrived to prepare a new pamphlet and revise their previous theories. On February 6, 1950, the stockholders closed a deal with the New York State Natural Gas Corporation, to sell them a minimum of 5,000,000 cubic feet of gas a day from this well at 25 cents per 1,000 cubic feet. In summertime, the minimum would drop to 2,500,000 cubic feet a day, but it still assured Calhoun's outfit an income of at least $350,000 a year from the one well.

The gas was piped into the main line coming up from Texas, to supply the cities of Rochester, Buffalo and Syracuse in upstate New York.

### Drilling With a Modern Rig

At this point everything seemed rosy for the Leidy Prospecting corporation—and on March 2d they began drilling a second well on Dorcie Calhoun's farm, this time with a big modern rig run by a skilled contract driller named Joe Flanigan. But two catastrophes followed that threatened to end the boom before it really got under way.

Catastrophe No. 1 came on March 8th, when the flow of gas from the first well suddenly stopped. The gas company experts took a sounding and looked grim. They found that when the cable broke, the day the well had come in, the drilling tool had become stuck in the shaft. The gas had escaped around the tool, but now it was coming out at such high pressure that it was freezing and forming ice on the metal, the way ice forms on refrigerator coils. The shaft was sealed off as tightly as if it were plugged with concrete.

For weeks, the gas company men tried heating devices and commercial antifreeze solutions to loosen up the ice block. But nothing worked—and they were ready to abandon the well. Calhoun, however, refused to give up. "I'm going to call my brother Jesse," he said. "He's in charge of a pump station on an oil pipe line a few miles from here, and he knows about these things." The gas company men smiled tolerantly and shrugged their shoulders. Jesse ambled over that afternoon.

For three days, Jesse tried all kinds of

COLLIER'S

**"Did you send that box of cigars yet to your friend who was getting you a low license number?"**

FRITZ WILKINSON



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homemade antifreeze concoctions, experimenting first on an old gas refrigerator he set up at the site. The gas experts snickered when they saw him using common household liquids from his mother's kitchen. But on the third day, there was a *whoosh,* and the gas began flowing again. To this day, Jesse refuses to divulge the secret of just what household preparation he used—even though the gas companies presumably would pay a small fortune for the knowledge.

Because the shaft still freezes up every once in a while, Jesse and his son now have a 24-hour-a-day job, standing guard and pouring their magic solution down the hole every time the gas stops flowing.

The second catastrophe was even more shattering. This took place on the morning of June 12th, when the second well blew in unexpectedly and with such terrific force that the huge drilling tool shot high into the air like a mortar shell. The tool struck the steel superstructure, causing a spark—and with a roar of flame Well No. 2 caught fire.

As Editor Jack Smyth described it, it was a tremendous burning gas jet shooting 125 feet into the air. He wrote: "It burns with a steady earth-shattering roar, like the sound of a thousand Niagaras. It is the biggest candle ever seen in the area, with a pale-blue flame at the base becoming orange higher up where it strikes the red-hot shambles of the rig. Midnight is like noon near the blaze, and the entire sky is orange for miles around. Twelve thousand dollars a day is going up in flames, $500 an hour, $10 a minute. The world's greatest playboy couldn't use it up so fast."

### Phone Call to Texas for Help

When the first shock of the blast was over (two workmen were injured), the corporation tried to phone the Myron McKinley Fire Extinguishing Company, a Texas outfit specializing in putting out oil- and gas-well fires. But there was no answer in the office of the company. Then Pete Stevenson, city editor of the nearby Lock Haven (Pennsylvania) Express, phoned the editor of the Houston Chronicle and learned that the company's facilities were busy fighting a big fire in Big Spring, Texas. Stevenson thereupon phoned the editor in that town, and the gentleman obliged by calling one of the fire fighters to the newspaper's office.

A booming voice on the other end of the wire drawled, "Sure, I'll put out your little ole fire. Don't touch anything until I get there." The next day, a red-faced, red-haired, red-shirted Texan named Paul (Red) Adair showed up at the Harrisburg Airport, muttering fiercely about the East's weather and how he could have made the trip faster if he had ridden in on his horse.

Mr. Adair lived up to his reputation. Spurning an asbestos suit, he moved right up to the blaze behind a shield of corrugated iron while assistants sprayed water on him, and he set a charge of 25 quarts of nitroglycerin. This should have snuffed out the flame, but the pressure was so tremendous that the jet merely bent and kept burning. After this, Adair again walked right into the terrible heat at the base of the flame and tried to turn a valve that would shut off the gas. The valve had melted out of shape, however, and it didn't budge.

Next morning—four days after the fire had begun—Adair set a tremendous charge of 50 quarts of nitroglycerin directly at the red-hot mouth of the shaft. Editor Jack Smyth described the ensuing scene in the Renovo Daily Record as follows: "When the explosive was detonated with an earth-shaking roar, the wavering finger of flame disappeared. As the smoke cleared away, there thundered out of the valve, with a new and different sound, the clear vapor of gas. Spontaneous cheers burst from the crowd."

The incredible Mr. Adair scarcely acknowledged his applause before he took off again for Texas, with the soles of his shoes burned off, his eyebrows singed away and his flaming red shirt shrunk to little-boy size. His parting shot was, "This little ole fire was nothin'. Why, down in Texas once, I set a charge that blew me 50 feet into the air."

At the mouth of the well, however, the men who clustered there weren't interested in anything but a gauge which Eugene Seifert of the New York State Natural Gas Corporation had fixed in place. Seifert whistled. "*Thirty million* cubic feet a day!" he said. "A six times greater flow than the first well."

And that was the real beginning of the boom, because now it was known that the first well wasn't just a fluke. A few weeks later, Seifert's company brought in a *fifty*-million-cubic-foot-a-day well on the Frank Daugherty farm near by, and by midsummer Kettle Creek had become a forest of drilling rigs. Other companies moved in, pipe lines were built, and soon Smyth's Daily Record had to add a regular column called "Gas Field Glimpses" to keep up with them. He also inaugurated a box-score feature listing the status of all the wells in the area. The most recent box score showed 10 wells producing, 29 being drilled, 28 about to commence drilling and three dry holes.

Today, Renovo is just beginning to feel its new-found prosperity. Ted Lombardo is planning to add 25 rooms to his New Americus Hotel, the new cars are on the streets, and the jewelers of the town have had a spurt of business—as the stockholders rushed to buy diamonds to placate their wives after the worry they had caused them.

On the whole, though, the town has taken it with admirable sobriety. For instance, Mrs. Ransdorf, a woman in her forties, says, "I've worked hard all my life, starting for my father in a store at the age of fourteen. I've never owned a home. That's what I'd like to get first." Also, one group of stockholders, realizing that the gas won't last forever, is putting their earnings into the construction of a big new resort hotel on beautiful Kettle Creek, away from the gas field. "The scenery and the fishing and the hunting will always be here," says Smyth, "and with a resort to attract them, tourists can become our permanent second industry."

With large funds due to come in from new taxation, even the city and the county are acting with admirable foresight. Instead of wild spending, they are thinking in terms of a new water system, a new sewage-disposal plant, a new county hospital and a new old people's home—to benefit all the citizens of what used to be one of Pennsylvania's poorest counties. As Dr. Werts put it, "Dorcie Calhoun uncorked more than gas when he dug his hole."

### Many Proposals of Marriage

Calhoun himself shows no visible signs of wealth, except for the three new cars and the jeep he has bought since the first well came in. He still dresses in shapeless Army-surplus clothes and a battered felt hat, with only a passing concession to prosperity in the form of a new gold fountain pen, a silver cigar lighter, a gold wrist watch and a pocketful of ten-cent cigars. To date, some 50 females of assorted ages have written to him proposing matrimony or asking if they can come to work as his housekeeper. One thirty-nine-year-old wrote, "I'm not on the fat side, I'm not on the lean side, I'm just in-between. I'm a good honest, decent girl—but I've got what it takes."

So far Dorcie has rejected all such proposals. Most of his money has gone into the newly formed Dorcie Calhoun Gas & Oil Company, which has three new wells under way and 12 more planned. Later, this company will explore a new Calhoun theory—that there is oil deep down below the gas. This Dorcie project has the geologists—who say there is no oil in the area—shuddering all over again.

By far the wealthiest benefiter of the gas boom to date is old Mrs. Calhoun, Dorcie's mother, who earns between $5,000 and $10,000 a month in royalties alone from the gas leases on her 1,100 acres of land. She has done little to fix up her eighty-nine-year-old farmhouse. Recently, in fact, she ejected her physician-son when he dared to suggest that she do so. "It was good enough for my mother like this," she said, "and it's good enough for me." However, Mrs. Calhoun did purchase one thing which always was a symbol of affluence to her all her long, toil-worn life. She went out and bought a cow. THE END

# "The Road of Death"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

a pig. On the way, we stopped at a fort called Poste de Chau Son, and I decided to drop in for a visit. I crawled up a steep hill, and went through a gate in the bamboo-studded outer fence. Beyond that was a second bamboo barrier, its gate armored with sharp shafts, and within that still another. Farther up the hill I passed through one more barrier—this one of logs.

Inside the fort there were newly dug trenches, covered with a thin layer of logs for protection against mortars. The trenches seemed far from adequate.

"They are the best we can do," explained the commandant. "It took many men 20 days to dig these with the tools we have." And he pointed to four primitive native hoes!

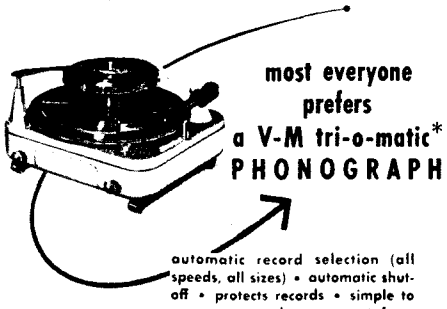
I wanted to draw a picture of this fort, but I very nearly gave up the project during lunch. "This area is crawling with pythons," an officer said. "I saw one on the road today four meters long." That was 14 feet! That afternoon, I slipped gingerly down the hill. I got my sketch, but whenever a twig snapped or a leaf rustled, I jumped, and every few mintes I surveyed the ground around me very carefully. I was glad to get back into the stockade.

Back in Tien Yen the next day I settled down in a riverside cottage—provided by the commandant—to complete my drawings. It was an artist's paradise, but the war was always near. A blockhouse was manned a few feet from my window, and an officer offered me some grenades to keep by me. I declined them. I went on one patrol during the rest of my stay, and although nothing untoward occurred, the commandant was highly disturbed when I got back. "I do not like to have you go out without permission," he said. "There are Viet-Minh where you went, and you might easily have run into an ambush."

Despite these constant warnings from my good French friends, the only "ambush" I encountered during my stay near the front occurred when I accepted a soldier's invitation to join him at a café in Tien Yen. He ordered drinks, and soon we were surrounded by comrades. I was trapped; the liquor flowed for a long time.

I have never encountered such warmth and hospitality as existed among these soldiers. Wherever I went I was treated with great kindness, and I started for Hanoi laden with gifts and insignia pressed on me by my eager hosts.

I boarded a French boat and headed down the coast. "There are pirates on that island," said an officer, but I didn't care. I had ventured into the most dangerous sections of the battle area and had been cautioned, time after time, about the risks. By now I felt the French would see to it that nothing unpleasant happened to me. THE END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# Adding Life to the Added Years

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Virginia, clinic revealed "many" cases of unsuspected heart disease and other potentially crippling ailments.

Public-health officials might well have been discouraged by these serious revelations. Instead, they were encouraged by the direct proof of the worth of multiphasic screening as an early detector of "chronic" ills.

First and foremost, it got people to doctors in time for the most effective treatment. For example, in Boston, most of the newly detected diabetics sought immediate help, and only one had to be hospitalized and given insulin. Their outlook for a vigorous old age is far brighter than if they had waited for symptoms they could feel.

Second, multiphasic screening proved fast; a battery of tests could be given in from 15 to 30 minutes.

Third, it was inexpensive; it was given on a mass basis and no M.D.s were needed for the tests themselves—only nurses, technicians and clerks (of course, under good medical supervision). To health authorities, these last two factors indicated that any community could undertake multiphasic screening without too much difficulty, and it is likely that the technique will spread widely over the coming years.

Those of us not yet within reach of a screening clinic, however, need not stand about twiddling our thumbs if we wish to insure ourselves a healthy old age. There is a second recourse open to us—a thoroughgoing checkup by a *geriatric-minded* physician.

The adjective is important. So new is the specialty of geriatrics that there are as yet only about 300 geriatricians in the country. But the geriatric approach is not confined to them alone. Many a general practitioner has it. It stresses, first, preventing and postponing disease by spotting the trouble at the start and doing something about it; second, the need to view the patient as a whole (the old-fashioned family doctor, who knew the patient's family history and troubles, was excellent at this; third, the geriatrician believes that the sympathetic physician can really do something for the sick oldster, even though he did not catch his ailment some years earlier.

### Two Types of Diagnosis

The difference between a geriatric-minded doctor and one who is not may be illustrated by two actual recent incidents.

Not long ago a doctor was called to treat a 68-year-old woman. "Why don't you just quit worrying?" he asked her. "Your heart isn't very good, that's true, but at your age, what can you expect?" His tone was kindly, but the implication brutal—and incorrect. Unfortunately, it's the one that a good many medical men still convey.

Another woman in her sixties was more fortunate in her choice of a doctor. She, too, complained of her heart: it was so bad she couldn't walk upstairs. Her physician found there was little he could do for the heart itself, but, geriatric-minded, he didn't stop there. In the course of a detailed checkup he discovered other troubles the woman hadn't suspected, including long-standing infections of the gall bladder and sinuses.

Then he asked about eating habits and learned that his patient had cut down on proteins, particularly meat, on the mistaken idea they made older folks arthritic. As the result, she was filling her stomach but starving her tissues.

The doctor cured her infections, fixed up other correctable defects, put her on a decent diet, advised her to get a specified amount of exercise, and assured her that life could still be good. Today she takes the stairs without difficulty. More important to herself and her family, she has a sense of well-being that she'd been afraid she was too old ever to experience again.

"That woman's heart was surrounded by trouble," her doctor explained. "It was like a person who lives with 16 people, all of them nasty to her. No wonder she felt bad."

The same principle often applies to mental ailments. Doctors say that patients are frequently tagged senile when they have physical ailments which, if corrected, would lead to an "apparent remission" of the supposed senility.

Organs age unevenly. A 60-year-old man may have a 40-year-old heart, 50-year-old kidneys, an 80-year-old liver—and may be trying to live a 30-year-old's life. So a good geriatric examination—some geriatricians call them "health inventories"—starts with a full medical history, and goes on to a thorough physical examination of each important organ.

The geriatrician looks at the eyes and ears, and tests them; examines the nose and throat; listens to the heart; measures the blood pressure; feels the abdomen, to learn if the organs in that area are of normal size; makes a rectal examination for signs of cancer or other trouble; examines the pelvis, or the prostate gland; tests the reflexes; takes, or arranges to have taken, an electrocardiogram.

He also wants an X ray of the chest, and certain lab tests—how many depending on what he has found during his examination. He will certainly want a urinalysis, a basal metabolism test, tests of the blood for evidence of anemia, malnutrition, diabetes, syphilis and other infections. He may want a blood test, too, as a check on the kidneys, and to determine the amount of cholesterol present, since that substance is associated with hardening of the arteries. He may order tests for cancer—the so-called vaginal smear and similar simple tests.

Because he wants to look ahead, the geriatrician will also give what he calls stress tests to gauge an organ's endurance. For example, he has the patient perform a certain amount of exercise, and then records changes in the pulse rate, blood pressure and electrocardiogram; he notes how efficiently the digestive system handles certain foods.

Finally, the geriatric exam includes a discussion of the person's work, play and eating habits, his fears and hopes. All in all, it requires several hour-long sessions, but at the end the doctor is acquainted with the whole man, and can lay out a program to bring him up to par and keep him there.

Since geriatric service aims to prevent or postpone trouble, it pays off most when started early, preferably during the forties. Even when bought later, however, it can pay handsome dividends.

Geriatricians still have much to learn about the aging process, but they state this with finality:

*What's wrong with a sick oldster is not old age itself so much as a disease or defect that could have been handled better five or ten or twenty years ago. Even now, however, something probably can be done, if doctor and family treat the patient as a human being and not as a complaining old man or woman who has no right to expect decent health or to have anything to do or look forward to.*

Measured in dollars, geriatric services are expensive because the examination takes several times as long as the one usually given, and because chronic illness demands a lot of follow-up care if a person is to have the best possible life.

For example, it isn't enough for a man to be pulled through a heart attack or a stroke. He must be helped to build up confidence and to learn what activities are still open to him—often many. That means repeated visits to the doctor.

The answer probably lies in the widespread establishment of geriatric clinics. There are a few of these now: at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston; at Baltimore's city hospital; at the Barnes Hospital clinic, in St. Louis; at Wakefield, Rhode Island, directed by Dr. Malford W. Thewlis, one of the founders of the American Geriatrics Society; at Moosehaven, in Orange Park, Florida, operated by the Loyal Order of Moose.

In the light of need, the total number of geriatrics clinics is pathetically small. Couldn't others be opened, to serve everyone needing them? A New York legislative committee, which has been making the country's first comprehensive study of older people's problems, thinks they could.

As the first step, it proposes that the state health department promote periodic health inventories for the middle-aged and elderly, and sponsor a pilot old-age clinic that would work out a pattern for local health departments, hospitals and other health agencies to follow in setting up others.

Authorities point out that such clinics need not be costly. They could use the resources of community hospitals and be started with a staff of only a few full-time workers. Where cancer and heart clinics are already in operation, they could serve as nucleuses, if an adequately trained staff were added.

Maternity and pediatric clinics enable any American's child to get a healthful start. Multiphasic screening clinics are showing us how to detect chronic disease in time to do something about it. Old-age clinics are a logical next step.

The problem of health in old age is intimately allied with another major old-age problem: that of housing. Most of our older folks want to go on living as they have always lived—independently; and this is as it should be. But the fear of illness forces many to choose between life in an institution and life with relatives.

### Hospital Service at Home

Here and there, however, a few communities are enabling oldsters to evade this choice between the devil and the deep, and their experimental projects of various kinds provide a possible pattern for the future. A hospital extends its medical services to the home of a chronically ill oldster, so that he can live there and benefit from the emotional warmth no hospital can supply within its walls. A home for the aged supplies people on its waiting list with medical, housekeeping and social services, thus enabling them to live years longer in their accustomed surroundings. A low-rent apartment house offers accommodations for oldsters to lead their own lives, bolstered by the knowledge that a registered nurse on the house staff will be on tap if needed.

Here for example is the story of a salesman who retired five years ago at 75. He and his wife hated to think of leaving their New York apartment, but he grew anxious: his savings were limited and his wife had arteriosclerosis. One day in February, 1949, he talked over his worries with officials of The Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews. Maybe, he said, his wife and he could enter.

The home had another suggestion. It guaranteed the couple a place when they really needed it and meanwhile promised to help them with its Home Care program. Under this program, the home gave the couple physical exams, worked out a money-stretching budget, and assigned someone to drop in regularly to see how they were getting along.

The couple were happy. Independent, but relieved of their anxiety, they began visiting the home for games and get-togethers with other Home Care clients and regular residents. When the wife fell sick for a while, a Home Care housekeeper dropped in at the apartment several afternoons a week. When the husband reported that their savings were almost used up, a Home Care social worker helped them get old-age assistance.

Programs such as this one, that of the Montefiore Home in Cleveland, which provides so-called "out-resident care," and that of the Jewish Family and Community Service of Chicago, prove that many people now under institutional care in old-folks homes need not be there; they could live at home if given encouragement, guidance and a helping hand when needed. The money that provides full-time institutional care for one oldster still able to get around would provide all the part-time care necessary to keep him and several others living a decent life in their own quarters.

Hospitals as well as old-age homes can extend their services so that even the sick oldster can usually live home. Four years ago, Montefiore Hospital, in New York, started a demonstration project. A small number of its chronically ill patients were sent home.

Everything that could be done for them only in a hospital had been done, but they still needed attention. Ordinarily they would have stayed in the hospital weeks, months, even years longer.

In sending them home, the hospital in effect moved right along with them. It gave them hospital beds, wheel chairs, special mattresses, braces. It put doctors, including specialists, at their call on a round-the-clock

COLLIER'S **"Papa, quick! Look—Herman!"** GREGORY D'ALESSIO



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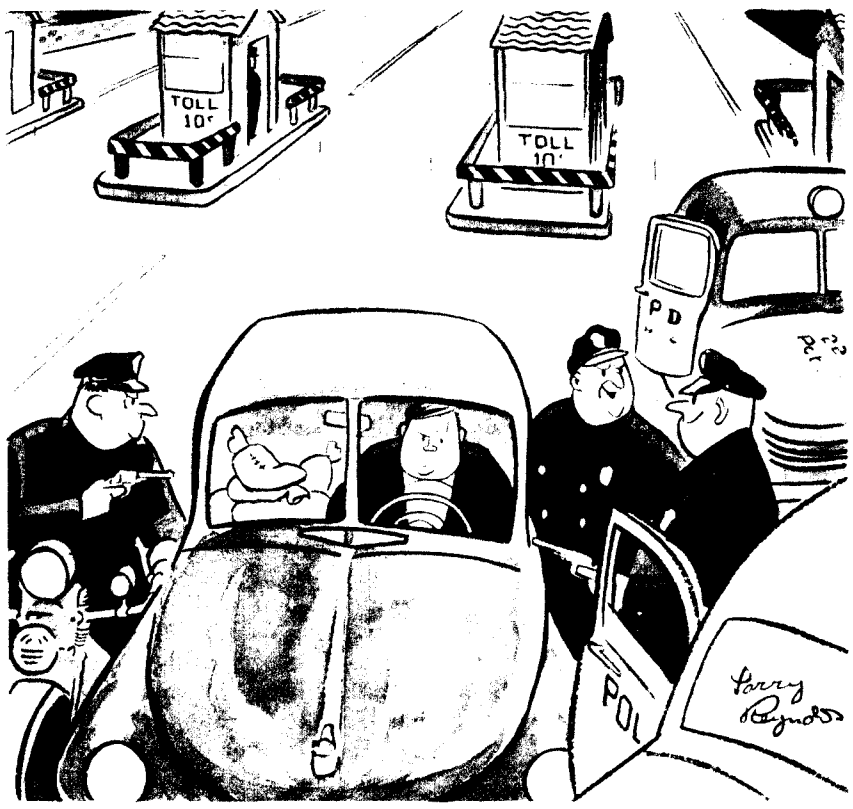
## BUTCH




**"It wasn't *deliberate*, *was* it, Sarge? It was just *chance* that we caught him *after* he paid the tollman"**

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

basis. Whether or not called for, a doctor visited them several times a week.

By contract with Montefiore, the Visiting Nurse Service called on each patient at least once. When nursing care was needed, the service provided it. It also taught members of the family to give expert care. The hospital provided a part-time houseworker, too, and an occupational therapist to encourage the patient's interest in handicrafts. And it guaranteed to readmit a patient whenever necessary.

Montefiore's program, in which 100 patients are now enrolled, has served close to 600 persons the last four years. The cost has been about $2.85 per patient per day; in the hospital itself, it would have been close to $15.

The financial savings, though, are relatively unimportant. As Dr. E. M. Bluestone, until recently Montefiore's director and now consultant, puts it: "The patient in his home environment is placed where nature intended him to be. You never saw nostalgia associated with memories of a hospital bed."

How about the oldsters who are not disabled—these are in the big majority—yet have no suitable home? For one answer drop in at Tompkins Square House, an attractive brick building in lower Manhattan. Tompkins is one of the most select residences in town: you can't live there unless you are past 60 and have only a small income. But it is not an old-folks home. Residents come and go as they please.

Two-room apartments cost $50 a month; single rooms, $30. The rental includes linens, utilities and heavy cleaning. There is a lounge, a self-operated elevator and a nonprofit cafeteria, where a month's meals cost $36. In the basement there is a dime-in-the-slot automatic washing machine and, for those who don't like newfangled things, a battery of laundry tubs. Six floors up is a roof garden, with a good view of the midtown sky line. Best of all, the apartment house superintendent and her assistant are registered nurses, quick to arrange for medical and hospital care when needed.

Among the residents are a former Wall Street broker and his wife, who lost most of their money in the depression; two sisters in their seventies whose huge Victorian apartment in Brooklyn got too much for them to keep up; a retired businessman, 87; a former actress; a retired factory worker; a former nurse, past 80; and 102-year-old "Bronco" Charlie Miller, who once rode the Pony Express and now spends his days carving miniature stagecoaches, horses and birds, playing the musical saw, and reading the Bible.

The ex-broker and some of the other residents still have jobs. But whatever their source of income, Tompkins Square House gives them what older people want badly—a place of their own plus the assurance they won't be alone if sickness comes.

Tompkins was opened 21 years ago, by the Community Service Society, a private welfare agency, but students of old-folks problems are paying as much attention to it now as if it were brand-new—an indication both of how well it was planned and of how long, generally, the problems have gone unrecognized. The gift of the late Henry G. Barbey, a wealthy engineer, it came as an answer to the prayers and planning of the society's workers, principally Miss Ollie Randall, dynamic consultant on services to the aged.

Tompkins isn't perfect. Because of building restrictions in 1929, kitchens and bathrooms must be shared by three or four persons, whereas Miss Randall points out that complete privacy would be desirable. Also, electric ranges might be safer than gas, and bathtubs in which a person can sit but not lie down.

Cleveland's Benjamin Rose Institute follows a similar idea. Its nonsectarian Belford House, opened 10 years ago in a comfortable old two-and-a-half-story frame residence at the corner of Bellflower Road and Ford Drive right at the edge of Western Reserve University, provides room and board for elderly people ranging from 73 to 85, most of whom have some chronic disease.

Residents' rooms are furnished along individual lines, only one person to a room. There is a common living room on the first floor. Except that meals are served at definite times, there is no attempt to make life uniform.

A medical care program keeps the residents' ailments under control, and far from being institutionalized, they are encouraged to get about normally and take part in community activities. Some of them even have part-time jobs as teachers; others serve on church boards and with social agencies.

### Cost Would Not Be Excessive

The whole house is geared to the idea of what older people want for a home, not what others think old people should have. "Such a home," says Margaret W. Wagner, the institute's executive secretary, "can be operated for less than it costs to pay for similar services in a commercial nursing or boarding house."

The difficulty in following either the Tompkins Square or the Belford plan, of course, is to find the money to purchase the residence. Most communities may not be able to do that. But every community that plans public housing can work to have a certain number of units set aside for older people, designed for the ease and safety of such tenants. Another solution, now being sought by welfare workers, is an amendment to the National Housing Act to provide low-cost apartments for single persons. (The act now says that to gain admission to a Federal Housing project, a family must comprise at least two persons.)

There are individual solutions, too, as illustrated by wise old David K. After his wife died, he was invited to move into his nephew's home. David hesitated. He wanted to lead his own life and he didn't want to interfere with others. At the same time, he liked the idea of being close to his only remaining relatives. Eventually he accepted the invitation—but only after adding a room and a bath to his nephew's house so both he and the family could have privacy.

The story of Miller W. offers another solution. When his father died, Miller built his mother a tiny cottage next to his own house—thus obeying the Fifth Commandment while avoiding in-law and third-generation trouble.

Most of us can't build extra cottages. But many of us, in planning our homes, can figure on space for a small, semiprivate apartment for some relative who may someday have to join us.

And all of us can realize that, frail or vigorous, what our old folks want is not a special place, but a normal continuation of the things that have marked their lives in their earlier years. The attitude is as important as the accomplishment, for the way in which a society treats its old people is in a large sense the test of its own mettle.

*In order to live happily, most older people need something to replace the nine-to-five workday they must give up when they retire. In next week's Collier's the authors tell how many cities are satisfying this need by establishing centers for the aging*

***Next Week***

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SAM BERMAN

# Tallulah Shows the Way

THIS IS AN UNABASHED plug for a radio program called The Big Show, which the National Broadcasting Company puts on for 90 minutes each Sunday night. We are fetching it a few posies because we think it's pretty consistently wonderful, and because we believe that it is valuable and important to all of us that the hard realities of these troubled times should be tempered occasionally by just such refreshing nonsense. We are also rather intrigued by the resourcefulness that went into the creation of the program.

The Big Show came along at a time of gloomy predictions. Any year now, some folks were saying, television would send sound broadcasting over the hill to join the dinosaur, the dodo and the nickel beer. There was also some sympathetic tongue-clucking over NBC's having lost most of its Sunday stars to CBS, which lured them away with a base commodity known as money. All in all, it seemed that a lot of us old crystal-set fans were about to see the end of an entertainment era which we had watched a-borning.

But NBC apparently didn't believe any prognoses of imminent decease. It went out and spent some money itself, and spent it in a manner calculated to gladden the heart of any listener who doesn't consider that the evolution of humor stopped with Abbott and Costello.

First and best, the network persuaded Miss Tallulah Bankhead to be mistress of ceremonies for its Big Show. There are many, this department included, who believe that this was quite likely the most progressive step that radio has taken since the loud-speaker replaced headphones. We'd like to congratulate the person who had the inspiration to think of Miss Bankhead for the job, for the richly talented and combustibly temperamental Tallulah is scarcely the master- (or mistress-) of-ceremonies type.

In a field noted for the folksy exuberance of its practitioners, Miss B. specializes in the dead pan and often deadly squelch. Her general air of graciousness is never completely reassuring. For there is always the possibility that that marvelous voice of hers is about to pass from a purr of honeyed hospitality to an outraged bellow of professional rage. She is, in a word, terrific.

But if Miss Bankhead is The Big Show's brightest light, she isn't the only one by any means. NBC also hired a fine team of writers, including Goodman Ace, as genuinely clever a man as ever sired a script. Mr. Ace, you remember, used to have his own show, and a darned good one, on CBS. He hasn't had it lately because, we understand, it was decided that his stuff was a little sharp for the yokels. Anyway, it's pleasant having him back.

Some of the programs have been ornamented by Fred Allen's presence. Fred is another genius of sorts who has been out of regular employment because he was allegedly guilty of firing gags over the heads of his listeners. But that didn't scare the creators of a new show which puts the accent on literate, adult humor all the way.

The Big Show has consistently hired the big-leaguers of the entertainment business as its guest stars. Sam Berman has drawn some of them over here on our left, and you'll probably recognize Fanny Brice, Eddie Cantor, Bette Davis (well, in spirit at least, as the weekly target of Tallulah's Sunday pitch, though not yet in the flesh), Jimmy Durante, Bob Hope, Groucho Marx, Ethel Merman, Ezio Pinza and Ed Wynn, in addition to Tallulah and Fred, without our alphabetical identification. Of course, any show can hire this top-drawer assortment of talent if it has the dough. But the material that they've had on The Big Show has usually been pretty special.

It seems to us that this show proves again that no entertainment medium is going to be killed by something new unless that something new is also something better. We think it also proves that a popular comedy program doesn't have to be pitched at the lowest intellectual level of the listening audience. After all, there are quite a number of literate people in this country who own radio sets and still listen to them. We're glad to know that there are radio executives and sponsors who think they're worth playing up to.

So we're decidedly more encouraged about the future existence of sound-without-sight entertainment since The Big Show came along. From here it looks like the invalid is going to pull through.

# Peace, Not Pace, for Papa

IN SOME PRIMITIVE civilizations a husband takes to his bed for a week or so as soon as his wife has borne a child. That may be carrying solicitude for the ordeal of fatherhood a bit far. But we have long thought, from experience and observation, that in our own country we go somewhat haywire in the opposite direction.

Some hospitals hustle the expectant male parent unceremoniously to the door and tell him to stay away until it's all over. Others may treat him a little more kindly. But as a rule the worried male is regarded as a boresome, bothersome creature whose presence and personal interest in the momentous event at hand are barely tolerable.

We believe that most men who have received this treatment resent it. And they might welcome, as we do, a Florida doctor's suggestion that a husband, thoroughly briefed on what is taking place, be allowed to stay with his wife during labor and give her both comfort and assistance. It sounds like a sensible and humane idea that deserves a general trial. For floor pacing is neither funny nor fun.



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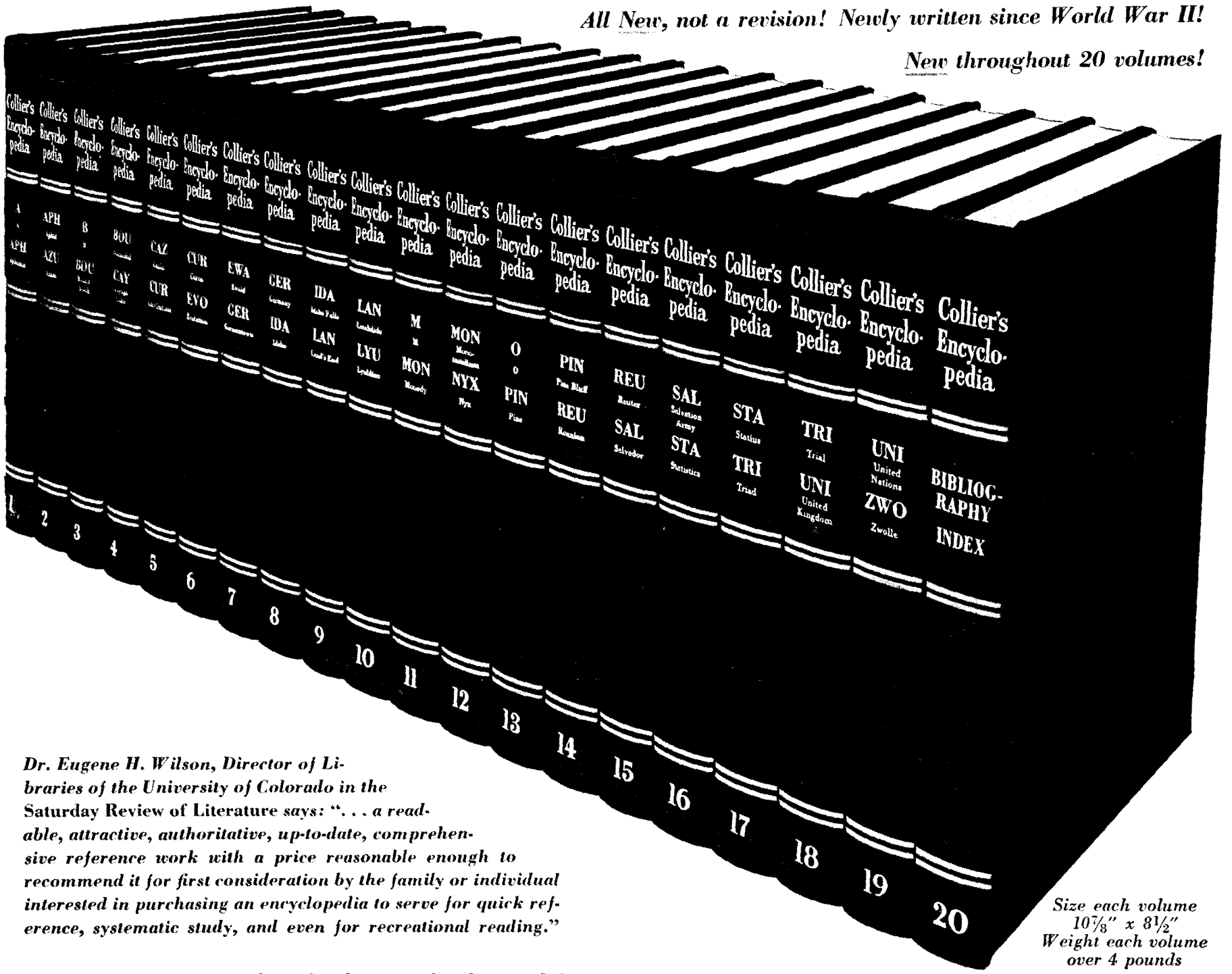


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